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Everybody loves to get a LETTER



A LETTER from the boy . . . though so many hate writing letters everyone loves to get them.

MARY MAGUIRE writes from London. Keeping in touch with Australia has made her a bright correspondent.



THE SOLDIER writes home . . . "Dear Mother—Everything O.K. with me . . ."

ance by return post—which is at least the secondary motive for its despatch.

All it tells "Mum" is that the writer is physically able to hold the pen to the notepaper and tongue to the back of the stamp.

Otherwise it conveys about as much personal aura as the bundle of laundry which may be expected by the next parcel post.

However, the youngsters are not the only offenders. There's a kindred abomination that passes between their elders . . .

"Uncle Ned's lumbago the same. Business about as usual. Had a tooth out and a crown put in. Otherwise we are all well and hope you are the same."

Business letters are far more stereotyped than they need be, but whatever excuse commerce may have for its staccato correspondence the private writer cannot claim it.

It was Doctor Johnson who said: "A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or a cursory salutation."

It's really easy!

YOU haven't to plumb any deep mysteries to get the knack of writing a good letter.

Most heartening thought is that though so many people make an awful song and dance about writing letters, nearly everybody loves to receive them.

Then—write as you talk; the best letter style is the informal one. And all the time keep your correspondent in mind and remember what he or she will enjoy reading about.

Why not use the letter as a medium for the exchange of ideas?

Anyone to whom you write regularly will enjoy hearing what you think of a new film, a new book, rising or falling political personalities and what people are saying about this or that item in the news.

People are interested in what happens outside their personal range. The city man is keenly interested in life on the farm, in details the farmer may think too familiar, too routine to write.

The farmer is refreshed by the city gossip; he likes to get the bustle of shops and the smell of petrol in his letters.

IT will be heartening if the correspondence with soldiers revives the art of letter-writing in general.

One thing is certain—we'll find again the especial pleasure that comes from hearing news as a friend tells it, with the personal, almost confidential slant.

Too many old friends lose touch with each other nowadays because letter-writing is rated a bore.

The journal and the diary have gone right out of fashion because both require more leisure and application than the bedlam of modern life permits.

But the purely personal letter, genial, friendly, individual, can well be fitted into the scheme of things.

It will always bring pleasure both to those who are away and to those who stay at home.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Mr. R. H. CROSS
Economic Warrior.

"NOT I, but the Nazis are starving German women and children," Britain's Minister for Economic Warfare, Mr. R. H. Cross, counter-attacks Nazi propaganda.

"If the Nazis fed the people and not guns, there would be no starvation in Germany," he said.

His job is to disorganise enemy economic, industrial, and financial activities.



DAME RACHEL THORNHILL
"And now—romance."

ROMANCE comes to world-famous woman leader and Red Cross worker, Dame Rachel Crowdy. She recently married Lieut.-Col. C. Thornhill.

Dame Rachel was the only woman on the Arms Commission in London, and is the only woman to be appointed head of a section of the League of Nations.



Mr. E. W. HOLDEN
—Rembrandt.
Canteens and motors.

"ALL profits to go back into the camps in the form of extra comforts" is the policy of Adelaide's Mr. E. W. Holden, recently-appointed Controller of Army Canteens in camps in Australia, on troopships and abroad.

Great organiser, Mr. Holden aims at attractive canteens and quality goods for soldiers' needs.

Wartime revives friendly art of correspondence

By LOUIS STEELE

WE'RE writing letters again—long gossip accounts of the little, dear things of home to be read in a trench or a tent, a dugout or a black-out somewhere overseas.

And we're discovering that we need to write better letters. The talent has grown rusty through years when our most arduous efforts of composition have been telegrams.

The personal letter has

almost become the extinct mail of the species.

It's a pity.

Letter-writing is the most friendly of the home-arts, and it's been a dying one for twenty-five years.

The war may provide the blood-transfusion that will save it from extinction.

Reasons for the decline are plain. The telephone has made accessible by conversation

everyone from our next-door neighbors to our wealthy great-aunts in London.

The telegram and modern bustle did away with the last essentials of correspondence when it became so popular for congratulations, greetings, and condolences.

Yet once the private communication was a unique institution. Nothing afforded so much pleasure and comfort to so many people as the receipt of a thick envelope with its closely-written pages of newsy small talk.

The letter breathed friendliness. It bridged distances.

It conveyed the personal aura of its writer with a fidelity that no telegram message, no singing greeting, no letter-card, no engraved pasteboard with a scribbled line, however sincerely meant, could ever achieve.

It taught men and women to express themselves clearly—and discreetly. It trained the correspondents in selectivity of thought.

It was one of the few mediums for the free exchange of ideas, and it lit a candle for historians in their researches into the past.

Such were the letters of the past.

The war will revive letter-writing but it might be quite a while before there'll be more art than artlessness in it.

The old style wouldn't do. The lengthy salutations, wordy closes, and protestations of affection and devotion in the letters of yesterday may well be lost to to-day's correspondent.

THERE must be a happy medium between those long, leisurely effusions and the scrappy, jerky, impersonal notes that pass for letters nowadays.

"Dear Mum,
"School's O.K. All well here. Hammer was swell. Am sending laundry. Please rush allowance. Love,
"JIM."

This is probably the country's Maddening Letter No. 1, composed weekly or fortnightly in hundreds of schools.

It is the initial step in the illiterate letter-writing of to-day; unchecked, the lad is doomed to such brief burbling for the rest of his days.

The composition is more than unpleasant—it is ineffectual. Concise to the nth degree, it is much too business-like to produce the allow-



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87.32.27

Citizen No. 7,000,000 has been born

It's among the batch of 350 babies the stork brought on February 27

Mysterious as Garbo... no one knows who he (she) is

Somewhere, on Tuesday, February 27, Australia's seven-millionth baby was born. If our birth-rate hadn't declined it would have now been about ten years old and going to school.

But better late than never says the Commonwealth Statistician—who has had the task of figuring out the time our 7,000,000th young Australian would be born.

Three hundred and fifty Australian mothers can look proudly at their babies and say: "You might be the one." The fact that nobody knows for certain makes our Australian citizen No. 7,000,000 the most intriguing person in the country.

SOMEbody's bound to search for the mysterious "Mr. Seven Million," or is it Miss—? This child is as mysterious as Garbo—no one knows who it is.

Is it girl or boy? Blonde, brunette, or redhead? Born with a silver spoon in its mouth, or child of poor parents?

Its mother may have had every care that modern science can give in childbirth, or it may have been born in one of our farthest outposts.

But, taking it as an average baby, it has a far better chance of health and survival than did the baby, back in 1888, who marked the first million of our population.

At Crown St. Women's Hospital six babies were born on February 27. At the Royal Hospital for Women there were seven. In the metropolitan area 50 babies were born, most of them in suburban hospitals.

In N.S.W. 130 babies put in their claim, giving this State a 37 per cent. quota among the babes who could be the seven-millionth Australian. That means the Mother State has a little over one-third—the rest of Australia the remaining two-thirds.

Named for it

MRS BROWN, whose baby was born at 10 o'clock on February 27 in a big public hospital for women, is taking a risk on the idea. She is calling her baby Austral. "She may be Miss Australia after all," says her mother, but still no one real knows.

The identity of the 7,000,000th baby is impossible to discover. We only know that approximately 350 babies are born in Australia every day, and that, according to calculations made by the Commonwealth Statistician (Dr. Roland Wilson), one of those 350 mothers on February 27 gave Australia its seven millionth inhabitant.

Each year more progress is made in bringing modern and scientific pre-natal and ante-natal care within the reach of everyone.

At our big public hospitals the services of specialists are available to even our poorest mothers; and such institutions as the Bush Nursing Association and the flying doctor services have done much to mitigate the hardships of outback mothers and children.

In the last 40 years the death-rate of infants in their first year has dropped from 104 per thousand to 38 per thousand.

Which means that our seven-millionth baby has a chance nearly three times as good as one born at the turn of this century.

Advances in medical science and the fact that its knowledge has been extended to all classes are responsible for that improvement.

Under the democratic system for which the father of this child may be fighting, it has an even better chance in life than he did.

If the child is a girl she comes into a world from which the last traces of inequality of the sexes are vanishing. She may have the same opportunities of education and a career as her brother.

She can look forward to a freer, happier, and more independent life than did her mother or grandmother.

All of the babies among whom

What astrology says about the 7,000,000th baby

By **JUNE MARSDEN**
(President Astrological Research Society)

(This applies to any of the 350 babies born on February 27, 1940.)

UPBRINGING: The Piscean baby must be carefully reared and should not be allowed too much limelight. He craves publicity, and the notice of everybody.

HEALTH will be excellent, but stress and excitement should be avoided.

CAREER: Much opportunity for travel and good jobs—even fame.

Many setbacks before final success. Professions or business best.

THINGS TO TEACH: Pisces is the dual-natured sign. The child should be taught to avoid self-doubt, diffidence, and over-modesty. Stress the virtues of self-confidence, optimism, reliability.

Motto: Work hard, play well, be strong.

is our seven millionth are very important people.

We could do with a great many more of them; for there is a gloomy side to this milestone, too.

The last million of Australia's population, taken proportionately, has been the slowest in our history in growing. It has taken 15 years to reach seven million, and unless immigration, now practically nil because of the war, is resumed, it is doubtful whether our population will reach eight million.

Statisticians have estimated that, allowing for the 9000 per year immigration gain which existed in the year before the war, the eight million should be reached in 1953.

But even allowing for that immigration gain, it is doubtful that our population will ever reach nine million.

For some time now, economists have been warning us of the dangers of the falling birth-rate. In the last 40 years it has decreased from 27.16 per thousand of population to 17.46.

Ageing population

IN another 50 years there will be so many more old people than young people in Australia that the problem of caring for the aged will assume immense proportions.

This birth-rate alarm is by no means confined to Australia. England and Wales, France, Norway, and Sweden have an even lower birth-rate.

Many countries, notably France, Italy, and Germany, have taken steps to increase it.

Last year, before the war, the French Government voted six million pounds towards encouraging a rise in the birth-rate.

Loans were to be granted to young couples, regardless of class.

In Italy Mussolini annually presents money prizes to country couples with the largest families.

In four years the government paid out nearly four million pounds with the object of increasing the birth-rate. This money was spent in baby bonuses, marriage loans, dowry insurances for young workers.

In Government offices priority was

BABIES BORN at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, on February 27, the day on which the population of Australia reached 7,000,000. Sister Hines brings them to the camera.

given to married men with large families.

It is said that the birth-rate showed a steady increase as a result. Germany instituted a system of medals and awards for mothers with four or more children.

So far no serious attempt has been

made to tackle the problem in Australia.

War has naturally shelved the question for the time being, but most people believe that it will be one of those tackled when the time comes for building a new and better order after the war.

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AN 154

CASEY CHILDREN - Junior Ambassadors



FROM THE AMBASSADOR'S ALBUM. Mr. R. G. Casey, with Mrs. Casey and Donn and Jane, in the garden of their home. Last pictures taken before Mr. Casey left for Washington.

Will tell young Americans all about Australia

By ALISON PARISH

Eleven-year-old Jane Casey and her eight-year-old brother Donn are excited and thoroughly serious about the mission of their father, Mr. R. G. Casey, as Australia's Ambassador to Washington.

Jane and Donn have both compiled botanical books with drawings and descriptions of Australia's native plants. These they intend to show to their young American friends.

"THEY are like a couple of the end of last week to join young ambassadors themselves," said Mrs. Casey before she left with the children at Mr. Casey in U.S.A.

"Jane draws the flowers and the leaves," she said. "Donn draws



THE CASEY MEN confer, and it's about a plane: Father flies his own machine, Donn hopes to do the same when he grows up.



MOTHER AND SISTER join the conference. Mrs. Casey has left for Washington with her two children to join her husband there.

the whole bush, then adds lots of arrows leading to descriptions of colors and so on. He always adds the scale—one twentieth of the natural size—down in one corner, and sometimes supplies a drawing of an individual flower as well.

"Donn is keen on carpentry, and is taking his set of tools with him.

As they are marked 'made in U.S.A.' he says they are going home.

"The children have insisted on packing innumerable belongings, and it was only with the greatest difficulty they were persuaded to leave their pets behind.

"Unfortunately, ten new hantam chicks arrived when we visited our Berwick home during the week, and there was an outcry in favor of taking them!"

Naturally the children's ideas of taking such things as - their botanical books have been inspired by their mother.

Mrs. Casey hopes to make the legation in Washington as Australian as possible.

She is taking 36 favorites from her collection of pictures by Australian artists. Her luggage also includes samples of handblocked materials by an Australian woman, and she will send for the material in suitable shades when she sees her new home.

"I am also taking small samples of Australian woods that could be used in the floors and fittings of the new legation, which may be built some day," she said.

"I have tried to think of anything at all typical of Australia which may interest Americans," she said. "I am taking some lovely bits of matrix opal—pieces of quartz with streaks of opal through them. I intend to have them on the table when I give a dinner party. Possibly they could be used to hold menu cards."

"My husband took a selection of Australian wines with him. I am taking a sample of our beer, which is as good as any in the world. I have visions of long lines of guests calling at our legation because of that beer!"

Australian books

"THEN there are books. Few people outside Australia know much about ours, but I have collected a large number of early and contemporary Australian books."

"Of course, I intend to ride. I believe Washington has an equivalent to London's Rotten Row. I am taking an Australian saddle. They are the most comfortable in the world."

"Americans are very keen about statistics, and I am bound to be questioned closely about many things."

"The various organisations here, particularly women's organisations, have given any amount of information, which I intend to study carefully on the voyage."

"One thing I have learned is that there are no hospitals in America entirely run by women, as are the Queen Victoria and the Women's Hospital in Melbourne."

Interviewed at 11 o'clock on the day of her departure, Mrs. Casey was calm, cool and charming, and exactly her usual self.

KNITTING FOR ADULTS

A SPECIAL knitting section will be found in this week's issue. This section is a complete book in itself, and can be lifted out and kept for reference during the knitting season. Next week—our special autumn fashion issue.

The 26 pieces of luggage had already departed. The only noticeable sign that her boat was to sail a couple of hours later was the constant stream of friends who dropped in to wish her luck.

Mrs. Casey is a woman who gets things done. She is a born homemaker, and spent the last few weeks before she left Australia furnishing Little Parndon, which was one of the first banks in Melbourne. She bought the house six months ago, had it renovated, and was planning to live there. Now her brother, Colonel Rupert Ryan, will occupy it.

"I am leaving Australia with mixed feelings," she said. "I am terribly sad at leaving my own people and my many friends, but the children and I are looking forward to joining my husband in Washington, and I really do feel proud and privileged to be going to this particular job."

"We hope to learn a great deal from our time in America. Some of the things we learn may perhaps be useful to people over here later on."

Mrs. Casey has been in Washington twice. "It will be hard to plan the perfect Australian legation," she said. "The standard of architecture in Washington is so high."

"If I have any voice in the choice, I would suggest something Colonial with a verandah. The best of our Australian architecture seems to be Colonial, and was originally borrowed from America, so is very suitable."

"When I was hostess for my brother, Colonel Ryan, in the Rhineland just after the last war, I met Mr. Sumner Welles at a dinner in Washington. My grandmother was a Sumner, and we discovered that we might be related."

"No, I have never met the Roosevelts. They were away at a son's wedding when we were last in Washington."

"Mrs. Roosevelt must be a superwoman. I have always admired her from afar, and have read her books with great pleasure."

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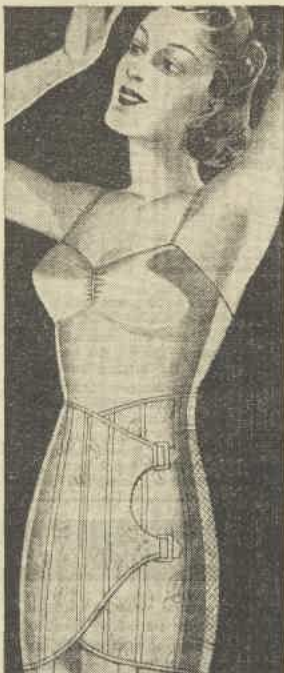
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THE Young TYRANT

There was only one obstacle to Eleanor's plan for happiness... a fractious boy

THE two women standing by the window did not know that John had come into the room.

"Books for children!" said Kate, folding her heavy arms across her chest. "Never had a child, never even been married before—and she writes books for children!"

Margaret, the housemaid, turned her long horse-face dolefully from side to side.

"She'll learn," she said. "Oh, yes! For say what you like, it's not so easy coming into another woman's home over another woman's children. And she so young."

The book which Hugh Cameron had sent Celia and John lay on the table, its dust jacket bright and unwrinkled. John had not read the book; no power on earth could have induced him to open it. But in a moment of weakness he had allowed Celia to show him the pictured face on the jacket's inner side—a young, laughing face set with dark eyes and surmounted by a frivolous spray of dark curls.

Eleanor Chase, born in Paris on April 10, 1913.

"It's natural, though," said Margaret, "since he's only thirty-six himself. She was only twenty-eight when she—God rest her! And that would be—yes, three years ago this September."

"Ah, but she," began Kate and then, hearing Celia come in, she turned from the window. "Well, Celia—and John," Kate said, thinking they had come into the room together. Her voice was different now, a speaking-to-children voice.

"Will you be glad to see your father?"

"Yes," said Celia gravely.

John regarded his sister silently, staring at the neatly braided light brown hair, the clean gingham dress, the newly polished slippers in turn. Celia, knowing what his contemptuous gaze implied, pretended not to see.

"Ah, you look lovely," said Kate fondly. "But oh, my! John hasn't brushed his hair."

"I'm not going to," said John fiercely. He looked at the three of them, washed and combed and dressed up as though it were a party. "You get out, you Kate and Margaret!"

"Oh, John!" said Kate in her children's voice. "That's not nice. That's not a nice way to speak to people at all."

Margaret shook her head. "Such manners. What will your father and

If they stayed in here they would spoil everything with their bowing and scraping. They would make her think she was welcome. "Go away!" he said in a shaking voice.

"Why, of course, John," said Kate soothingly, nudging Margaret. At the door they exchanged glances and Margaret rolled her eyes expressively. But they went. People usually did as John said. Not his father, of course, but Kate and Margaret. "Spoiled," they would say, shaking their heads. Celia obeyed him too, although Celia was twelve years old and he was only eleven. They knew he'd make a row if they didn't.

"My young tyrant," his mother had said once, but she didn't mean he was really a tyrant, because tyrants were bad men who oppressed people. "Whatever am I to do with you?" she had said softly. He thought of it now, seeing the red chair in which she used to sit, and a wave of unutterable misery swept over him.

Celia, who was standing by the window, suddenly gave an excited jump. "Here comes a taxi! It's stopping. It's stopping! Here's father!" The last words were ut-



Eleanor came and stood by the table, looking critically down at John's drawing.

tered in a delighted scream as she ran to open the door. Already Celia had forgotten her tears and the promises she had made to stand with John against the stranger.

They came in together, his father with one arm round Celia's shoulders and the other linked through the arm of a young woman in tweeds. Eleanor Chase, born in Paris...

Her forehead was bare now of the frivolous curls which had so upset Kate and Margaret, but the dark eyes were the same.

"And this is John, Eleanor," Hugh Cameron said after he had kissed his son.

If she had tried to kiss him, he—well, he would have shown her. But she only held out her hand and said: "Hello, John. How are you?"

"How do you do?" he said. He stared at her, without expression, experimentally. He had learned that his eyes, so light and clear a

grey in his sunburned face ("Cat's eyes," his mother had called them) sometimes made people look away uneasily. But his father's wife returned the look with one of friendly interest.

"Where is the staff?" asked Hugh facetiously. "Eleanor may as well know the worst at once."

At this, as if by magic, Kate and Margaret came in. Margaret smiled when she was introduced, but Kate's greeting was more reserved. Books for children, is it? said her expression plainly. Well, we'll see.

That night, as John was undressing, his father came into the room and stood watching, a smile on his dark, handsome face. He was a big man, heavy in the shoulders, an athlete.

"Well, John," he said, his hands

in his pockets, "you've taken good care of yourself, I see. Put on some muscle, haven't you?"

"Ye-es," John looked doubtfully in the mirror at his bare, brown shoulders. "I've been playing a lot of football—and we've been down to the swimming pool every day till this week. It's been a bit chilly lately."

Hugh nodded approvingly. That was the way an eleven-year-old boy should spend his holidays—swimming, playing ball, climbing trees. Not moping round the house with a drawing-pad. Hugh would not have objected to John's being an artist if the boy had shown any real talent—though he might be a plain business man, he was, thank goodness, no Phillistine, but John's

Complete Short Story by

Laurette KNIGHT

sketches struck him as worse even than the average scribbling of children. Now Celia wrote some very pretty verses. Yet Celia never gave him a moment's concern, because she wrote as she played games, well and gracefully and without attaching too much importance to the little talent.

"I wanted to have a talk with you, son," Hugh said, seating himself on the bed. "This business—my marriage, I mean—is probably rather a shock to you children. I know—"

he paused, wondering how bluntly he might speak, wanting not to hurt or shock the boy. "I know how deeply you feel about your mother. And I feel exactly the same. You understand that, don't you?"

Hugh stopped suddenly and looked at John, but John was staring at the floor.

"The thing is, life has to go on, son. You'll understand more about that as you get older. Naturally I don't expect you and Celia to feel just yet as though—I mean as I do. You and Eleanor will love each other devotedly some day, but just at first—I'd like you to realise that it's every bit as hard for her as for you. Try to make it easy for her, old boy."

Hugh stood up, relieved to have got a difficult business over. He hadn't expressed himself very well, but hang it, how could you explain things to a queer kid like John, who wouldn't even look at you while you were talking!

"Well, you'd better turn in," he said, patting John's head. "Good-night, son."

"Good-night." Still John had not moved. But as Hugh put his hand on the door-knob, he asked: "Father, will it be all right to call her Eleanor?"

"Why, naturally," Hugh laughed. But in the hall he shook his head, sighing. It was evident that John had not understood a word.

KATE stood with an air of not meaning to intrude, just outside the sitting-room door.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said. "I was wondering if you'd like to give me my orders now?"

Eleanor was at the desk, in a yellow sweater and tweed skirt. The pen which had been flying and scratching over the paper was held upright, as though in surprise.

"Oh, yes, Kate. Will you and Margaret clear out the back bedroom? We've decided to make that into my work-room."

"Yes, ma'am," Kate bobbed her head. "But you see, the mistress—begging your pardon, the first Mrs. Cameron—always liked to make out her shopping list directly after breakfast."

"Oh," said Eleanor.

Aware that John had stopped on his way to the front door, Kate motioned him to go away. But John paid no attention.

"You know so much better than I what the family likes," Eleanor said to Kate. "For the present, at least, I think you might go on planning the meals as you've been doing."

With his drawing-pad under one arm, John opened the door and walked out to the road. The back bedroom... we've decided to make that into my work-room. Ever since the letter came from his father, when he was abroad on business, he had felt blind resentment of Eleanor Chase, the stranger his father had met and married in Paris. But somehow he had never dreamed that she would try to change anything. And now, added to his resentment, was a terrifying sense of insecurity.

Please turn to Page 55

Excitement grows as our absorbing serial continues

STRANGE and terrible mystery overtakes ten people from the moment of their arrival at Nigger Island. MR. U. N. OWEN, owner of the island, is unaccountably absent; and when the butler puts on a gramophone record, according to instructions left by Mr. Owen, it brings up from the past stories accusing each person of complicity in murder.

Immediately afterwards the gay young ANTHONY MARSTON chokes and dies; then MRS. ROGERS, the butler's wife, dies in her sleep; old GENERAL MACARTHUR is killed by a blow on the head; ROGERS, the butler, is struck dead while chopping wood; and the elderly EMILY BRENT dies by poisoning.

After each death, a china nigger disappears from a "Ten Little Niggers" centre piece in the dining-room; while the manner of the deaths has followed the fate of the "little niggers" in the nursery rhyme.

There remain now MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE, recently retired from the Bench; DR. ARMSTRONG, of Harley Street; WILLIAM BLORE, a retired detective; the enigmatic PHILIP LOMBARD; and the young secretary, VERA CLAYTHORNE.

As a search of the island has proved utterly fruitless, they have decided that Mr. U. N. Owen—or "Unknown"—must be one of themselves; and their latest discovery is that Philip Lombard's revolver, the only one among them, has disappeared.

NOW READ ON:

"ONE of us. One of us. One of us." Three words, endlessly repeated, dinning themselves hour after hour into receptive brains.

Five people—five frightened people. Five people who watched one another, who now hardly troubled to hide their state of nervous tension.

There was little pretence now; no formal veneer of conversation. They were five enemies linked together by a mutual instinct of self-preservation. And all of them, suddenly, looked less like human beings. They were reverting to more bestial types. Like a wary old tortoise, Mr. Justice Wargrave sat hunched up, his body motionless, his eyes keen and alert. Ex-Inspector Blore looked coarser and clumsier in build. His walk was that of a slow, padding animal. His eyes were bloodshot. There was a look of mingled ferocity and stupidity about him. He was like a beast at bay, ready to charge its pursuers.

Philip Lombard's senses seemed heightened, rather than diminished. His ears reacted to the slightest sound. His step was lighter and quicker, his body was lithe and graceful. And he smiled often, his lips curling back from his long white teeth.

Vera Claythorne was very quiet. She sat most of the time huddled in a chair. Her eyes stared ahead of her into space. She looked dazed. She was like a bird that has dashed its head against glass and that has been picked up by a human hand. It crouches there, terrified, unable to move, hoping to save itself by its immobility.

Armstrong was in a pitiable condition of nerves. He twitched and his hands shook. He lighted cigarette after cigarette, and stubbed them out almost immediately. The forced inaction of their position seemed to gail him more than the others. Every now and then he broke out into a torrent of nervous speech. "We—we shouldn't just sit here doing nothing! There must be something—surely, surely, there is something that we can do? If we lit a bonfire—"

Blore said heavily: "In this weather?"

The rain was pouring down again. The wind came in fitful gusts. The depressing sound of the pattering rain nearly drove them mad.

By tacit consent, they had adopted a plan of campaign. They all sat in the big drawing-room. Only one person left the room at a time. The others waited till the fifth returned.

Lombard said: "It's only a ques-



Illustrated by WEP

Losing her nerve completely at this new terror, Vera began to scream hysterically.

TEN Little NIGGERS

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

tion of time. The weather will clear. Then we can do something—signal, light fires, make a raft—something!

Armstrong said, with a sudden cackle of laughter: "A question of time—time? We can't afford time! We shall all be dead."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said, and his small clear voice was heavy with passionate determination: "Not if we are careful. We must be very careful."

The midday meal had been duly eaten, but there had been no conventional formality about it. All five of them had gone to the kitchen. In the larder they had found a great store of tinned foods. They had opened a tin of tongue and two tins of fruit. They had eaten standing round the kitchen table.

Then, herding close together, they had returned to the drawing-room, to sit there—sit watching one another.

And by now the thoughts that ran through their brains were abnormal, feverish, diseased.

It's Armstrong. I saw him looking at me sideways just then... His eyes are mad—quite mad... Perhaps he isn't a doctor at all... That's it, of course. He's a lunatic, escaped from some doctor's house, pretending to be a doctor... It's true... Shall I tell them? Shall I scream out?... No, it won't do to put him on his guard. Besides, he can seem so sane... What time is it?... Only a quarter past three... Oh, heaven, I shall go mad myself... Yes, it's Armstrong. He's watching me now.

They won't get me. I can take care of myself. I've been in tight places before... Where the devil is that revolver? Who took it? Who's got it?... Nobody's got it—we know that. We were all searched. Nobody can have it. But someone knows where it is.

They're going mad; they'll all go mad. Afraid of death—we're all afraid of death. I'm afraid of death. Yes, but that doesn't stop death coming... "The hearse is at the door, sir." Where did I read that?... The girl—I'll watch the girl. Yes, I'll watch the girl.

Twenty to four—only twenty to four—perhaps the clock has stopped... I don't understand—no, I don't understand. This sort of thing can't happen—it is happening... Why don't we wake up? Wake up—Judgment Day—no, not that! If I could only think... My head—something's happening in my head. It's going to burst—it's going to split... This sort of thing can't happen... What's the time? Oh,

Five people went into the kitchen. Tea was made and drunk by Vera and Blore. The others had whisky—opening a fresh bottle and using a siphon from a nailed-up case.

The judge murmured, with a reptilian smile: "We must be very careful."

They went back again to the drawing-room. Although it was summer, the room was dark. Lombard pressed the switch but the lights did not come on. He said: "Of course! The engine's not been run to-day, since Rogers hasn't been there to see to it." He hesitated and said: "We could go out and get it going, I suppose."

Mr. Justice Wargrave said: "There are packets of candles in the larder—saw them—better use those."

Lombard went out. The others sat watching one another. He came back with a box of candles and a pile of saucers. Five candles were lit and placed about the room.

The time was a quarter to six.

At twenty past six, Vera felt that to sit there longer was unbearable. She would go to her room and bathe her aching head and temples in cold water. She got up and went towards the door. Then she remembered and came back and got a candle out of the box. She lighted it, let a little wax pour into a saucer and stuck the candle firmly to it. Then she went out of the room, shutting the door behind her and leaving the four men inside.

She went up the stairs and along the passage to her room. As she opened her door, she suddenly halted and stood stockstill. Her nostrils quivered.

THE sea—the smell of the sea at St. Tredennick. That was it. She could not be mistaken. Of course, one smelled the sea on an island anyway, but this was different. It was the smell there had been on the beach that day—with the tide out and the rocks covered with seaweed drying in the sun.

"Can I swim out to the island, Miss Claythorne?... Why can't I swim out to the island?"

Horrid, whiny, spoiled little brat! If it weren't for him, Hugo would be rich—able to marry the girl he loved.

Hugo. Surely—surely Hugo was beside her? No, waiting for her in the room.

She made a step forward. The draught from the window caught the flame of the candle. It flickered and went out. In the dark she was suddenly afraid.

"Don't be a fool," Vera Claythorne urged herself, "it's all right. The others are downstairs. All four of them. There's no one in the room. There can't be. You're imagining things, my girl."

But that smell—that smell of the beach at St. Tredennick. That wasn't imagined. It was true. And there was someone in the room. She had heard something—surely, she had heard something.

And then, as she stood there, listening, a cold clammy hand touched her throat—a wet hand, smelling of the sea.

Vera screamed. She screamed and screamed—screams of the utmost terror; wild, desperate cries for help. She did not hear the sounds from below—of a chair being overturned, of a door opening, of men's feet running up the stairs. She was conscious only of supreme terror.

Then, restoring her sanity, lights flickered in the doorway, candles, men hurrying into the room.

"What the devil?"

"What's happened?"

"What is it?"

She shuddered, took a step forward, collapsed on the floor.

She was only half aware of someone bending over her, of someone forcing her head down between her knees.

Please turn to Page 56

Stranger in their Midst

His romance upset the happy home when Bob fell in love with a girl that none of them liked.

BENEATH the waves of gay chatter that were breaking turbulently round the Stevens' table that night at dinner Eve Gilliom and Mrs. Stevens were warily watchful of each other. Laura Stevens could make nothing out of the girl's black, smouldering stare save a strange animosity that seemed to include them all. She couldn't even see that she had any particular interest in her laughter-loving son, Bob, and for the fiftieth time since he had brought her home she wondered why he had.

"She has nothing that he's used to," she thought. "Nothing that will ever make him happy. Nothing he can possibly really want."

"Quiet!" It was Peter, her youngest, roaring out in a voice he had not yet learned fully to control. Everyone stopped talking and looked in his direction while he, with dancing eyes, savored to the full this brief moment of concentrated attention. Then he said meekly: "All I want is the butter."

Bob's long arm shot out and snatched the dish from beneath his sister's reaching hand. Holding it tantalizingly aloft, he administered a big-brotherly reproof.

"Next time get a megaphone, sweetheart. We might be able to hear you."

"I need one in this family," grumbled Peter. "Everybody gabbling and nobody listening—I only eat to live so that some day I can clear out and go where there's peace and quiet. Give me that butter, you big ape! Mother!"

"Make him say 'Please,'" Betty, a symphony in gold and blue and perfectly aware of Bill Harding's eyes on her, nodded at Bob, who had leaned back in his chair and was now keeping the butter at arm's length out behind him.

"Yes, sweetheart, say 'Please.' We had to when we were your age, didn't we, Betts?"

"And never have since. Come on!" "Now! Now! Now! Don't get a haemorrhage."

Laura saw Bob's merry blue eyes swerve from Peter's stormy countenance to the unlighted tenseness of Eve's dark pointed face. Plainly he was urging her to appreciate their easy badinage. Bill Harding was used to it, and was grinning faintly. Her husband, interrupted in the midst of an economic discussion he had been holding, partly with Bill, partly with himself because no one else would listen, blinked in mild bewilderment at this abruptly losing his audience; and then became a tolerant observer of the feud.

She thought how long years in a classroom had given him patience with young people, yet he never settled any family disputes. He looked at her now from behind his spectacles in placid expectation of her authority. She said: "Say 'Please,' Peter."

She was immediately aware of Eve's flashing look on her and saw her thin arm swing in a swift arc over Bob's shoulder. She must have clawed his wrist with her long blood-red nails for he cried "Ow!" and gave a jerk. Almost instantly she had the butter and was handing it over to Peter.

"Four against one is not fair," she said, coolly.

"Thanks, pal!"

Peter brought one hand up to his forehead in a smart salute. Bob's face held a look of grieved sur-

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W
DAVIES

②

prise. "Meow!" he said,

exhibiting two red marks on his hand. Betty exclaimed: "Oh! Why did you!" and Bill Harding, with the quick tact he always showed, turned back to his host.

"You were saying, Mr. Stevens."

Laura thought hotly: "She knows no discipline! She shows no respect! I told Peter, yet she..."

She checked herself swiftly. The last wisdom in the world was antagonism, for Bob had shot her a glance of anxious interrogation which told her with appalling certainty that he cared about this girl.

There had been nothing to warn

By ALICE R. COLVER

her about Eve. Not once since Bob had gone to London had he mentioned her in a letter. Then just before the Easter holiday he had written suddenly, asking if he could bring her home.

She had expected, of course, some pretty, laughing young thing like Betty, like any of the girls Bob usually picked out. She would be well dressed and well mannered. She might pull Bob's crinkly hair and he might lay her over his knees and spank her, but it would all be good, clean fun and she would fit into the family picture perfectly. Laura had never known

any girl—or boy, either—not to fit into the picture after ten minutes in their informal midst.

But Eve was different. She was neither laughing nor pretty. She wasn't even well dressed, although her clothes were expensive. For her curved, slouching body carried them without grace so that now in her jade knitted dress her shoulder-blades stuck out, and from the hang of the skirt it was obvious that she

had not troubled to put on a petticoat. "She shouldn't wear that color, anyway," Laura found herself thinking. "She's too sallow."

And she was certainly not well mannered.

It wasn't just the flouting of her own words to Peter. It was everything. She smoked incessantly, flicking her ashes all over the carpets, although there were ashtrays everywhere. She turned on the wireless without asking permission and danced with Bob oblivious of the fact that she, like Betty and Bill, might help with the dinner. She made no attempt at conversation

with anyone except Bob, but subsided into a silence that seemed sullen when he left her side. And, finally, the spare room, when she came out leaving the door wide open behind her, looked as if a cyclone had struck it.

"No nicely brought up girl could possibly leave a room like that," Laura had thought. And then she had told herself she mustn't be critical until she knew more about her.

There had been no opportunity to learn more as yet. Bob and Eve had arrived from London at 6.30; they had met Bill at the gate. Immediately the three entered the house it had begun to boil. It always did with Bob and Bill here.

Betty, flying down the stairs shouting: "Bob! I know a new step!" had been the signal for Bob to drop his and Eve's suitcases with a thump and spring to the piano.

"Hold everything! I'm with you! Mother—this is Eve. Eve—mother."

He swept them together in a gesture of embrace before he swung a leg over the piano stool and sank down, still in his heavy overcoat, before the keyboard. He loved music. They all did, but Bob especially. He played by ear, his big hands seeming careless and clumsy, yet really being clever and swift. He improvised a good deal, his body

Mrs. Stevens stopped short in the doorway, watching Eve singing to the two boys.

swinging, his head thrown back as he poured out in his strong, pleasing young voice words to the tune he was pounding.

Eve simply stood there, her scarlet mouth oddly twisted, her eyes going from the bright-haired Bob to Betty, and Bill already tapping in the middle of the floor. Around him ran Frisky, a shrilly barking bundle of tawny fur. Peter, having risen from his chair at their entrance, now retired again with a book, oblivious of the din.

"Call off your dog!" Betty shrieked from Bill's arms.

Peter looked up, his expression pained. "After 'em, Frisk," he ordered laconically.

"I'll kick him!"

"You dare kick him!"

"I mean—" Betty was breathless already, her honey-colored hair tossed, her grey eyes agleam. "I mean—I won't mean to—but I will."

Peter threw her a bored look of exhausted patience, then whistled and slapped his knee.

"Here, Frisk. Up! There's a boy!"

The dog curled down against Peter. Betty and Bill whirled. From somewhere Mr. Stevens appeared, met Eve and stood, with his arm about his wife, watching, too. Suddenly he shook his head, gave a little leap in the air and went into a pantomime of the young people.

Please turn to Page 18





Illustrated by WEP

COMING down the stairs, Joyce saw the new moon reflected in the long mirror that hung on the landing. It was a lovely night outside. She glanced through the open window to see the moon in person, and there was Roger's car waiting out in front. She had known it must be there, but the sight of it started up again the dread which had stopped for a little while.

But she did not delay, because the sound of her mother's voice, rapid and constant against Roger's silence, came up to her. Joyce hurried on down, because her mother was probably saying something embarrassing.

The fair-haired, nicely-mannered young man wearing a dinner jacket stood in the middle of the handsome room. He looks as if he had been sent on an errand, thought Joyce, who often saw things too clearly for comfort. And he had. He didn't want to take her to-night. He was doing it because Margot had asked him to do it.

Mrs. Vail put her daughter and the young man together in a glance. Mr. Vail, who wanted to get back to his reading and never could find anything to say to these young fellows, remarked: "Off again, Joyce?"

"It's not so often," she said. "I was just telling Roger," said Mrs. Vail, "that we hardly get a chance to see our own daughter. But of course parents can't expect to compete with young men—"

"Hadden't we better be getting along?" asked Joyce, for that remark of her mother's was better not finished. "Good night, father. Good night, mother. Please don't wait up for me."

Mrs. Vail went with them as far as the living-room door. "I hope we'll see you often this summer, Roger," she said hospitably, and kissed her daughter. "Have a good time, dear!" said Mrs. Vail in gay admonition.

Joyce wished desperately that her mother wouldn't always say that.

"Have a Good Time, Dear"

It seemed, not too subtly, to put something up to the man as well as to her. And Roger was certainly doing enough for her, just taking her to the tennis club.

There had been some arrangement about to-night. Of course he had asked Margot first and Margot had probably said: "I'm booked on Friday night. Why don't you ask Joyce? She's a nice girl. You know she is. And she's gone about with us quite a bit. Take her." Margot was like that. She might not show much mercy to girls who got in her way, but she was generous to the ones who couldn't, to the poor repetitions of her popularity.

"Is this going to be quite a party?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I expect much as usual."

"Tennis club dances are all alike." That was wrong. She had meant to be light and careless, but it sounded contemptuous and unenthusiastic. "It all depends on the crowd," said Roger.

Joyce wondered what would happen if she told Roger now that he didn't have to take her, that if he would drop her at a cinema she'd stay there for a while and go home by herself. No, she couldn't. It would embarrass him. Besides, the pictures were over at eleven and she

couldn't go home as early as that. "Going to be at home all the summer?" Roger asked, evidently feeling that it was his turn.

"I hope not. I want to go to the Isle of Aran. There's a trip in August that's going to be wonderful."

"What sort of trip?" "A geology expedition. It would be great fun. It's camping and exploring—not just studying. But of course your family always want you to stay at home with them."

"You certainly must want to work."

I'm scaring him, she thought. He

it's just more lunches and dances, and knowing the right people, and trying to get invitations. I hate the Riviera. I hated it last Christmas.

"It's a perfectly grand night out," she said, to be beyond dispute.

"Yes, it was eighty at midday," said Roger, like a weather report.

If Margot had been with him, he would have discovered the moon, thought Joyce. He'd have kissed her by now. How can Margot let such a lot of them maul her? I should think that if you were going to be kissed—still, anything

would be more flattering than have the man who takes you out behave as though you were his dullest cousin.

"Is Margot going to be there to-night?" she

asked after a pause.

"I think so." He mumbled that, almost resentfully. "Some of them went to Dolly Deacon's house for dinner beforehand."

That was obviously making him furious. Joyce didn't blame him, for Dolly gave good parties. She wasn't one of the old crowd who had grown up together in the same set, like Joyce and Margot. But since Dolly had appeared she was certainly getting on.

"Now you're not to bother too

As thunder rattled the barn the stranger held his arms out protectingly to Joyce.

much about me to-night," Joyce said.

He muttered: "It's no bother at all."

"I mean, you mustn't think that you have to look after me every minute. I like to wander around and have a good time at these shows." She didn't dare look at him.

"Of course."

"Don't you think it's silly the way some men feel that just because they take girls out they have to worry about them all evening?"

Roger wasn't sure where this was leading. He thought perhaps she meant the opposite. Perhaps she was trying to nail him down. He said, guardedly: "Well, I suppose it's up to a fellow who takes a girl out to give her as good a time as he can. Here's the club. Not much of a crowd here yet, judging from the number of cars."

That might make things worse or better. There was, as Joyce knew, no way of telling. But the sound of music did something to her mood. She loved dance music. It was a dance and she would enjoy herself. There was no reason why not. These were her friends. The point was not to take it too seriously. What, after all, did one more foolish little club dance matter? Take it as it comes and for what it's worth, she advised herself.

"Hello, Peter. Hello, Bob. When did you get back?" She met those men on her way to the cloakroom and they were very friendly. She had known them since they used to tease her and pull her hair.

Bob had been back a month. He said he had just got a job. Bob was there by himself to-night. A wolf, Peter called him, meaning that he would prey on the girls brought by other men.

Please turn to Page 14

COMPLETE SHORT STORY BY
MARGARET BANNING

probably never studied anything at school except cricket and history. "It doesn't seem like work. And it's my last fling at that sort of thing for a while. I thought I might study a little this winter, but mother wants me to go to the Riviera with her."

"On the trail of the old suntan." "I'm not so keen about that."

Let him think I'm crazy, she said to herself, defiantly. I know what the Riviera will be like. They talk about the sunshine and the outdoor life, but when you get there

FASHION PORTFOLIO

March 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Airmailed from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by
PETROV



• MOLYNEUX'S opera gown designed for the Duchess of Windsor. Sleekly fitting sapphire-blue wool with V neck and long sleeves, and buttoned right up the front with matching velvet buttons. High revers massed with velvet flowers (1).

• ANOTHER MOLYNEUX model worn by the famous French actress, Mme. Sacha Guitry, in her new play, "Florence." The ensemble consists of a Persian-blue duvetine redingote with black astrachan revers and patch-pockets (2).

• UNDER THIS COAT is worn a youthful black faille frock. The bodice very slimly fitted, with long, tight sleeves and a high neckline, and offset by an engaging, ruched, "double-swing" skirt (3).



• LANVIN launches the chemise dress, and makes it formal enough for dinner wear. This model is in vivid pistache-green crepe embroidered with gold sequins. Note the kimono mounting of the sleeves (4).

• THE black velvet skullcap, which the Duchess of Windsor wears with a black velvet coat. The cap is edged by a silk cord and finished with a nosegay of white and coral flowers in front (5).

• MINUTE black felt sailor with a fitted piece coming over the hair at the back and two scarlet leather pads dripping at either side (6).

• AN ABSURDLY flattering little calot, scarcely seen from the front, except for its trimming of tiny plumes in bright colors, clustered low over the forehead (7).

UNIFORMITY . . .

LEADING designers in Paris, London, and New York have completely fallen for the glamor of uniforms . . . Autumn fashions of 1940 filch inspiration from the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.



● SHADES of the soldier's great-coat in a beige velour model with back fullness and kolinsky half belt and epaulets.

● DRESSMAKER VERSION of the military jacket, featuring high neckline and a water waist. Done in royal-blue jersey with black braided frogs.

● A SIMPLE woollen dress in man-of-war grey takes on a military air, and quite a lot of glamor, with the addition of four huge flapped pockets.

● THE GREAT COAT again in dressmaker theme, much pocketed and lavishly garnished with kolinsky.

TAILOREDS . . . are in the army now



• **SWASHBUCKLING COAT** in air-force-blue cloth with huge knapsack pockets slung on a red leather belt. Epaulets and large brass buttons enhance the military air.

• **MAGNIFICENTLY** tailored greatcoat, again featuring Schiaparelli's famous pockets. Made of heavy khaki cloth, enlivened with brilliant scarlet lining—and, of course, the inevitable brass buttons. (At top.)

• **AEROPLANE GREY** double-breasted coat with a dashing elbow-length cape lined with blockade-red. Silver buttons fasten the bodice. (Above right.)

• **TRIM** as a uniform—an impeccable little suit in trench-brown, with a touch of nonsense in the red lining and green belt to match up with the fetching fatigue cap. Again the outside pockets are used.

Rene



• **SLENDER CHAIN NECKLET**, festooned with gold. Scroll bracelet and earrings.



• **WIDE-BRIMMED Mexican sailor**. Broad streamers almost covering the hair and crossing over throat in front.



• **THE INTRICATE DESIGN** of silver filigree and semi-precious stones enlivens plain black frocks.

'IT'S 'PINK TOOTH BRUSH' ALL RIGHT — AND I'VE NO ONE BUT MYSELF TO BLAME !'

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with IPANA AND MASSAGE!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

"YES, I'M THE ONE to blame! I'm the one who thought that I would never see a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush!

"Day after day, I just went along in the same old way . . . brushing my teeth so carefully, so faithfully . . . but never bothering at all about my gums!

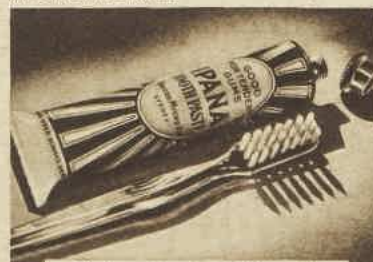
"Well, I've got 'pink tooth brush,' all right. But I'm not going to ignore it and let it spoil my smile. I'm going to do something about it right now . . . I'm going to see my dentist, to-day!"

One smart thing, one sensible thing to do—when you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—is to see your dentist immediately! It may not mean that you are headed for serious trouble, but get his advice.

Very often, however, it simply indicates a case of lazy, tender gums—gums cheated of hard chewing by to-day's soft, creamy foods. They need more work, more exercise—and that's why so many modern dentists often advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Every time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens within the gums, they tend to become firmer and healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana to-day. Join the millions of people who regularly use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage—who've discovered this modern way to brighter teeth, healthier gums, more attractive smile!



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY

Regular Size 1/- . . . Super Size 2/-

Drama in accessories

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE in London

JEWELLERY is every woman's love, and a lot of the costume pieces to be found now are as splendid and barbaric looking as some a maharajah might fancy.

Heavy necklaces in pirate gold, carved in huge beads, between square set plaques of red and green stones are immensely popular this season.

All-gold necklaces, jewelled ones, or half-and-half are also very magnificent specimens.

A chain bracelet in two-tone gold, dangling a minute jewelled compact in the shape of an egg, was one of the highlights at a recent jewellery showing.

Another popular favorite is the rigid gold bracelet mounted with a little apple studded with rubies and diamonds, which can be removed and worn as a clip.

Massive pieces

THE important news in big Jewellery is still the massive gold necklace in draped, bib, or cluster arrangements, modern and chunky or antique in styling.

Diamond earrings, like tiny flowers or lavish festoons, introduce a note of sparkle.

Slimly tailored and classically plain black frocks provide unlimited scope for the newest jewellery trends. Tassels of huge multi-colored glass cabochons dangle at the waistline; huge enamelled pins pierce swathed turbans; rings, too, take on a new importance, usually set with large stones like aquamarines and topazes.

Never before have handbags been so sensible . . . so huge . . . or so decorative. A particularly lovely example which arrived from Paris last week was a canteen shape of black suede with embossed gold leather sides, showing an antique rising-sun motif.

Fashion PATTERNS



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F1850.—Full-skirted frock with accent on the waist-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2 1/2 yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1851.—House gown combining comfort and style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1852.—Chic autumn suit with military jacket and swing skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3 1/2 yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

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Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



**Make-up
looks lovelier, lasts longer**



**when you tone up
your skin with
Pear's
Tonic Action**

Wonderfully mild,
mellow Pear's! Each
cake is matured for
months to remove all
harshness. Its trans-
parency is a sign of
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The most expensive make-up can't hide drawn, tired skin! So first refresh your skin . . . prepare it for beautiful make-up by a stimulating wash with Pear's Soap! Pear's tonic action tones up your skin and leaves it firm and smooth . . . radiantly fresh . . . the perfect foundation for lovely, lasting make-up.

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When the Pain is in YOUR BACK



**the fault
is in your**

KIDNEYS

It is weakness in your kidneys that causes Backache. Kidneys must be constantly purifying the system, all day and all night long, for health to be maintained. Once they become sluggish, poisonous waste products accumulate and pain starts. Your back aches, joints become painfully stiff and your limbs ache.

**Backache goes when you
strengthen your kidneys with
De WITT'S PILLS**

Happily there is a safe, speedy means of cleansing and strengthening your kidneys.

**Take De Witt's Pills—the
remedy specially made for
kidney weakness.** Within 24 hours you will have positive proof of the cleansing properties of De Witt's Pills. Then your Backache will be eased and, after a few doses, will disappear entirely. Backache, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Trouble will go, because De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have remedied them from within. This is the only way permanent relief can be obtained.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Have a Good Time, Dear

Continued from Page 8

PETER was looking for his own partner and was preoccupied until she came out of the cloakroom and claimed him. He had brought the younger Loft girl to-night. And in a year, since last summer, that brat has become a beauty, thought Joyce. And how sure of herself! There were no women in the Loft girl's life. She hardly knew that Joyce was there, even when they talked a little.

Joyce went into the long, chintz-bright cloakroom where the mirrors were as relentless as machine-guns. They trained their fire on her, picking up the unpowdered place on her nose, the fair wing of unruly hair that the hairdresser had put into a neat curl, but which was now on the loose again. They massed an attack on the bouffant chiffon dress which managed to destroy the firm lines of Joyce's healthy, tall body.

Sometimes Joyce admired her looks, especially in her red suede suit. Under the sun or in the wind she looked all right. But these mirrors yielded only to girls who never blundered with a lipstick.

No one whom she had seen so far was wearing a dress as formal as her own. She should have worn the yellow print, as she had thought of doing, but her mother had been so insistent that this chiffon thing was right. It was the sort of dress that was almost too right for a tennis club dance. The girls who really made hits on an occasion like this put on just what they pleased. But that was so hard to explain or to describe to your mother. And now it was impossible to duplicate or copy.

Jean Moore came into the room with a little organdie blouse over a long gingham skirt that swished round her, and looked exactly right.

"Cherry outfit," said Joyce. "That's a darling frock of yours," answered Jean without envy. "Who did you come with?"

"Roger Norris."

"Well, well!"

Joyce knew what she meant. She said: "Margot had a date, I imagine."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. They aren't engaged, are they? Were you at Dolly's dinner? I couldn't make it."

"I wasn't asked," said Joyce. She hated pretences. They were more humiliating than anything else.

"I don't think it was very big."

Joyce didn't answer again. She took off the chiffon jacket because it made her feel fluffy and fat, and she wasn't that way. She put it back on because she felt overdressed with that naked back. Then she went out on to the balcony where Roger was smoking with several other young men. He came to her quickly, obediently, as if he were going to do his duty from start to finish. The others stayed where they were. If it had been Margot emerging from the cloakroom they all would have come on the run.

"Like to dance?" he asked.

"I'd love to," said Joyce, trying to be gay and staccato.

The room was only scantily filled. It was wonderful to dance there now, for it was cool and fresh and the orchestra was not tired and was playing its best numbers. Even Roger enjoyed that first ten minutes. Joyce could tell from the way he held her and because he did his most intricate dancing, which was a tribute to the fact that he thought she wouldn't have any trouble getting the idea. It was fun. It couldn't be better.

The band struck up again. Jean Moore was dancing with Bill Johns first. Now she was dancing with Peter. Now she was dancing with a boy whom Joyce had never seen before.

Jean was no longer a pleasure for Joyce to go round like this, and Roger seemed less skilful. Or less hopeful. This was their fourth dance and yet nobody else had asked her to dance with them. They talked and she tried to be interesting. I've a terrible reputation, she thought underneath the talk. They all know that they can't get rid of me once I'm on their hands. And the shame that rose in her was also fury. She despised these men. She thought of their worst qualities: of the way Bob used to show his cowardice; that Peter had always been a bully; that He might never have seen her before.

Margot was coming into the room. She looked exactly as she should, just as the men wanted a girl to look—not too dressed up, yet in touch with the next fashion.

"Hello!" she cried as she danced past Joyce. "So you two got here! Grand!"

Joyce waved back. She danced on. She thought of other things to say, but dropped down of their own weight. Poor Roger, she thought. He wants to dance with Margot, and if I even mention it he'll hate me more, if such a thing is possible. I can go on the terrace with Roger and stay there for a while if I can pick up somebody. It's not so noticeable there.

"How about cooling off?" Joyce asked Roger.

Mrs. Vall, coming back from a long talk on the telephone, said to her husband: "I've got everything fixed. Is it ten o'clock already? Well, my dancing daughter won't be home for hours. The party must be just getting started."

"Who was that fellow she went out with?"

"Roger Norris. You know. He's a son of the Clyde Norris. He's one of the most popular young men in the neighborhood," said Mrs. Vall.

"Those kids have strange tastes."

"You're behind the times," Mrs. Vall declared. "That's the way they



"OKAY, smart boy—trump that!"

all act now. Joyce will have a marvellous time. Sometimes it seems incredible that she's old enough to be having her whirl. I feel as if I were going through it all again myself. She touched her hair and looked in the mirror as if even more astonished that she was not.

Mr. Vall finally put aside the paper he was reading, after almost memorising one column of it. There was a picture of a woman heading that column, and the news was about her appointment to a Government post that almost any man would covet. Once Mr. Vall might have married that woman. He had considered it. He knew then that there was a lot in her, and there was sweetness, too. But she was a shy little thing, and the boys usually passed her by. Cora had outshone her completely. And now she was a national figure and in the big news. Mr. Vall hoped she was getting what she wanted. At one time she hadn't and that had been his fault.

"Joyce needs a little pushing, that's all," said his wife. "She is a good deal more shy than I was at her age."

"No, you weren't so shy," he agreed.

Cora Vall laughed. She tossed her head with a coy gesture. "I never had much time to be shy. Joyce wouldn't be my daughter if she weren't popular. The only trouble with her is that she takes a back seat to girls like Margot Garrick. And why should she?"

"Better let them work it out for themselves."

"I do! I think Margot is a dear child. That's why I suggested the party to her mother."

"What party?"

"I told you. Before I went to telephone. I thought you weren't

listening! Why, I arranged with Helen Garrick for the two girls, Joyce and Margot, to give a little dance together."

"I thought Joyce was talking about some trip to Ireland."

"Now please don't encourage that," said Mrs. Vall. "A girl at Joyce's age doesn't want to waste herself. She's having the best time of her life now."

"Sure of that?"

"Of course I am. She's at a delightful dance to-night, with one of the most attractive young men."

"Well, maybe you're right. But those two looked queer to me."

"You just don't know—"

"I suppose," he said. He didn't feel quite answered by his wife. He didn't know why he was sorry for Joyce, except that to-night he remembered acutely that girls didn't always have a good time when they were young. They got hurt. He hoped Joyce was being a success.

"You'd better close your door when you go up to bed," advised his wife. "I'll probably keep the night light on in my room until Joyce comes in. I always like to know what sort of time she had. To chat a little."

Joyce came in quietly and stood in the big, nearly dark hall, feeling the stiffness and darkness a bandage on an ache. She could hear Roger's car, and it seemed to her that it started away with relief. She was back home and it was over. She didn't have to stay in that corner of the tennis club any longer, smiling at a vague young man who didn't identify her very completely. She didn't have to go into the cloakroom again to fix her hair or put on lipstick, not to improve her looks, but to help Roger to be rid of her. She didn't have to hope to dance with men who didn't want to dance with her. She had danced with only three different men in six hours and each dance had seemed cruelly long.

IT'S completely unimportant, she said to herself furiously. But she knew that something important had happened to her dignity in all those hours, something disastrous. I'll never go to another one of those dances as long as I live, she promised herself. For she knew she would remember this one. She would wonder what was wrong with herself, why she lacked personality.

She tried to put her mind on other subjects; thought of the trip to Aran, the new people, the kind of work she would do. Then she heard her mother cough and instantly Joyce's manner changed. She turned on the look of a young girl coming happily home from a good party.

She must believe that I had a good time, Joyce thought. It would worry her so awfully if she thought I didn't. I hate to disappoint her. She cares so much.

"You should be asleep," she said to her mother when she went to her room.

"Did you have a good time, dear?"

"It was a wonderful party."

"I knew it would be. Did they like your dress?"

"Jenn Moore said it was a darling."

Mrs. Vall switched on another light. "It's so fresh and girlish. I'm glad I bought it."

"Well, it had enough of an outing to-night to pay for it."

Mrs. Vall said: "You'll need a few more good dresses—"

"Heavens, no!" Joyce said. "No, mother, I wouldn't know what to do with more than I have. Besides, there aren't going to be a lot of parties—not before I go away."

"There's going to be a good one you haven't heard about. Pop and Margot Garrick. Her mother and I were planning it to-night."

"That isn't really true!" said Joyce, with something close to horror in her face. But her mother thought it was surprise.

"It's true. I'll tell you all about it in the morning. Just enough of a hint to dream about now. We're going to give a joint party for you two. Probably in the Moonlight Room at the St. Anthony Hotel. I suggested it to Helen Garrick, and of course we'll pay for most of it. But I thought it would be nice to include Margot in your party. The Garricks haven't very much money."

Please turn to Page 16

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER" Quintet by the Dionnes



SONGS AT THE PIANO is a favorite pastime with the lovely Dionne quintuplets. "South of the Border" is the tune of the moment with these five little songbirds. They have developed rhythm with such instruments as drum, tom-tom, triangle, xylophone, cymbal, tambourine and bell. As they learned to walk they were encouraged to do steps to music, worked up

to the minuet. Now they insist on having music (supplied by a radio-phonograph) during their daily rest periods, liking both classical and swing. At bedtime they accompany prayer with a simple hymn, and there's no difficulty in getting them at the piano. From the left: Marie, Emilie, Annette; Yvonne picking out a few chords, and Cecile watching Yvonne.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

WHY DIDN'T SHE USE A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT



"Every girl needs a true perspiration check that neither bath nor exercise can render ineffective."
DOROTHY DIX
(famous advice in millions of women)

So many girls do not seem to realize that it takes a true long-lasting deodorant to insure long-lasting deodorance. The minute your underarm becomes damp, your charm and your appeal are threatened.

Liquid Odorono will simplify your problem. It is a true perspiration check that scientifically controls underarm dampness and odour. The average woman needs to use it only twice a week. It is used and recommended by physicians throughout the world.

ODO-RO-NO

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FACE & HANDS
you need
Larola Complexion Milk
Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn—irresistible in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 80 years.

RETRACTS
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M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGL.

"MOTHER, I won't use Margot for bait!"

"Bait?"

"I mean that she's so popular. The boys are all crazy about her."

"Joyce darling, the trouble with you is you've a little inferiority complex and you mustn't let it get the better of you."

"Promise me you'll drop the idea of a party, mother!"

Against her pillows Mrs. Vail looked very pretty. Very affectionate. There was something almost touching in her manner. "There's nothing in the world that I want so much as to give my daughter a happy girlhood," she said. "All the time you were growing up I've planned it. You see, it's something you carry with you all your life. I know, dear. I don't want you to be cheated. What's the trouble, dear? Did you and Roger have some argument? He wasn't—hard to handle? I know men get that way."

"Oh, no, he was nice. But, mother, I want to get away. This party business just isn't my cup of tea."

"But you see, dear, it's planned. I couldn't very well explain to Helen Garlick now."

Joyce had a sense of failure and of humiliation that wasn't for herself this time. Perhaps she ought to go through with this thing, bluff it out, because of her mother.

She said: "If I have this party, can we have it soon so I can get away on that expedition?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't have a change, dear. A trip might be just the thing."

"Then go ahead with the party."

Joyce picked up a heap of formal-looking envelopes on the hall table. The morning post. It was only ten days later, and already the invitations were out and beginning to be acknowledged. The plans had grown. There was to be a dinner first at the Vails' house. Then the dance at the hotel in the Moonlight Room, with special caterers and a West End dance band. It was a great to-do, thought Joyce.

Acceptances. Joyce didn't open them, but only turned them over. She imagined what people had said as they wrote them: "Well, it's only a dance aplece with Joyce Vail." "Clever of her to join up with Margot." "That's one way to get to a party—give one." And so on. What did she care? She'd be out of all this soon.

Here was a letter from Aunt Natalie to her mother, and one to herself. She recognized the imperative handwriting. She opened her letter and read: "As I have just

written your mother in answer to her suggestion, I see no reason why you shouldn't go to Italy with me this summer. It should be a very interesting experience for you, and I can see that you meet people whom it will be valuable to know later on. It means, naturally, that you will have to fall in with my plans and time table." When Joyce finished the letter she tore it to bits, as if she were destroying its existence. Then she put it in a tall Chinese jar.

I won't go. That was all her mind kept saying. It's a put-up job. Her mother had promised that she could go to Aran. No—she had only agreed that a trip would be a good thing, and now she had set this thing in motion as an alternative. It was a conspiracy. But they would argue. Her mother would plead and beg and cry. Aunt Natalie would be conclusive. They'd tell her she'd enjoy it. Her father—no, he'd agree with her mother. I might give in, she thought. That's what I might do. I won't.

She went upstairs and as she went she was humming a marching song unconsciously. She counted

Lyric of Life

A lonely beach

The sea's soft cadence lifts into a tune

That haunts the slumbering air of afternoon.

And long waves, rippling inward, slowly churn

The dampened sand before they break and turn.

The beach is fringed with redly flowering trees

That know the wordless language of the seas.

And up the sand two lines of footsteps go.

Of whom I do not care, nor wish to know.

It is enough to see the symbol there.

Time, walking on, heedless of human prayer.

Time, whose firm steps have neither paused nor strayed,

Treading the sands of which our dreams are made.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

her money and looked in her cheque book. Not much, but plenty. Opening her wardrobe she took out a suit and loose-fitting red blouse. The suit had a full swinging skirt. It was all right on the bicycle and she would wear the black beret. She would have to take the bicycle. Petrol was too expensive. Besides, the bicycle was really her own. She had bought it second-hand. The sports car had been a gift to a girl with a social life.

It was a bright day, almost too sunny and hot when she started out. No one saw her go. Her mother was not yet downstairs, and if the servants noticed her they would only have thought she was off for a morning ride. On the way out Joyce gave herself a last treat. She picked up the unopened acceptances and regrets and hurried them into a waste-basket. Let them come or let them stay away. But she left the one from Aunt Natalie to her mother, also unopened, with a pencilled sentence on the envelope: "I won't do this."

In an hour she was on the by-pass heading north. It was so hot that she took off her coat and packed it in the rucksack. Once in a while she stopped to rest under a shady tree, and she had a sandwich and a glass of milk at noon. But she kept going as steadily as possible. Distance was important, though she was fairly sure that no one would take her absence seriously until night. And even if they came after her she wouldn't go back.

It was going to rain. The sky looked ominous by the middle of the afternoon. Good, thought Joyce: it will cool things off, and I don't mind getting a little wet. I'll find some shelter if it pours.

The young man who was hiking along the road was quite sure there was going to be a storm. But Pat Sargent preferred the road to a hot country town. There would be a pub or a farmhouse if necessary. He walked on. He didn't ask for rides. But he usually had a good many

Have a Good Time, Dear

Continued from Page 14

offers from people who thought that no tramp had a back like that. Pat looked up at a yellowish, darkening sky that had an odd color spread all over it. And that black cloud that was gathering didn't look cheerful.

But he couldn't have anticipated what happened, because he had never seen such a storm before. There had been nothing like it in the country-side for forty years. Trees were piled up and smashed down and cracked against one another, and the young man, who was an uncommonly resourceful fellow, thought that it might be altogether likely that his time had come and that he would be a morning-paper "death"—one, perhaps, of many.

There were no cars on the road now. There was no house near. There was a barn in that field, and there was a black thing on the road. It was a bicycle and there was a girl on it. He beat his way towards it.

He yelled advice and together they ran for the barn, and by a miracle it had a door which wasn't locked. It was a weather-beaten remnant of a group of farm buildings which had been burned out.

Inside, the lightning came whitely through the cracks and the rain leaked in all but two corners.

"We might be safer outside," said Pat.

"But it's drier in here," said the girl.

He took a look at her. She had on a red thing that clung to her like a wet glove. Her hair was black and her face didn't need make-up. It was her own face, all right, and a good one.

"I thought it was the end of me," she remarked as if she had enjoyed it.

"It may be yet."

"You have a lot of nerve."

"I've never used much of it yet."

"What took you out in this storm?"

"I got tired of being in one place. I didn't like the people."

"Do you know where you're going?"

"Ultimately."

He tried another approach. "Are they looking for you?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Joyce.

"What's your name?"

"It's my turn. What's yours?"

"Pat Sargent. I'm a chemical engineer on a walking trip."

The thunder rattled the barn.

"Don't be scared," he said, and put his hand on hers. She looked up at him. She'd never been touched just like that. "Don't be frightened," said Pat again.

"I'm not. I think this is grand. It's exciting. I'm having the kind of good time I've always wanted."

"What have you been doing up to now?"

"A tree crashed, not far away."

"Let's tell each other quickly," she said.

Mr. Vail looked at his wife. She was a shrunken little thing, badly tear-stained. He saw her misery, but he couldn't feel close to her. He knew now that he hadn't felt close to her for years. Perhaps never, really.

"Why did you drive her away?"

he said without pity. "Why didn't you let her alone?"

"I only wanted her to be happy. I wanted her to have a good time."

"You wanted her to have a time you could enjoy," answered the man.

"But I was just as bad. I saw the look on her face the night she went out with that boy. I should have known what it meant." He'd seen that look of brightly concealed dread before. He had put it on a woman's face. "If she comes back," he said sternly, "she's to run her own life. She's to follow it in her own way."

"Find her, just find her," begged Joyce's mother.

"We're trying to. But there was that storm, and she was on that bicycle."

"SHE'S really run away!" exclaimed Margot to Roger Norris.

"What did she do it for?"

"Oh, she hated all this round of parties and dances. It bored her so."

"I could have told them that," said Roger wisely. "I had a talk with Joyce the other night. She has a lot in her, you know. There's no sense in pushing a girl like that round to tea and dances and things. She's not cut out for that sort of thing. So she just took her bicycle and went off."

"She went before the storm. They didn't miss her until late that day. They tried to trace her all night. But the storm was so awful."

"What a girl!"

"Her family's just about beside themselves."

"Well, why didn't they leave her alone? I could have told them," repeated Roger.

The man and the girl looked out through the door of the barn.

"I'll have to go back," said Joyce.

"I didn't count on this. They must have been terribly worried all night. It must have been simply awful for mother."

"So you're going back?"

"I'd better."

"Even if you hate it?"

"That's the reason. I haven't faced it properly. I'll go home and do that. Then I'll start off again."

"And you'll let me know where you go, won't you? Because, as I say, I've a job waiting for me at the end of this summer. I'm not a society man, but that's no reason why we can't keep in touch with each other and see what happens."

"No reason at all, if you want to."

"You don't think that if you go back you'll want to run away again?"

"Not again. Not after this storm. Not after real danger and—"

"You've got more courage than any girl I ever saw."

"That's why I won't run away again. Because you told me that. For even if it isn't true—"

"But it is."

"From now on it will be," said Joyce.

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LOVELY LINENS
turn **YELLOW**

... unless you give them the last rinse in **BLUE** water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.



Reckitt's BLUE
Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

**BEFORE BEDTIME
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Sleep Sound All Night

Enjoy a complete night's sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple action) before you go to bed—it's acts for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the longest-acting cough medicine in all of blessedly cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again. It "acts like a flash"—and it's 2/3 all glass chambers and stores.

As supplied to the Canadian Government—and to the Canadian Mounted Police—A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Some NEW LAUGHS



TEACHER: Your essay on "Our Cat," is word for word the same as your brother's.
JIMMY: Yes sir; it's the same cat.

"So you claim you have been a patient in every hospital in town. How about the maternity hospital?"
"Why, I was born there."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Smoking again? I thought you had turned over a new leaf!"
"I did, but the darned thing must have blown back!"



HUSBAND: Don't bring me any more bills, dear. I can't face them.
WIFE: You needn't, darling, I only want you to foot them.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SUITOR: Yes, I'm a self-made man.
She: Well, it's nice of you to take the blame.

"BELIEVE me, dear, I pick all my friends!"
"Yes, to pieces!"

"THE Government has told Hitler he can have all he had in 1914," said the first workman.
"You don't say!" remarked his mate.
"Yes, a whitewash brush and a ladder."

"RATHER unsettled to-day, sir!" said the waiter, with "tip" written all over his face.
"Yes," was the reply, "and apparently there'll be no change coming either!"

JONES: Lend me sixpence for my bus fare home.
Brown: I've nothing less than half-a-crown.
Jones: Good! I'll take a taxi.

CALLER (at telephone office): These flowers are for the telephone girls.
Head Telephonist: Oh, thank you, sir. The girls will love them.
Caller: Love them? I thought they were all dead.

"I SAW a perfect dream of a hat this morning."
"Did you buy it?"
"Not yet! I've got to pick out a more expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy, so that we can compromise on this one."

The Case of HENRY H—



CASE: No. 53429 AGE: 29
NAME: Henry James H.
OCCUPATION: Bank Clerk.
SYMPTOMS: Headaches. Sleeplessness. No appetite. Complaints of frequent bilious attacks. Can't keep his mind on his job. Irritable. No energy.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Mental ability dulled by improper evacuation. Accumulated poisons in bloodstream undermining general health.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

YOUR CHEMIST ALSO RECOMMENDS NYAL PANAZE FOR INDIGESTION, 2/6

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets, 1/3

Join the
EASTER & VINTAGE ESCORTED TOURS TO ADELAIDE!

See the thrill-packed Great Eastern Steeplechase, staged in a picnic setting at Oakbank — The colourful S.A. Harvest of the Grape — Adelaide, and its beautiful nearby mountains and coastal resorts!

Two Programmes—

FROM MELBOURNE:

1. ADELAIDE AND THE GREAT EASTERN STEEPLECHASE, MARCH 21-22. Rail journey, Melbourne to Adelaide and return with reserved seats, transfers to and from hotel, hotel accommodation, scenic tours, Oakbank, etc. Inclusive Cost from £8.
2. ADELAIDE—GREAT EASTERN—AND VINTAGE TOUR, MARCH 21-22. Programmes as Tour No. 1. Plus three days in the Barossa Winegrowing District, etc. Inclusive Cost from £12.

(Costs quoted are exclusive of meals en route between Melbourne and Adelaide).

FROM SYDNEY:

- Tour No. 1 (March 20-27 from Sydney). Inclusive Cost from £11/17/6.
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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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BOB

yelled with joy. Peter dropped his book. It was crazy. Ned's grey hair stood up. His spectacles shone. His arms and legs wove long, ludicrous patterns. Betty cried: "Big Apple, Bob!" He nodded and changed his tune. They seized Laura and dragged her out with them and all four went to it. Even Peter was stirred now and shouted the commands. "Praise Allah! Praise Allah! O-ka-a-y. Now! Shine — mother! Mother — shine!"

But Laura, flushed and breathless, dropped out and came up to Eve who had remained all this time aloof and unsmiling.

"Are you overwhelmed? I thought perhaps Bob had warned you what kind of a family he had."

"He didn't." Something hard in her voice. Something accusing. Laura felt a swift rise of anger. Her children were casual but not rude, as this girl seemed to think.

She said, in a slightly cooler tone: "Won't you take off your coat? You'll find a hanger in the cupboard under the stairs."

Eve merely shrugged her coat from her shoulders, letting it fall in a soft grey heap on a chair. Then she sat down, picked up a magazine, took out a cigarette and pretended that either she herself wasn't there or that they weren't.

Laura went back to the kitchen. Decidedly she was different. Churlish. Spoiled. Because she wasn't the centre of things, no doubt. Where had Bob picked her up? And why had he brought her here? Why?

"But Bob, what do you know about her?"

That was the question Laura wanted to ask—must ask—before this went any further.

"If he would only dance with me once..."

She wouldn't, however, suggest it. She had never needed to suggest it. Always, before this, he had sought her out at least once, but to-night—she glanced around the tennis club room, festively decorated for the last dance of the season. There

he was, with Eve. Laura looked at him, uneasiness growing in her as she saw his merry countenance strained and strangely still. "To-night," she thought, "he's forgotten me completely."

Presently they vanished. Laura didn't see them go, but after their going the dance floor—a pale yellow pool beneath the covered lights—seemed empty. Was it worse to know they were out in the darkness together? Or to watch them dancing in here?

"What kind of mother am I?" she asked herself sharply.

It wasn't that she minded Bob's having a girl. It was that she minded his having this girl. She wouldn't fit in. She didn't want to fit in. Never in the world would Laura forget her face when she had discovered that Laura and Ned were going to dance, too.

"You are!"

"We're simple people, my dear. And the town is a simple town. We're all just one big family in it." She had been proud of her light tone.

"They go to laugh at our dancing and we go to laugh at theirs," Bob explained.

"I think that's funny."

"It is. You should see them!"

"No, I mean..." She had stopped, biting her lip, her eyes suddenly hard and angry.

SHE would take him away, Laura thought. Spiritually she would take him away from all the wholesome, generous ideals she had worked so hard to instill in him.

And doing that she would make him unhappy. Eventually, of course, she would leave him. For Laura could vision no permanence in any relationship with Eve.

"Nothing means anything to her," she said to Ned when they were home again a little after midnight and in the privacy of their bedroom. "I'm perfectly sure nothing means anything to her. A home—a family—She doesn't take the least interest in them. Look how she's behaved with us! She's actually resented us. What kind of wife would she make for Bob?"

"Aren't you looking a little far ahead?" he returned in his gentle way.

But she shook her head. She knew. Women did. Mothers, especially. And long after Ned was asleep she lay wide awake, worrying, worrying.

"Eve! Do you mind using the ash-trays?"

Laura's voice, sharper than she had intended, brought the girl's dark eyes swiftly up to hers. For a moment fire flashed in their depths, then she drawled: "Certainly. Do you think I smoke too much?"

"Since you ask—I do." Her tone was crisp but pleasant. Why shouldn't she say this? She would to any of the other young people who came here. "And," Laura went on smilingly, "you might be a little

Stranger In Their Midst

Continued from Page 7

more careful in the bathroom, if you will. None of the rest of us splashes water all around without mopping it up. And there's a towel rod for everyone. You see," she finished, "we have no servants. I even do our laundry. And towels, after they've been walked on, are pretty hard to get clean." She paused. "Do I seem unreasonable?"

Eve's face was enigmatic. She said briefly: "I'm sorry I've been so poisonous," and crushed out her cigarette with thin, tense fingers before she returned to her magazine.

Laura went back to the kitchen. She was still angry, partly because she had done what she had not wanted to do—brought about open warfare. But at least now she wouldn't have to clean up after Eve any more.

"I've enough to do. And I've taught my own three..." She thought of the Spartan neatness of Bob's room and set her lips. "Whatever she thinks, however she hates me, I simply couldn't stand it any more."

She had heard the children come in at one o'clock this morning. They had tried to be quiet, but Betty's giggle and Bill's loud whisper had carried up from the garden gate. There had been an argument, too, in which they had forgotten to whisper. Presently Bill went off and the other three had come in. Laura had heard Betty almost immediately go up to her room, but it had been a long time before the other two had followed.

It all made her edgy.

"I'm not just the possessive mother," she kept telling herself, "because I'm not like this about Bill and Betty. It's simply that I haven't brought up Bob to make a mess of his life. I haven't..."

They hadn't got up until noon, and "brunch," as they called the combination breakfast and lunch, had to-day been a magnificent chicken dinner. After it, they were to drive over to...

"Where did you say?" she had asked.

Bob had answered, "Eve's people have a house at Woodover. They aren't there. Abroad, didn't you say, Eve? But we thought it would be fun to go over and break in or something. Eve wants to get some clothes."

Eve's people... abroad... they must have money then. That would explain a great many things. But it didn't make her any more desirable.

"I'm not proud; I'm just particular," Laura thought. Aloud she asked: "You'll be back for supper?"

They would. There was a "gang" coming in to-night. They'd have to be back.

"Soup and sandwiches and beer, mother," Bob said. "You know, help yourself stuff."

He made a dive for her face as he rose from the table and planted a

smacking kiss on her cheek. Then he and Betty raced upstairs to tidy their rooms before they went. Eve was the only one who had not thought of doing that. Or of helping her and Peter clear away the food from the table. Instead, she strolled into the living-room, flicking ash from her inevitable cigarette onto the floor as she went.

It was then that Laura had spoken.

She thought, stacking the plates for the woman who came in to clean up on such special occasions as this: "To-night I'll get hold of Bob. Some-time before or after supper I'll get hold of him for a talk. I may not know much about Eve but I know enough. This affair can't go on."

Much to her surprise Bob aided her in her determination to see him alone.

They came in—the four young people—about six o'clock. Laura had cut the sandwiches and put everything ready in the dining-room and she had nothing to do but heat up the soup. Peter had gone on a Boy Scout hike and wouldn't return until eight o'clock. Ned was upstairs shaving, so she was alone in the living-room.

It didn't surprise her greatly that their entrance was somewhat subdued. She attributed it to the fact that they had been up all last night and that the drive had been tiring. Nor did it seem strange that Eve ran straight up to her bedroom without so much as a glance at her. It was in keeping with the ungraciousness she had shown ever since she had been there. Bill, after a few remarks, had gone round to his own home to fetch a dartboard, and Betty went up to change. Then Bob came in from the hall.

"May I speak to you, mother?" he said unhesitatingly.

She looked up from her knitting. He was oddly white. She said at once: "Let's go into Dad's study."

She led the way to the little room that had been kept for Ned, to give him a place where he might correct examination papers without interruption. Here she sank down on the old couch and looked up questioningly into Bob's troubled countenance.

"What is it?" she asked. "What on earth has happened?" Her tone took on a startled note. "Did you have an accident with the car?" He shook his head. "Nothing like that." Then he sat down on the edge of the flat-topped desk and ran his fingers through his hair.

"You've got to understand Eve, mother," he said abruptly.

Wisdom! Give me wisdom, Laura prayed silently. "I'm trying to," she said.

"But not succeeding very well." Bob's smile was always so sudden and sweet. It could melt any hardness in her. It almost did now. And then he was sober and terribly earnest.

Please turn to Page 24



THE INNER MAN

on Joint duty

"If you want to enjoy and digest that properly," said the Inner Man, "don't forget the Mustard!" That little spoonful of Mustard may cost only about a twenty-fifth of a penny—but what a lot it's worth to your digestion and health! It's Nature's way of ensuring that eating meat doesn't overtax the digestion. Mustard has wonderful natural powers of creating appetite and starting the digestive system working. No other condiment can do what Mustard does so cheaply and so well. If you want good appetite and digestion, year in, year out—you must have Mustard.

MEAT needs

MUSTARD

—KEEN'S Mustard

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—There has been great interest in Mt. Kosciuszko's hundredth birthday party! But IS Kosciuszko Australia's highest mountain? Yes — no.
- 2.—Here's an easy one for the housewife. Galantine is Jellied shredded meat and vegetables — chicken breast in aspic — a clear soup containing vegetables — pressed boned meat.
- 3.—You'd doubtless know at once if anyone asked you who performed the first solo flight EASTWARD across the Atlantic; but who performed the first westward solo flight? Colonel Lindbergh — Amelia Putnam — J. A. Mollison — C. W. A. Scott.
- 4.—How many pairs of ribs has a human being? 4 — 6 — 7 — 8 — 9 — 12.
- 5.—With the Scandinavian countries so constantly in the news, everyone ought to know that they actually consist of Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Finland — Norway, Sweden, and Denmark — Norway and Sweden alone — Norway, Sweden, and Iceland.
- 6.—Starting to plan your winter wardrobe? Then no doubt you already know that chinchilla is the fur of A South American rodent — a Russian bear — a Belgian hare — an African tree mole.
- 7.—"He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone." Yes, but who was he? Sir Lancelot — Robin Adair — Young Lochinvar — Paul Revere.
- 8.—A dormer window Is a lantern over the front door — projects from a sloping roof — is a horizontal window in the roof — is like a porthole but does not open.
- 9.—If you've ever tried to pat a hedgehog, you'd probably say those things on his back were razor blades, but, strictly speaking, they are Bristles — prickles — darts — spines.
- 10.—William Tell, the lad of appleshooting fame, is the legendary national hero of Switzerland — Scotland — Holland — Bavaria — the Hebrides.

Answers on Page 24.



MEN CAN'T RESIST SOFT Rosy Lips

The charm of Tangee lips with their alluring naturalness appeals to men. Tangee is the only lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, it changes on your lips to your very own shade of warm blush-rose. A second application gives a glow of rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical.

Tangee goes on smoother, stays longer for it's made with a special cream base. For natural beauty try Tangee tonight.

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS

HAVE SENT OVER 40,000 TESTIMONIALS

THE FOOD MOST PLEASING TO CHILDREN builds and develops them best; that is, of course, when it is a properly constituted food. A problem to thousands of mothers is the fussy eater, and it has been proved that coaxing is apt to spoil the child.

Mothers soon learn that all children love ARNOTT'S Famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS and will eat them when they refuse all other foods. This valuable food thus becomes a solution of the problem and leads to a most worthy addition to the diet of the child.

THE value of Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits is greatly increased when they are dipped in milk, a practice popular with children for the past half century. For school they are the ideal rich milk food in most convenient form. Just butter a few and add them to the lunch. They make the usual weak, soggy meal both attractive and beneficial. A popular sweet, too, for the picnic lunch, they are so easy to carry and easy to serve.

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ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — "THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!"

Artist's retreat from ambition

Human story of family's life in coastal forest settlement

Can a simple, comfortable life in a small community compensate for lost ambitions?

A new book by an Australian writer, "Dark Tumult," by Myra Morris, suggests that it can. In working out her reasons she contrives to tell an excellent story.

PHILLIP LACEY, an unsuccessful artist, takes his wife, three daughters, and son to Piper's Bay, a small settlement on the coast of the Otway Peninsula, in Victoria.

He persuades himself that he has sacrificed brilliant success as an artist to bury himself in the little town so that his children can grow up in health and freedom.

His family, devoted to him in spite of his pomposity, support him in this subterfuge.

It is a pleasant, rowdy, untidy home. Anna, his wife, who was formerly his model, presides like a faded blonde, rather fat goddess in the kitchen that is cluttered with books, paint brushes, cats, and the fragrance of apple boughs burnt in the stove.

Linda, the eldest daughter, tending her chickens and cooking for the family, dreams of a husband, but makes no attempt to break away from the self-contained world of the family to find one.

When George, the only son, is offered a job in the city, family ties and his ambition to become a farmer hold him in Piper's Bay.

He achieves his ambition in a modest way when his father buys him a few acres of land, but his

dreams of scientific farming on a big scale are shattered when Olga, the meretricious little schoolteacher, ensnares him, marries him, and presents him with a family.

Like the rest of the family, George settles down philosophically to forget his ambitions.

Stephanie, the youngest daughter, plain, nervous but beautiful, like her father, shows promise as a pianist, dreams rosy dreams of fame in the world outside Piper's Bay.

But with the same lack of confidence which frightened her father away from a competitive world, Stephanie fakes a breakdown, and stays away from her scholarship examination—her future a piano teacher to the children of foresters and fishermen in the little town.

Even the placid, warm-voiced Anna surprises her family with a confession of unrealised ambition.

Daughter's revolt

SHE wanted a white kitchen "with shiny walls that you can clean with a damp cloth, and a long, grooved, chromium-plated sink, and a stove that looks like an ice-chest and a beautiful bathroom! Green. One of those shallow jade, step-in affairs like the film stars have."

Only one member of the family, Robin—slim, dark-eyed, with her

Author is a Victorian

MYRA MORRIS is a Victorian, born in Boort, in the north-west of the State.

She was educated at a convent which gave her the background for the convent school life she writes about in her new book.

Myra Morris has written also "The Wind on the Water," and a number of poems and serials.

She lives by the sea, at Frankston.



MYRA MORRIS, the Australian writer, whose new book is staged in the Otway Peninsula in Victoria.

dark hair "falling like a bell" round her face—has the courage to break away.

Robin, of all the family, is tied to Piper's Bay by her almost mystic love of the sea and her love for Conn, a young fisherman.

Through Robin's eyes, Myra Morris gives a vivid picture of the life of an Australian coast settlement, fishing and shipwreck, the sinister beauty of forest forever encroaching on man-made clearings, and the terror of bushfires.

Determined that Piper's Bay will not "get her" as it has the rest of the family, Robin marries an English doctor, and goes to his family home in the English country.

But his relatives are not congenial to her and she is haunted by a nostalgia for the sea and her own people. Her independent character finally revolts against her husband and his family, and she returns to Australia.

Myra Morris has made such a successful job of Piper's Bay and the rambling family house up on the hill that one accompanies

Robin on the journey from England with a sense of relief and joyful anticipation.

There is authenticity in the family welcome.

"Anna was in the kitchen and Robin would have been surprised to find her anywhere else. Anna held Robin off and looked at her.

"I've got some scones made," said Anna comfortably. "But there's plenty of salads for first. We'll have tea early out in the air. . . . You go out under the trees in the back, Robin. They're all there."

"The house seemed to have become smaller, the garden seemed to have shrunk, too, trees and flowers growing closer together. "She's here!" cried the high,

excited voice of Stephanie. . . . They were all just a little stiff and self-conscious. . . . They were frightened of her, a little in awe.

"She got to her feet in the long grass, her face working, her hands twitching. Her cup fell at her feet. She put her shoe on it and it snapped.

"Oh, look what you've done now!" Stephanie's voice was a wail. "You clumsy wretch, Robin, why don't you look where you're going!"

"There was a tension released somewhere. Suddenly she heard herself laughing. . . . It was as though she had never been away."

"Dark Tumult," by Myra Morris (Thornton Butterworth). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Heed Nature's URGENT WARNING!

.. If She's Weak, Sickly Thin and Under-Weight

Poor little kid! She's tired, weak and listless—no interest in games or toys... no desire to romp and play. But she needs something more than sympathy. She's almost certainly suffering from Faulty Elimination. Incomplete action of the bowels has so poisoned the blood stream that liver and kidneys cannot function as Nature intended they should.

Fortunately, there is a quick, sure remedy. A course of Laxettes will soon restore the bloom to her cheeks—the sparkle to her eyes. She'll eat better and put on weight, and regain her lively vigour. For Laxettes stimulate natural and complete bowel action. They never fail. And their delicious chocolate flavour appeals to even the most "finicky" palate.

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Faulty Elimination!

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LAXETTES

Correct Faulty Elimination



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

"Music hath charms..." Particularly for the unhappy Piscean.

PISCANS, whose zodiacal sign is "Pisces, the Fishes," are some of the nicest people in the world.

But occasionally they act so unwisely in their own interests that they are referred to—and deservedly so—as "poor fish."

This is due to the fact that there is something which is part of the innermost self of the Piscean—those born between February 19 and March 21—which lets them encourage imposition and misrepresentation.

The result is that he often becomes a target for unprincipled and selfish people, particularly if they can tell a good tale of woe.

Even in cases where the need may

be genuine, the Piscean should realise that his actions may be more those of an enemy than a friend. His generosity or sympathy may lead to those people losing their own self-confidence and ability.

Far better for the Piscean to realise that those for whom he can do most good are those he helps to help themselves.

When it comes to realising the peace and contentment which most Pisceans crave, it should be remembered that their inherent love of music, particularly that which can play upon the softer and nicer emotions, can achieve wonders.

When unhappy, undecided, worried or over-excited, they should seek help through music. They will find that many of their worries will decrease and others be solved.



THE DAILY DIARY



UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You should be planning rather than acting at this time. The present is neutral; the future promising.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): March 13 and 14 quite fair for you. **GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Do not take risks at this time. The unwary can meet their path with troubles, difficulties and upsets or delays. Be very cautious on March 9 and 10. March 15 and 16 also poor.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Don't waste time on March 9 and 10 (morning). Many Cancerians can realise ambitions and benefit them, if they go after what they want, and have enough confidence to make changes.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Concentrate on routine matters now, and plan for improved conditions and enterprises or changes later on.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Unwary Virgoans can create a bad time for themselves just now. Caution is especially advised on March 9, 10, 15 and 16. Arguments, partings, losses, opposition, and disappointments can take a toll of happiness then.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Your stars are neither for nor against most of you just now. Nevertheless, speed up all outstanding matters of im-

portance without loss of time. March 15 and 16 best.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Your stars are in the ascendant on March 9 and 10 (till noon). Be energetic and optimistic then. The balance of the week is helpful, excepting March 13 and 14. Seek advancement, changes, favors, new enterprises, and general happiness on your good days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Walk warily or live to regret your folly. Sagittarian stars are in conflict, thus promising discord and worry, delay, and arguments for the unwise. Especially is this so on March 9, 10, 15, and 16.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Get all important matters started now, if they are urgent, for delays are likely later on. Get busy and stay busy on March 13, 14, and 15 (until 10 a.m.).

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Just plod along. Routine best.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): March 9 and 10 (morning), can produce good results from diligence and optimism. Your stars are helping some of your battles just now. Seek improvement.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

An Editorial

MARCH 9, 1940

ANZACS—THEN, NOW, AND ALWAYS!



THERE has been much discussion of the word "Anzac," and whether it should be applied to men of the Second A.I.F.

One country branch of the Returned Soldiers' League adopted a resolution urging that the word should belong exclusively to the men who fought at Gallipoli in the Great War.

While in no way detracting from the qualities of the Second A.I.F. they felt the word belonged to the original members of the A.I.F.

There is something to be said for that argument, but there is deeper significance to the word than that.

Anzac is history—it is part of our tradition—it's the natural inheritance of the soldiers who follow after the men who distinguished themselves in the great Gallipoli adventure.

All the world knows of the Anzacs. Americans speak and write of Australians as Anzacs. We ourselves speak of typical Australian courage as being brave as an Anzac. The mate-ship spirit Lawson wrote about is the cobbler spirit of the Anzac. In short Anzac has come to mean Australianism.

All these things belong to the army of young Australians who have sailed overseas.

The Anzac spirit puts them in the fighting line.

The whole world knows them as Anzacs—many of them are sons of original Anzacs—the name is theirs by right of heritage.

It is the generic term for Australian soldiers. We mustn't lock it away and let it moulder into dead tradition.

Anzac is a flaming torch. Men of 1914 who lit it won the right to pass it on to their sons and their 1940 comrades of the Anzac spirit.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Rudolph

RUDOLPH the rabbit, mascot of the 2nd/9th Battalion in camp at Ingleburn, should be the envy of all the millions of his despised Australian relatives.

Rudolph was brought from Camooweal, one of the Western outposts of Queensland. He lives in luxury; has a daily diet of lettuce; and the men recently subscribed to buy him a magnificent red velvet "uniform," in the form of a deep collar.

Specially made in Sydney, with gold braid and the rising sun badge embroidered on it in gold, it cost £2/15/-, and looks most effective against Rudolph's well-groomed snow-white fur.

Spirit of 1914

A FRIEND just back from S.A. told me this:

Two former Army nurses, Mrs. Stuart Matters and Miss Gwen Giles, brought a smile and a tear to the eyes of many a Digger at a farewell party in Adelaide given by returned sisters to nurses who will go abroad with the 2nd A.I.F.

Disappearing from the party for a few minutes Mrs. Matters and Miss Giles re-entered the room with the spirit of 1914, wearing the long, floating bonnet and veil and swishing grey skirts of early war years—Mrs. Matters most decorous in a skirt skimming the floor by an inch and a half, and Miss Giles a year more dashing in a 1915 model three inches from the ground.

When the laughter died away, I saw Mr. James Dowling, secretary of the R.S.S.I.L.A. in South Australia, turn to a group of Australia's second generation of Army nurses.

"We are proud of you," he said, "but we will never forget the women who brought Australia to us in France and Egypt."

Ersatz and worse

LATEST ersatz (substitute) reported from Germany is a "butter perfume."

It is claimed that two or three drops poured on food create the illusion that the food was cooked in butter.

Why stop at the scent of butter?
You can carry it all the way;
Your husband perhaps may mutter,
But the hens won't need to lay.
Goering no doubt will be thinner
By this gastronomical fake,
If he has just a sniff for dinner
Instead of a juicy steak!

Glamor and war work

BRITISH fashion houses are becoming alarmed at the lack of interest in clothes shown by Englishwomen. In normal times British women spend more than a thousand million pounds per year on clothes.

War has put their minds on other matters, and so many have slacks, a trouble saver and time saver in dressing, that they hardly wear anything else.

Not only the manufacturers are concerned, though. The Mayor of

Winnie the war winner



"How jolly of the General! He's invited me to a fatigues party!"

Marylebone, London (Councillor Waite), said not long ago: "Soldiers will soon be home on leave from the front. They will want to see smart women. Women will need to pull up their socks."

I can't take Councillor Waite's worry as serious. Find me the woman, air-raids or not, who won't rush for her lip-stick and a feminine frock when her sweetheart or husband comes home from the front.

Scots wha hae

YOU can't rattle the Scots.

During an air-raid on the Scottish coast, an aged "nannie" was minding her charges on the lawn. Planes zoomed overhead.

"If there's any more of this nonsense," said the nurse, "I shall have to take the children inside."

Post-war kings who have lost their crowns

By Air Mail from London, by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

OF the twenty or so monarchs on the thrones of Europe at the outbreak of the World War in 1914, only five are still reigning to-day.

Of the rest of the sovereigns no fewer than eight have abdicated or been deposed.

When the World War broke out in August, 1914, King George V was on the throne of Britain. He bore the burden and the anxiety throughout the four years of war.

He died on January 20, 1936, and was succeeded by Edward VIII—now the Duke of Windsor—who after reigning for 10 months and 21 days abdicated.

King George VI succeeded Edward, his brother, on December 11, 1936.

War removed Kaiser

THE World War removed Wilhelm II, who had been German Emperor since he was 29 years of age—for 30 years the most feared and most talked-about potentate in the whole world.

He lost the World War and his sceptre, and has remained in his neutral Netherlands home ever since. Many thrones, tottering in 1914, have fallen since.

The story of the Thrones of the World in the last quarter of a century is tabulated below:

Britain: George V, died January 20, 1936.

Germany: Wilhelm II, abdicated November 10, 1918. Alive in exile.

Italy: Victor Emmanuel III, still reigning.

Belgium: Albert, killed mountaineering, February, 1934.

Austria: Francis Joseph, died November 21, 1916.

Spain: Alfonso XIII, abdicated, still alive.

Russia: Nicholas II, shot, July, 1918.

Bulgaria: Ferdinand, abdicated October 4, 1918, still alive.

Christian X still reigns

DENMARK: Christian X, still reigning.

Greece: Constantine, abdicated September, 1922, died 1923.

Japan: Yoshihito, died December 25, 1926.

Netherlands: Wilhelmina, still reigning.

Rumania: Carol, died October, 1914.

Norway: Haakon VII, still reigning.

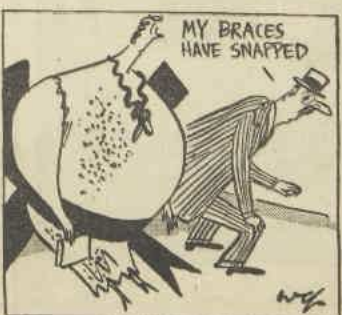
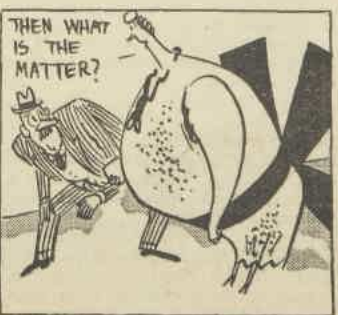
Sweden: Gustav V, still reigning.

Serbia: Peter, renounced throne 1914 in favor of Crown Prince and died August, 1921.

Montenegro: Nicholas I, abdicated January, 1916, died March, 1921.

Bavaria: Ludwig III, abdicated November, 1918, died October, 1921.

Saxony: Frederick Augustus III, abdicated 1918, died February, 1922.



LITTLE JIM and the WIZARD... a Fairy Story



Truth about the collier's son, whose outside was old and mean

The full story of Little Jim, the collier's only son, whose cottage was a thatched one, has never been told.

Very well! Uncle Lennie will tell it to you. Ready?

IN due time Little Jim also became a collier like his father before him.

On his first day down the mine, he noticed a furtive-looking man staring at him in a strange manner. "Lldw owl yotiekiyiw?" asked Jim of a companion.

I forgot to mention that this was a Welsh colliery.

"Shh!" answered his friend. "He might hear you. He's a wizard."

"And what does he do in the mine when he's not wizarding?"

"He sells race tips. We have races down here every day with the pit ponies. Seeing that you'll be in

charge of the ponies hauling skips, you'd better watch him."

"Humm," said Jim, thoughtfully. The evil seed had been sown.

One day, as Jim had expected, the wizard spoke.

"Nice pony you've got there," he said.

"She can break even time for seven furlongs with two tons of coal behind her," replied Jim proudly.

"Poof!" sneered the wizard. "If I had two tons of coal behind me I'd break all records. That nag has got to get a move on or be run over."

"Please yourself," said Jim and as he turned haughtily away he

struck his head on a piece of coal jutting from the roof.

He turned on the wizard, his eyes blazing.

It's a very foolish thing to let your eyes blaze in a coal-mine, but James was a quick-tempered youth.

"Did you do that?" he cried.

"Yes," said the wizard, calmly. Every muscle in Jim's body tensed. His jaw jutted out and the veins throbbled in his temples.

"I've a good mind to go and tell the foreman!" he said at last.

"Listen, my boy," said the wizard, tapping Jim on the shoulder with his pick. "The foreman is in my power. And," he added, as he pulled the pick out of Jim's shoulder, "from now on, so are you!"

Poor Jim. One must remember that he was an orphan who had been brought up by parents whose outside were old and mean. The prospects of riches glittered before him. Forgetting all his earlier training he chose riches.

(Time off, please. I have a visitor. It's all right. She came to the wrong place.)

As time wore on, what with Jim training the ponies and the wizard acting as the colliery bookmaker, they both became very rich.

Jim, being on the inside, so to speak, and knowing that owing to strikes, stoppages, stop-work meetings and other amenities of the coal-fields—knowing as I say that the mine was still chockful of coal, he bought the mine.

... By ...

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

LITTLE JIM (now Sir James) surveys the thatched cottage, the inside of which, when he lived there, was "wondrous neat and clean."

Inside, the wizard was saying to Sir James, "So that's your last word? I get twenty thousand down now and five thousand a year? You're a hard man, Sir James."

Shortly after that the wizard appeared on the balcony of Sir James' mansion.

"Fellow workers!" he said, holding up his hand. (Loud cheers.) "Comrades!" he yelled. "I am glad to say that a settlement has been reached and you may all go home to your wives and families."

And that is the story of Little Jim. And, of course, the wizard.



HE'S Glad HE CHANGED TO 'NUGGET' POLISH



Because it keeps his shoes bright and supple

IN BLACK, DARK TAN STAIN, BLUE, ETC.

I can't work WITH THIS INTOLERABLE HEADACHE!

HEADACHE

is unnecessary...

STOP PAIN with BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHES



Pain is nature's warning; neglect it and the consequences may be serious. When you suffer pain, act quickly! whether it be common headache or more serious—rheumatism, neuritis, or even periodic pain—take Bayer's Aspirin and get immediate relief.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN IS SAFE... SURE! Bayer originated Aspirin and gave it to the world for the relief of pain.

Doctors and nurses endorse Bayer's Aspirin; they know it to be safe, uniform, dependable. Bayer's Aspirin does not affect the heart, or upset the stomach. Keep Bayer's Aspirin Tablets handy for the relief of Pain. They cost no more than ordinary Aspirin.

Bayer means Better

The Original and Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN

IN HARDY TINS OF 12 - 36 BOTTLES OF 24 - 12 BOTTLES OF 100 - 6-

Wizard incensed

NOW the wizard, like most wizards, was a niggardly man, and he demanded a half-share in the mine.

Jim refused. He had visions of ultimately owning half the township, becoming parliamentary member for the district, and being knighted for buying Government Bonds at seven per cent when the next war broke out.

The wizard was incensed. "After all I've done for you," he said, shaking his diamond cuff-links and prodding the ground with his gold-mounted walking-stick. "Very well! I'll ruin you! Get that? Ruin you!"

Saying which, he climbed into his limousine and was driven away.

Jim, feeling in need of exercise, drove home in his six-seater instead of the eight-seater.

In the meantime the wizard addressed a meeting of the Railway Employees' Union and told them that what they wanted was a three-hour week, spread over a fortnight.

Next day all trains stopped. The miners had already struck on account of an injustice that had been done to a dairy-hand in New Guinea.

Sir James (or Jim) said he would go back to the mine and work the thing himself rather than let the country go short of coal.

Enraged, the wizard sought an interview with Sir James.

Nine hundred thousand strikers stood outside Sir James' mansion, while the conference was held.

"MOTHER, she's had a rotten time. Simply rotten! And she's been so brave..." He stopped, his eyes narrowing to sharp points of steel. "I've never met anyone like her," he finished.

"It's real. It's true, then, Laura thought. I'm too late.

"What is she like?" she asked. And then—at last—that question. "What do you know about her, Bob?"

"That's what I want to tell you, Mother..."

Even to her it was incredible. Yet with Bob telling it, she had to believe it.

"They had driven straight to Woodover and Eve had directed them to her place. It was magnificent. A winding road through woods led up to a great white mansion on a hill.

There were gardens and greenhouses and tennis courts. "I knew she had money, but I didn't know she had that much. She's one of the coal chinkers."

Laura nodded. Bob continued. Eve had been queerly indifferent to their frank admiration of everything. She had stood there, hands jammed in her coat pockets, her dark eyes moodily surveying the great house before them. "There must have been fifteen chimneys on it, mother."

And then she had shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't mean a thing," she had said. "Come on! Let's see if we can get in."

Betty and Bill went one way. Bob and Eve the other. They were to circle the house trying every window and door.

"Wasn't there a caretaker?" Laura interrupted.

"Yes. But he wasn't there. We went to his cottage first. But the place was closed up. Eve thought he had probably gone off for a holiday somewhere. The rest of the servants are fired whenever her people go abroad and new ones taken on when they come back. A housekeeper does it. But she doesn't stay there when they're away, either. She only comes to open it up for them."

"I see. Go on."

"Well!" Bob drew a breath. "Eve and I got in. We found a little window that led into a kind of pantry. I couldn't get through, but Eve was thin enough. Then she unlocked a door for me." He paused. "That house!"

His descriptive powers failed him, but Laura could imagine it. She could see Eve slouching indifferently along, a cigarette hanging from her yellowed fingertips, her small dark face brooding and bitter. She could see Bob, too, ingenious in his wonder, but wholesomely unimpressed.

"Go on, mother! It was too much."

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Stranger In Their Midst

Continued from Page 18

No two people ought to own all that. It's—it's wicked."

"It's a responsibility," Laura agreed.

"Well, we went up to her room—it was as big as all our downstairs here, with a connecting bathroom—and what a bathroom!—and she got some dresses out of a cupboard and stuffed them into a suitcase she found and then we went down again. Bill and Betty were still outside. We'd shouted to them but they didn't hear us so we went to the front door to let them in. Then we saw a big black car coming up the drive."

He stopped, lost in angry memory for a moment. Laura prodded him gently.

He continued. "The car drew up at the foot of the steps and a man and a woman got out. Eve started forward as if she knew them, but the woman's unfriendly glance, flickering over them all, checked her. She waited, her face freezing, her shoulders drawn together in a curiously defensive attitude."

The woman's voice cut the silence like a whiplash. "What under the sun are you doing here, Eve?"

"I came for some clothes," Eve answered, indicating the suitcase.

"I see. Where are you spending the holidays?"

"With these people."

"Oh. Another flicking glance that measured them all, found them wanting, and cast them aside. "Well, have you everything you want out of the house?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better go along, hadn't you?"

Bob squared his shoulders. His blue eyes burned.

"It was her mother," he finished. Her mother. And Eve hadn't seen her since she had sailed in the autumn. Her mother. And that was the greeting she gave her on her return. That was the interest she took in her welfare, her friends, her life.

"The man?" Laura asked.

He had been her mother's second husband. Her father had married again, too. Both had new families. Eve was the unwelcome reminder of their early mistake whom nobody wanted.

"Not any of them," Bob said. "Not any of the four."

"Four against one is not fair."

The words echoed dimly in Laura's mind, but Bob was talking again. Ever since Eve had been twelve she had had to shift for herself. All her holidays were spent alone. All her summers. All her Christmases. She could do anything she wanted—go anywhere—just as

long as she didn't bother them. There had been a governess, of course, when she was younger, but now that she had finished school there was no one. They even forgot, sometimes, to give her her allowance. That was why she had got this job in the sports department of Jarrods, where Bob had met her.

Laura was silent. With this knowledge Eve became a different person. Yet not so different after all, she corrected herself. Simply more understandable.

She said: "It's all too bad, dear."

"Yes." Bob's young voice was harsh with emotion. His face held a fierce, crusading light. He caught her hands. "Do you see, now, why you've got to love her, mother?"

"Darling, I don't. I only see that with such a background she is less than ever the girl for you," her heart cried out. But she temporized.

She said: "Why, Bob?"

He dropped her hands. She saw him stare. Then the light died in his face and he answered briefly: "Because I do."

THE party was in full progress when Laura came downstairs again. She had been called to the telephone just after the young people had arrived and gone upstairs to take the message because of the din of greetings in the hall.

Peter's ragged voice spoke into her ear. "May I stay all night at Fred's, mother?"

"Are you there now?"

"Yes. We've just got back from the hike."

And has Fred's mother invited you?"

"Yes. Honest—she did."

"All right, Peter. But it's really his turn to come here."

"I know. Only not to-night with that gang—"

"Not!" She laughed. "Not a chance to-night. Ask him for next week."

She had put in one or two calls of her own after that, so that it was fifteen minutes or so before she was ready to go down again. No one saw her. They were all watching Eve, who, for the first time since her arrival, seemed to be contributing her share to the gaiety.

Bill was at the piano. He was not as good as Bob but he was good enough, and Eve was standing with her back half turned to the hall. Her head was tipped up on her long neck, her eyes partly closed, while her shoulders, her hips, her arms all swayed to the "blues" song she was

singing. And from under her heavy lids she was looking straight at Bob. Never had Laura seen such an intensity of devotion in a young girl's face.

Suddenly Eve caught sight of Laura and grew rigid. Something flashed into her face and was gone. In the same instant Bob stepped to her side, his features tightened as his angry glance widened the subtle division already made between him and his mother.

"Go ahead! Finish!" he commanded.

"Yes, Eve. Don't let me interrupt," Laura nodded pleasantly and passed on.

But the song wasn't finished. The rest of the evening was like many another evening in the Stevens household. She and Ned in his study with the door open, Ned with his pipe and a book, she with her knitting. In the living-room the boys and girls, singing, dancing, playing hilarious games. At last someone suggested charades. She heard Eve's incredulous voice: "Charades! Don't tell me!" And then she and Ned were pounced upon and dragged from their retreat.

"But you don't want us," Laura protested.

"Oh, yes, we do! You're both so good at it."

She was aware of Eve's dark, startled face, of the lift of her eyebrows and her low question to Bob. She caught the question. "Are you mother and father always around like this?"

A sick fury made her fling herself with youthful defiance into the charades. As if by succeeding here she could prove something. That she had not bungled, perhaps. That Eve was wrong. No! That Bob was. He must see—he must—that this girl didn't belong here.

Ned was a bride dressed in the living-room curtains. She was, by turn, a corpse, a cow and a Roman soldier. Laughter rang on the air, applause thundered. And when the fun had ended they were not allowed to depart. They must have refreshments with them all. Of course they must!

Always before, this moment of being swept by unanimous vote into the dining-room with Betty's and Bob's friends had been a sweet triumph for Laura. Each separate time it was a separate victory. But to-night it was defeat.

For to-night she read in Eve's blighted face and Bob's cold one the realization that these two, at least, didn't want her.

The next morning she hovered restlessly about the deserted breakfast table while Eve and Bob went up to get their bags. Soon they would be downstairs and after that they would be gone. And when Bob came home again for Whitman he would be a stranger to her. Already he was an enemy, but a stranger would be worse. You couldn't get close enough to a stranger even to fight.

Not that they had. Or even tried to talk. There had been no opportunity and she hadn't tried to make one. She wanted time to think. This had all happened too suddenly. Perhaps—with time—

"Eve has improved since she's been here," Laura thought. "She hasn't smoked so much. And she remembered about the ashtrays. And I haven't had to clean up the bathroom once since I spoke about it."

Yet that was only common decency, and habits were hard to break.

She came down now, the suitcases bumping and Betty behind giving minute instructions about a cut-rate purchase at Jarrods. Laura rose for the good-byes just as Betty, with a shriek, remembered something she had forgotten and dashed upstairs again. Bill said: "I'll take the bags out to the car first." Ned had taken his departure so that for

the answer is—

1.—Yes.

2.—Pressed boned meat.

3.—J. A. Mollison.

4.—Twelve.

5.—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

6.—A South American rodent.

7.—Young Lochinvar. (In the poem by Sir Walter Scott.)

8.—Projects from a sloping roof.

9.—Spines.

10.—Switzerland.

Questions on Page 18

CONTENTMENT

To be content,
First put your mind at rest.

You cannot find sweet peace
And quiet rest
If you are full of worry
And of care.

So calm your heart,
And let contentment there.

—Marie Jackson.

a moment Eve and Bob and Laura were alone together.

Laura looked at the girl. She was, Laura thought, more becomingly and neatly arrayed than she had yet been here. But this fleeting impression was gone before the surprise of the next moment.

For Eve reached out and caught both her hands in a sudden tight grip and her words—hurried—confused—tumbled forth in a rush.

"Mrs. Stevens! I wish I could tell you what this visit has meant to me. But I'm so stupid..." She gave a small nervous laugh. "I'm afraid I've made a terrible impression! Just the kind of one I didn't want to make."

A look here, of shy sweetness, of starry-eyed worship, was flung to Bob. "You see..." Her breath caught. "You see, you're all so different from what I've been used to—Bob told you, I think—and—well! I just didn't know how to behave. I mean I really didn't."

Her mouth shook. "Ashes—towels—things like that never mattered before." She flung back her head and there was a gleam of tears in her dark eyes. "And that awful song! But it was the only thing I knew how to do and everybody else was doing something..."

Laura could feel her hands, her whole body trembling. She thought: "She's scared—scared. Poor child."

And her look changed. Eve finished, her voice suddenly low and husky as it had been when she sang.

"I just—I just want you to know that you've got what I want. What I've always wanted and didn't know existed. What I'm going to have. The same kind of a home, I mean. Everybody together—and happy. It's marvellous, I could see that ashtrays were a part of it. But I want to learn the rest, too."

"With me, mother. I'm going to help her." Bob's voice. Bob's blue eyes, telling her and asking her at the same time.

Laura leaned forward swiftly and kissed Eve's uncertain mouth. She said: "We're all going to help her. Will you come down for Whitman, my dear?"

(Copyright)

CORNS

lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frozol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frozol-Ice for 1/6."

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee."

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ARE YOU AGEING FASTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND?

make you an old woman:

Struggling day after day against the overwhelming odds of a sluggish run-down system. Looking years older than you are—and feeling older, too! Harsh laxatives are at last taking their toll of your youth and beauty.

Here's the truth about constipation.

Harsh laxatives shock your system into action. Their day after day use ruins the natural peristaltic action of the bowels. Bowels become weak, flabby, and tired. Constipation is caused by lack of sufficient "bulk" in the diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a generous source of this natural "bulk". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran daily, eaten as breakfast cereal with milk and sugar are usually sufficient. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's All-Bran



Kellogg's All-Bran is like a sponge in its absorbency and softness. The effect of All-Bran on the intestine is like the cleansing action of a water-soaked sponge. All-Bran gently but effectively aids elimination.

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KNITTING BOOK FOR ADULTS

March 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

CARDIGAN for the OUTDOOR GIRL

A BLITHELY tailored little weskit-cum-cardigan that no young thing should be without this season. Knit it yourself in aqua-blue and team it enchantingly with brown accessories.

Materials Required: 13oz. "Sunbeam" double crochet wool, shade No. 2103 (blue); 1 pair No. 6 needles; 1 crochet hook; 10 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20½ inches; bust, 32-34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, d.c. double crochet.

Tension: 5 sts. 1 inch, 7 rows 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles cast on 64 sts. K 5 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). P 1 row.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

8th Row: Repeat 7th row

Work in st-st. and when work measures 5½ in. increase 1 st. each end of the next and every following 6th row until increased to 80 sts. When work measures 13 in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next and then every 2nd row until decreased to 64 sts. When armholes measure 7 in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles cast on 50 sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 18, k 2 tog., k 30.

3rd Row: K.

4th Row: K 18, k 2 tog., k 29.

5th Row: P.

6th Row: (K 2, p 2) 4 times, k 2, p 2 tog., p 1 (k 2, p 2) 6 times, k 3.

7th Row: K 3, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end of row.

8th Row: K 18, k 3 tog., k 1 (p 2, k 2) twice, p 2, k 15.

9th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) twice, k 2, p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

10th Row: P 1 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 15.

11th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

12th Row: (P 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

13th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 1, k 2 tog., p 1, turn.

14th Row: K 1 (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

15th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

16th Row: (K 2, p 2) 4 times, k 15.

17th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 1, p 2 tog., turn.

18th Row: K 3 (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

19th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 4 times, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

20th Row: K 4 (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

21st Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 4 times, p 1, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

22nd Row: K 5 (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

23rd Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 4 times, p 6, turn.

24th Row: K 8 (k 2, p 2) 4 times, k 15.

25th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 4 times, p 7, turn.

26th Row: K 7 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

27th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 7, k 2.

28th Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k 5 (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, k 15.

29th Row: P 15 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 5, cast on 2 sts., k 2.



Continue in pattern, making 9 more buttonholes on every 10th and 11th rows, at the same time, increase 1 st. at side seam edge the same as back shaping.

When work measures 13 in. (at side seam) work as follows:

Next Row:—(Right side of work) cast off 5 sts., p 12 (k 2, p 2) 5 times, p 7, k 2.

Next Row:—K 9 (p 2, k 2) 5 times, k 9, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row:—K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row:—P 10 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, p 7, k 2.

Next Row:—K 9 (p 2, k 2) 5 times, k 9, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row:—P to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row:—K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row:—P 8, k 14, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row:—K.

Next Row:—P 7, k 14, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

NOLA: Introducing a new era in cardigans—no longer dejected, shapeless affairs, but trimly tailored and brimming with fashion interest.

Next Row:—K 15, cast off 14 sts. k to end of row.

Next Row:—P to last 2 sts., k 2 (purling the 14 sts. of 1 pocket where cast off in previous row).

Continue in st-st., keeping the 2 border sts. in garter st. and when work measures 15½ in. cast off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 7 in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working each row from the end to the beginning.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 14 sts. Work in st-st. for 3 in., ending on a k row. Leave on spare needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 36 sts. K 5 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). P 1 row.

7th Row: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to end of row.

8th Row: * P 2, k 2, repeat from * to end of row.

9th Row: K.

10th Row: P.

Repeat 7th and 10th rows. K 4 rows.

Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 70 sts. When work measures 19 inches, k 2 tog. each end of the next 10 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Repeat last 4 rows until decreased to 30 sts. Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off.

Care of woollens

TAKE great care when laundering knitwear. Wash and rinse in luke-warm water.

Make a soapy lather and gently squeeze the woollens till free of dirt. Never rub soap into them.

Do not peg on the line to dry, but spread flat on a clean surface and gently pull into correct shape.

Never dry woollens in hot sunshine or near a fire.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 2 rows of d.c. around neck. Sew buttons on left front. Using 5 strands of wool make a cord 3 yards long, stitch round neck, sew tassel to one end of cord.

How to knit the ELINOR JUMPER

START knitting the Elinor jumper now, in preparation for the cooler days ahead. You will be delighted with its flattering lines and cosy warmth when the cold winds of autumn begin to blow.

The original design was knitted in a soft powder-blue. But, of course, you could choose whatever color suits you best.

Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials required: 7 ozs. 3-ply Kangaroo knitting wool, shade G21 (blue).

Knitting needles: 1 pair No. 8 Vinyella needles, 1 set of 4 No. 12 Vinyella needles, pointed both ends.

Measurements: To fit 32/33-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches. Sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Tension: 13 stitches to 2 inches 8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p puri, st. stitch, tog. together, m make. Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 108 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles, increasing 1 st. at end of last row. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches (36 rows).

Change to No. 8 needles and work pattern as follows:

1st Row: P 4, * k 5, p 7, * repeat

* to * to last 9 sts., k 5, p 4.

2nd and alternate rows: P.

3rd Row: P 2 tog., * p 2, k 2, m 1,

k 1, m 1, k 2, p 2, p 3 tog., * repeat

* to * to last 11 sts., p 3, k 2, m 1,

k 1, m 1, k 2, p 2, p 2 tog.

5th Row: P 2 tog., * p 1, k 2, m 1,

k 3, m 1, k 2, p 1, p 3 tog., * repeat

* to * to last 11 sts., p 1, k 3, m 1, k 3,

m 1, k 2, p 1, p 2 tog.

7th Row: P 2 tog., * k 3, m 1, k 5,

m 1, k 2, p 3 tog., * repeat * to *

to last 11 sts., k 2, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2,

p 2 tog.

9th Row: K 3, * p 7, k 5, * repeat

* to * to last 10 sts., p 7, k 3.

11th Row: * K 1, m 1, k 2, p 2, p 3

tog., p 2, k 2, m 1, * repeat * to *

to last st., k 1.

13th Row: K 2, * m 1, k 2, p 1, p

3 tog., p 1, k 2, m 1, k 3, * repeat

* to * to last 11 sts., k 2, p 1, p 3

tog., p 1, k 2, m 1, k 2.

15th Row: K 3, * m 1, k 2, p 3

tog., k 2, m 1, k 5, * repeat * to *

to last st., k 1.

16th Row: P. These 16 rows form

the pattern. Continue in pattern

until work measures 13 inches from

cast on, ending on 16th row of pattern.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on

needle), p 1, * k 5, p 7, * repeat * to

* ending p 4 instead of p 7.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: Cast off 3 sts. (1 st. on

needle), m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, p 2, p 3

tog., * p 2, k 2, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, p 2,

p 3 tog., * repeat * to * ending last

repeat with p 2.

4th Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

5th Row: Cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on

needle), k 1, m 1, k 2, p 1, p 3 tog.,

then as original 5th row from * to *

to last 7 sts., p 1, k 2, m 1, k 4.

6th, 8th, 10th and 12th Rows:

Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

7th Row: Cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on

needle), m 1, k 2, p 3 tog., then work

* to * of 7th row, ending last repeat

with m 1, k 3.

9th Row: Cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on

needle), k 4, * p 7, k 5, * repeat * to

* to last 2 sts., p 2.

11th Row: Cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on

needle), m 1, k 2, p 2, p 3 tog., p 2,

k 2, m 1, repeat from * of 11th row,

ending with k 3, instead of k 1.

Continue as original pattern from

13th row until armholes measure 6

inches, measured straight up.

Shape Shoulders:—Cast off 12

sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast

off.

FRONT

Cast on 108 sts. on 2 No. 12

needles.

Work as for back until armholes

measure 5 inches, measured straight

up.

Next Row: Pattern 37, cast off 11

sts., pattern 37.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on every

row until 27 sts. remain, ending at

armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder:—Cast off 12 sts.,

work to last 2 sts., take 2 tog. Work

back. Cast off.

Join wool at centre to sts. left un-



ELINOR: Just the right kind of jumper for early autumn days, this pretty design is worked in a new diamond-stitch, in a soft blue shade. The high neckline makes it last-minute fashion news.

worked and work to match other

side.

SLEEVES

Cast on 48 sts. on 2 No. 12

needles.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches

(36 rows), increasing 1 st. at end

of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles and re-

peat the pattern once. Increase 1

st. at each end of next and every

8th row until 73 sts. are on needle,

working the extra sts. in pattern.

Continue on 73 sts. until side

seam measures 19 inches from cast

on.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next

12 rows. (Use armhole shaping in-

structions.) Continue on remaining

sts. for 4½ inches. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Sew up shoulder seams. Using 4

No. 12 needles, pick up and k 102

sts. round neck. Work in rounds of

k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rounds. Cast off

loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts lightly on wrong

side with warm iron. Sew up side

and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into

armholes, making 4 pleats in tops of

sleeves. Press seams.

SKETCHED ON COVER... Glove and Scarf Set

MATERIALS Required:—4oz. 3-ply Ramada super fingering wool, shade 7624 (natural).

Knitting Needles:—1 pair No. 9 Vinyella needles, 1 set of 4 No. 13 Ramada needles (pointed both ends).

Measurements:—Gloves: To fit 6½

to 6½ in. hand. Scarf: Length, 38 in.

Tension:—Scarf and Gauntlet:

7 stitches to 1 in. 9 rows to 1 in.

Gloves: 9 stitches to 1 in. 12 rows

to 1 in.

Abbreviations:—K, knit; p, puri;

st. stitch; tog. together.

SCARF

Cast on 70 sts. on No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K, working into the

back of cast on sts.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 9 * repeat * to

* to end.

3rd Row: * K 8, p 2 * repeat * to

* to end.

4th Row: * K 3, p 7 * repeat * to

* to end.

5th Row: * K 6, p 4 * repeat * to

* to end.

6th Row: * K 5, p 5 * repeat * to

* to end.

7th Row: * K 4, p 6 * repeat * to

* to end.

8th Row: * K 7, p 3 * repeat * to

* to end.

9th Row: * K 2, p 8 * repeat * to

* to end.

10th Row: * K 9, p 1 * repeat * to

* to end.

These 10 rows form the pattern.

Repeat the 10 rows 5 times.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog. * repeat

* to * to last st., k 1.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1 * repeat *

to * to last st., k 1.

Repeat the last 2 rows for 22 in.,

ending on a p row.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 into

next st. * repeat * to * to last st.,

K 1 (70 sts.).

Repeat 10 pattern rows 6 times,

but commence at 10th row and work

backwards to 1st row. Cast off.

GLOVES

Cast on 90 sts. on No. 9 needles.

Do not knit into back of sts.

Work the 10 rows as given for scarf

twice (20 rows).

Next Row: * K 1 st. on needle tog.

with 1 st. from cast on row. * Re-

peat * to * to end. This forms a

hem. Continue in pattern until 4

patterns are completed.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) 7 times, *

k 1 (k 2 tog.) twice * repeat * to *

to last 26 sts., k 2 tog. 13 times

(50 sts.).

Change to No. 13 Ramada needles

and arrange the sts. on 3 needles (18,

16, 16).

1st Round: * K 1, p 1 * repeat *

to * to end of round.

2nd Round: K.

These 2 rounds form the pattern.

Repeat the glove pattern once, then

repeat 1st round.

Commence thumb shaping as fol-

lows:—

4th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

2 sts., k to end.

7th, 8th and 9th Rounds: Pattern

to end.

10th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 2, k 2 into next st., k

to end.

11th and 13th

Rounds: (K 1, p 1, k 2, p 1) twice.

Continue in rib to end.

12th Round: K.

14th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 4, k 2 into next st., k to

end.

15th, 16th and 17th Rounds: Pat-

tern to end.

18th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 6, k 2 into next st., k to

end.

19th and 21st Rounds: K 1, p 1, k

2 * p 1, k 1 * repeat * to * twice,

p 1, k 2, p 1, continue in rib to end.

20th Round: K.

22nd Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 6, k 2 into next st., k to

end.

23rd, 24th and 25th Rounds:

Pattern to end.

26th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 10, k 2 into next st., k to

end.

27th and 29th Rounds: K 1, p 1,

k 2, * p 1, k 1 * repeat * to * 4

times, p 1, k 2, p 1, continue in

rib to end.

28th Round: K.

30th Round: K 2, k 2 into next

st., k 12, k 2 into next st., k to

end.

Work in pattern without increas-

ing for 5 rounds.

36th Round: K 2, sl. 16 sts. for

thumb on to a piece of wool, cast

on 4 sts., k to end of round (52

sts.). Continue in pattern for 25

rounds.

Commence fingers as follows:—

1st Finger: K 8, sl. remaining st.

on to a piece of wool, put the last

2 sts. of the first 8 on to a second

needle, cast on 2 sts., k 2 of last 6

Slim Silhouettes . . .



• **MATILDA:** Perfect foil for your tweeds, an impeccable model knitted in a rich mole twisted yarn, and designed to fit sleekly over the hips. Ribbed yoke and sleeves give additional fillip. (Above.)

+ + +

• **ROWENA:** A trimly tailored jumper for the out-of-doors girl. The purl stitch with wide ribs down sleeves and front accentuates the charm of the bright yellow wool, flecked with brown. (Top right.)

+ + +

• **ELIZABETH:** A figure-flattering turquoise suit, belted in rich mulberry to match the cunningly knitted-in plastron. Knitted in purl pattern with a design of plain stitches giving an intricate air to a simple design. (Right.)



• **INSTRUCTIONS** for knitting these three garments are given on other pages.

Make him this sporty . . .

SLEEVELESS PULLOVER

PERHAPS he plays tennis or golf—or perhaps he just wants a pullover. In either case he will appreciate the tailored simplicity and the well-fitting comfort of the John design pullover.

MATERIALS Required.—6oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool shade 7579 (grey).

Knitting Needles.—1 pair No. 9 Vinyella needles, 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles, pointed both ends.

Measurements.—To fit 38/40in. chest. Length, shoulder to hem, 20in. Sleeve seam (long), 20in.

Tension.—7 stitches to 1in. 9 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together.

Note.—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 142 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 32 rows, taking 2 tog. at end of last row. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. P 1 * k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 2, p 1 * repeat * to * to end.

1st Pattern Row.—K 1 * p 2, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 2, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd and 4th Pattern Rows.—P 1 * k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 2, p 1 * repeat * to * to end.

3rd Pattern Row.—K 1 * p 2, place right needle at back of left needle,

k the 2nd st., then k 1st st., slip both sts. off needle, p 1, k 2nd st., then k 1st st., slip both sts. off needle, p 2, k 1 * repeat * to * to end. These 4 rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout.

Continue in pattern on 141 sts. until work measures 11in. from cast on.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 9 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 107 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern on 107 sts. until armholes measure 8½in. measured straight up.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows.

Place 53 back sts. on spare needle.

FRONT

Cast on 142 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles and work as for back until armhole decreaseings are worked.

Divide sts. for neck. Pattern 52 sts., k 2 tog., place remaining sts. on spare needle.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on every alternate row until 27 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern on 27 sts.

until armholes measure 8½in., measured straight up, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 6 sts., work to end. Work back.

Cast off 7 sts., work to end. Work back.

Repeat last 2 rows once. Cast off.

Join wool at centre to sts. left unworked and work to end of row.

Repeat ** to ** of left front.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on wrong side with hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. With right side of work facing, using 4 No. 12 needles, pick up and k 172 sts. round armhole edge. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rounds. Cast off loosely in rib.

Neck Ribbing.—Commence at left shoulder seam. 1st needle. Pick up and k 78 sts. to centre front. 2nd needle. Pick up and k 78 sts. to right shoulder seam. 3rd needle. K 53 back sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib taking 2 tog. at each side of centre V on every round for 9 rounds.

Cast off in rib.



JOHN. Man's grey sleeveless pullover, knitted in a smart cable stitch, with neat V neck. An ideal style for autumn weather.



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Knitting Knowledge

• When you have selected the design you want to knit, and chosen your wool—then the excitement of making up the garment begins. Here are some useful tips that will help you to achieve great success in your knitting this season.

FIRST, make quite sure that you are knitting at the exact tension given in the instructions. Otherwise you may almost complete the garment before you discover that it is too small or too big.

It will save you time and worry in the long run if you knit a small square about two inches each way, in the selected wool and on the required needles, and then measure it carefully to see how it compares with the tension given in the pattern. If you naturally knit very tightly or very loosely, and are not easily able to alter your tension, try using different sized needles to get the right tension. If the design is patterned, of course you will cast on enough stitches for the trial square to make two or three complete patterns.

But practise until your tension is exactly right before starting on the garment.

Uneven stitches are a very common fault among amateur knitters, and often spoil the appearance of an otherwise charming jumper or dress. This is usually caused by putting work down when only part of a row has been worked. The remedy for uneven stitches is always to work to the end of a row before laying down the knitting.

Badly joined wool also often causes uneven stitches and lumps in the garment. Wool should be joined only at the ends of rows. (You can save the odd lengths of wool for sewing up the jumper.)

But if you must join somewhere in a row, graft the wool, by pulling away half the strands of each end of wool and rolling the remaining strands closely together between

thumb and finger. Another method of joining is to thread a needle with the end of the old ball and run it into the beginning of the wool of the new ball for about two inches. This is a very easy method, and there is no danger of discoloring the delicate colors of wool by rolling with damp fingers.

Edges are so important when casting on, always work the first row into the backs of the cast on stitches to give a solid edge. If you use the thumb method of casting on (which gives a firmer and more elastic edge) it is not necessary to work into the backs of stitches.

Cast off loosely

FOR side edges, many people have found that the old method of slipping the first stitch is unsatisfactory. Instead, try knitting the first stitch in reverse manner to the rest of row—that is, if the row is knitted, then purl the first stitch, and vice versa.

And when increasing, do it on the second stitch instead of on the first, and on the one before the last instead of the last.

Remember to cast off loosely, otherwise the edge will pucker.

And here is a hint about shoulder seams that most knitters will find marvellously useful. Work both sides of the shoulder seams, front and back, and do not cast off either until both are done. Then hold the two needles together and cast off both rows together. In this way you are not only saved the bother of sewing an intricate seam—you are also certain that these important seams fit perfectly together, stitch for stitch.

If you follow these hints your hand-knitted garments will have that neat, "professional" look.

Perfectly Adorable

This year's patterns in **NURSERY VIYELLA** and **CLYDELLA**

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KNITTED SHIRT

... Ideal for sport

A SMART, hand-knitted sports shirt that any man will appreciate. Styled with one eye on a tailored appearance and the other on free-and-easy comfort.

MATERIALS.—12oz. Ramada super fingering wool, 4-ply, 3 buttons, 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 10 Viyella knitting needles.

Measurements.—To fit a 38/40in. chest. Neck 15½in. Length shoulder to hem 25in. Sleeve seam 6½in.

Tension.—7 stitches to 1in. 8 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; st.st, stocking stitch.

N.B.—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

THE BACK

Cast on 120 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. (28 rows). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern.

1st and 5th Rows.—K.

2nd and 4th Rows.—P.

3rd Row.—* k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.

* repeat * to * to end.

5th Row.—* p 2 tog, m 1, p 2.

* repeat * to * to end. These 5 rows

form the pattern. Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end

of every 8th row until 140 sts. are

on needle, working the increased

sts. in st.st. until an extra pattern

can be worked.

Continue on 140 sts. until work

measures 17½in. from cast on.

Shape Armholes.—Take 2 tog. at

each end of the next 5 rows. Take

2 tog. at each end of every alternate

row until 66 sts. remain. Take

2 tog. each end of every row until

34 sts. remain. Cast off.



THE FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work as for back until 140 sts. are on needle, and work measures 17½in. from cast on.

Divide for centre opening, working on first 65 sts. only until work measures 17½in. from cast on.

Shape Armhole.—Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 5 rows. Take 2 tog. at armhole edge every alternate row until 31 sts. remain, ending at neck edge.

Shape Neck.—Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

Next Row.—Take 2 tog. at each end.

Next Row.—* Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Next Row.—Take 2 tog. at each end * repeat * to * twice.

** Next Row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to last 2 sts., take 2 tog. Take 2

tog. at each end ** repeat ** to

** until all sts. are worked off.

Transfer centre 10 sts. to a safety

pin, and work on the remaining

65 sts. to match first half.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 9 sts. on No. 9 needles.

1st Row.—P.

2nd Row.—K, increasing 1 st. at each end. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of every row until 20 sts. are on needle.

Continue in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until 104 sts. are on needle.

Continue in pattern on 104 sts. until work measures 7½in. Cast off.

Right Front Opening.—Cast on 12 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work in st.st. for 10½in. Leave sts. on safety pin.

Left Front Facing.—With No. 10 needles transfer the centre 10 sts. from safety pin and pick up 1 st. each side of k 12, cast on 11 sts.

Next Row.—P 23.

Next Row.—* Work in st.st. for 3½in.

Next Row.—Make double button-

hole.—K 5, m 1, k 2 tog, k 9, m 1,

k 2 tog, k 5 * repeat * to * once.

Work in st.st. until facing measures 10½in. ending on a p row. Cast on 108 sts., p 6 sts. right front facing from safety pin (taking care not to twist work).

Next Row.—K to last 11 sts. (126 sts. on needle), turn. Work on collar sts. only. P back.

Next Row.—Cast off 2 sts., k to last 6 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2

tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 2 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 3 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

PETER: An ideal gift for the golf enthusiast. Knitted in a new stitch, it is guaranteed to defy the chilliest winter winds. Note the raglan sleeves.

Next Row.—P 2 tog. at each end.

Next Row.—K.

Next Row.—P.

Next Row.—Increase 1 st. at each

end. Work 7 rows st.st.

Next Row.—Increase 1 st. at each

end. Work 5 rows st.st.

Shape Ends of Collar. Next Row.

—K 24, turn (leave centre sts. on

spare needle).

Next Row.—* Cast off 4 sts., p

to end.

Next Row.—Increase in first st., k

to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., p to end.

Next Row.—K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row.—Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

Next Row.—K 5, k 2 tog.

Next Row.—P 2 tog., p 4.

Next Row.—Work twice into 1st st.,

work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row.—P 2 tog., p 3.

Next Row.—K 2, k 2 tog.

Next Row.—P 2 tog., p 1.

Next Row.—K 2.

Next Row.—Increase in first st.,

p 1.

Next Row.—K 3.

Next Row.—Increase in first st.,

p 2.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, work twice

into last st.

Next Row.—Work twice into first

st., p 3.

Next Row.—K 4, k twice into last

st.

Next Row.—Cast on 3 sts., p to end.

Next Row.—K to last st., k twice

into last st.

Next Row.—Cast on 4 sts., p to end.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., k to last st.,

work twice into last st.

Next Row.—Cast on 4 sts., p to end.

Next Row.—K to last st., work twice

into last st. (24 sts.).

Taking care not to twist work,

k 70 sts. from spare needle (94 sts.).

Leave sts. and work on last 24 sts.

to match first half.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., k to last

st., work twice into last st.

Next Row.—P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., knit to

end.

Next Row.—P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row.—Cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—P 5, p 2 tog.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., k 4.

Next Row.—P 3, p 2 tog.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, k twice

into last st.

Next Row.—P 2, p 2 tog.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row.—P 2.

Next Row.—K 1, work twice into

last st.

Next Row.—P 2, p twice into last

st.

Next Row.—K 2, k 2 tog.

Next Row.—P 2, p twice into last

st.

Next Row.—K twice in first st.,

k 3.

Next Row.—P 4, p twice into last

st.

Next Row.—Cast on 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—P to last st., p twice

into last st.

Next Row.—Cast on 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—P to last st., work twice

into last st.

Next Row.—Cast on 4 sts., k to last

2 sts., K 2 tog.

Next Row.—P to last st., p twice

into last st.

Next Row.—Cast on 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—P 22, work twice into

last st.

Next Row.—K 24, k across 94 sts.

left on needle (118 sts.), taking care

not to twist collar. Work 5 rows st.

st.

Next Row.—Take 2 tog. at each

end. Work 7 rows st. st.

Next Row.—Take 2 tog. at each

end. Work 6 rows st. st.

Next Row.—Increase 1 st. at each

end.

Next Row.—Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row.—Cast on 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row.—Cast on 2 sts., k to last

4 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row.—Cast on 2 sts., p to

last 6 sts., turn, cast off to last 6

sts. Graft the 6 sts. each end onto

the 2 sets of 6 sts. left on needle.

Cast off the extra sts. on safety pin.

TO MAKE UP

Sew the open ends of collar on

the inside, turn to right side. Sew

the front facing to front double.

Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Sew sleeves into armholes.

Turn up sleeve hem for 1 inch and

sew neatly. Sew collar to neck

carefully. Sew double buttonholes

tog.

Press st. st. part of work under

damp cloth with a hot iron. Lightly

press body of shirt on wrong side

with warm iron.

Sew 3 buttons on right front to

match buttonholes on left front.

*I keep all my precious
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You knit them so carefully,
they look so charming—
well, they deserve the best
care, don't they? The
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SIMPLE . . . but CHIC

An effective jumper for work or play . . .

● A color illustration of this delightful "Margaret" jumper appears on Page 23 of this Knitting Book. It's a style you'll love this winter.

A JUMPER that's tailored enough for the office—yet festive enough for important after-office dates.

Materials Required: 8oz. "Sunbeam" crochet wool, shade No. 2137 (green); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 1 crochet hook. Colored wools for embroidery.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches. Bust, 32/34 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p puri, st. stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 in. 8 rows 1 inch.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: Work 44 sts. in jersey st. (k 1, p 1, knitting into the back of all k sts.), p 1, k 1, p 10, work 44 sts. in jersey st.

2nd Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 9, p 1, k 2, work 44 sts. jersey st.

3rd Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 9, p 1, k 2, work 44 sts. jersey st.

4th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., p 3, k 1, p 8, work 44 sts. jersey st.

5th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 7, p 1, k 4, work 44 sts. jersey st.

6th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., p 5, k 1, p 6, work 44 sts. jersey st.

7th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 5, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, work 44 sts. jersey st.

8th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st. (p 3, k 1) twice, p 4, work 44 sts. jersey st.

9th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 2, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 2, work 44 sts. jersey st.

10th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 7, k 1, p 2, work 44 sts. jersey st.

11th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., k 1, p 1, k 9, p 1, work 44 sts. jersey st.

12th Row: Work 44 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 9, k 1, work 44 sts. jersey st. Repeat from the 3rd to the 12th rows inclusive until work measures 13 inches. Shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 30 sts. jersey st., k 1, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 7, p 1, k 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 1, work 30 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work 28 sts. jersey st., p 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 5, k 1, p 6, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 2, work 28 sts. jersey st., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 26 sts. jersey st., k 3, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 5, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 3, work 26 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., work 24 sts. jersey st., p 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 3, k 1 twice, p 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 4, work 24 sts. jersey st., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 22 sts. jersey st., k 5, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 3, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 5, work 22 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 22 sts. jersey st., p 8, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 7, k 1, p 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 6, work 22 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 19 sts. jersey st., k 7, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 1, p 1, k 9, p 1, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 7, work 19 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 19 sts. jersey st., p 8, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 9, k 1, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 8, work 19 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 16 sts. jersey st., k 9, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 9, p 1, k 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 9, work 16 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 16 sts. jersey st., p 10, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 3, k 1, p 8, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 10, work 16 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 13 sts. jersey st., k 11, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 7, p 1, k 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 11, work 13 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 13 sts. jersey st., p 12, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 5, k 1, p 6, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 12, work 13 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 10 sts. jersey st., k 13, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 5, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 13, work 10 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

jersey st., k 13, work 10 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 10 sts. jersey st., p 14, work 6 sts. jersey st., (p 3, k 1) twice, p 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 14, work 10 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 7 sts. jersey st., k 15, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 3, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 15, work 7 sts. jersey st., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Work 7 sts. jersey st., p 16, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 7, k 1, p 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 16, work 7 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 6 sts. jersey st., k 17, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 1, p 1, k 9, p 1, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 17, work 6 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 5 sts. jersey st., p 18, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 9, k 1, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 18, work 5 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 4 sts. jersey st., k 19, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 9, p 1, k 2, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 19, work 4 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 3 sts. jersey st., p 20, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 3, k 1, p 8, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 20, work 3 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 2 sts. jersey st., k 21, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 7, p 1, k 4, work 6 sts. jersey st., k 21, work 2 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: P 23, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 5, k 1, p 6, work 6 sts. jersey st., p 23.

Continue to keep 23 sts. each end in st. st. and 24 centre sts. in pattern for 4 rows.

Next Row: K 22, work 7 sts. jersey st., k 1, p 1, k 9, p 1, work 7 sts. jersey st., k 22.

Next Row: P 21, work 8 sts. jersey st., p 1, k 1, p 9, k 1, work 8 sts. jersey st., p 21.

Next Row: K 20, work 9 sts. jersey st., k 9, p 1, k 2, work 9 sts. jersey st., k 20.

Next Row: P 19, work 10 sts. jersey st., p 3, k 1, p 8, work 10 sts. jersey st., p 19.

Next Row: K 18, work 11 sts. jersey st., k 7, p 1, k 4, work 11 sts. jersey st., k 18.

Next Row: P 17, work 12 sts. jersey st., p 5, k 1, p 6, work 12 sts. jersey st., p 17.

Next Row: K 16, work 13 sts. jersey st., k 5, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, work 13 sts. jersey st., k 16.

Next Row: P 15, work 14 sts. jersey st. (p 3, k 1) twice, p 4, work 14 sts. jersey st., p 15.

Next Row: K 14, work 15 sts. jersey st. (leave on spare needle), cast off 12 sts., work 15 sts. jersey st., k 14.

Next Row: P 13, work 14 sts. jersey st., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 14 sts. jersey st., k 12.

Next Row: P 11, work 16 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 15 sts. jersey st., k 10.

Next Row: P 9, work 17 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 16 sts. jersey st., k 8.

Next Row: P 7, work 18 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 17 sts. jersey st., k 6.

Next Row: P 5, work 19 sts. jersey st.

Next Row: Work 20 sts. jersey st., k 4.

Next Row: P 3, work 21 sts. jersey st., k 2.

Next Row: P 1, work 23 sts. jersey st.

Work 6 rows jersey st., and then shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in jersey st. When work measures 12in., shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

Margaret: Slim, cameo-clear lines—that's the secret of its charm. Notice, too, the yoke treatment and snug neckline.



SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in jersey st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 86 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong

side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and k 106 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 14in. Work in st. st. for 2in. (knitting every row). Cast off loosely.

TABS (2)

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in jersey st., increasing 1 st. each end of every row until increased to 25 sts. Continue without shaping for 3in.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., repeat from * to last st., k 1. Repeat last row. Work in st. st. for 14in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 1 row of d.c. around collar and tabs. Sew on tabs as shown in illustration. Embroider jumper as shown in illustration.

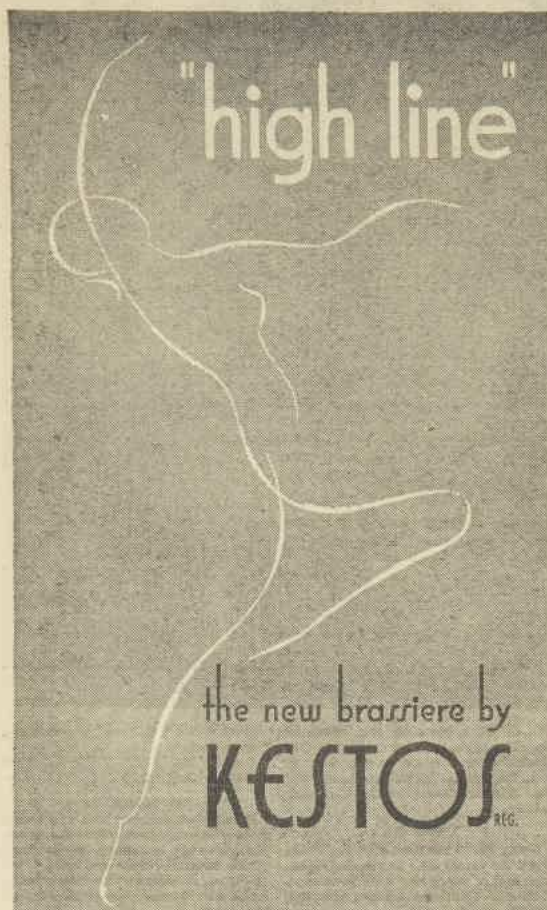
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WHITE . . . with colorful yoke

SOFT and light, yet snugly warm, this "Molly" jumper with the unusual yoke treatment is ideal for dull autumn days.

No fashion-alert girl could resist the graceful, slender lines, or the flattery of the puffed sleeves and neat, turned-back collar. That contrasting, knitted-in yoke gives it a very intricate look—but don't be fooled, it's really very simple to make.

Here is a style that will present no difficulties to the most inexperienced knitters—yet it has an air of distinction.

Materials: 4oz. of 3-ply Paton's super-fingering wool in grey, 2oz. in light blue, and 1oz. in light navy, 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles, 3 1/2 in. of zipp fastener in light navy.

Measurements: Length from shoulder at armhole edge, 18 in.; width all round under the arms, 35 in.; length of sleeve seam, 5 in.

If 4-ply wool and No. 9 needles are used, producing 13 sts. to 2 in. in width, the jumper will measure 40 in. all round under the arms.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in. in width and 11 rows to 1 in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; m-st., moss-stitch; dec., decrease or decreasing; inc., increase or increasing; pat., pattern; g, grey; l., light blue; n, light navy; ins., inches.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges, also, when changing from one color to the other, k one row right across if on right side of work, and p on wrong side.

BACK: Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 110 sts. using grey wool and No. 11 needles and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and m-st. and continue in this throughout, but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 9th row, then every 10th row following until there are 120 sts. Continue without inc. until the work measures 12 ins. from the beginning. Cut grey and join on light blue.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6, k to end. Continue in m-st., casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 3 rows, leaving 104 sts. Cut light blue. Join on grey and work 13 rows. Cut grey. Join on light blue and continue in this until the armholes measure 6 ins. on the straight, finishing with work right side towards you.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 10 rows; cast off remaining sts. for back neck.

FRONT: Work this exactly like the back until the armhole shaping is reached, then continue:

Armhole Shaping—1st Row: Cut grey, join on light blue, then cast off 6, k 33, join on grey, then m-st. 23, join on light navy then k 1, join on grey and m-st. 23, join on light blue k 30, k 2 tog. (121). You should now have two balls of grey and light blue and one ball of navy. Now continue in m-st. as follows:

2nd Row: Cast off 6, 34 l, 21 g, 3 n, 21 g, 35 l (115).

3rd Row: Cast off 3, 32 l, 10 g, 5 n, 10 g, 36 l (112).

4th Row: Cast off 3, 33 l, 17 g, 7 n, 17 g, 34 l (109).

5th Row: K 2 tog., 33 l, 15 g, 9 n, 15 g, 33 l, k 2 tog. (107).

6th Row: K 2 tog., 33 l, 13 g, 11 n, 13 g, 33 l, k 2 tog. (105).

7th Row: K 2 tog., 33 l, 11 g, 13 n, 11 g, 33 l, k 2 tog. (103). This finishes the armhole shaping, now continue thus:

8th Row: 35 l, 9 g, 15 n, 9 g, 35 l.

9th Row: 36 l, 7 g, 17 n, 7 g, 36 l.

10th Row: 37 l, 5 g, 19 n, 5 g, 37 l.

11th Row: 38 l, 3 g, 21 n, 3 g, 38 l.

12th Row: 39 l, 1 g, 23 n, 1 g, 39 l.

Cut g.

13th Row: 39 l, 25 n, 39 l. Cut off last l ball.



FOR SPORTS WEAR, or round the house, a charming short-sleeved jumper, with a yoke treatment that shows naval influence.

14th Row: Join on g, p 39, join on l, p 23 n, 1 l, join on g, p 39.
15th Row: 38 g, 3 l, 21 n, 3 l, 38 g.
16th Row: 37 g, 5 l, 19 n, 5 l, 37 g.
17th Row: 36 g, 7 l, 17 n, 7 l, 36 g.
18th Row: 35 g, 9 l, 15 n, 9 l, 35 g.
19th Row: 34 g, 11 l, 13 n, 11 l, 34 g.
20th Row: 33 g, 13 l, 11 n, 13 l, 33 g.
21st Row: 32 g, 15 l, 9 n, 15 l, 32 g.
22nd Row: 31 g, 17 l, 7 n, 17 l, 31 g.
23rd Row: 30 g, 19 l, 5 n, 19 l, 30 g.
24th Row: 29 g, 21 l, 3 n, 21 l, 29 g.
25th Row: 28 g, 23 l, 1 n, 23 l, 28 g.
Cut off n.

26th Row: 27 g, 49 l, 27 g. Cut off all balls of wool.

NECK OPENING—27th Row: Join on l, then k 27, m-st. 24, turn, putting remaining sts. on a spare needle. Continue in m-st. in l for 34 more rows. Finish with wrong side towards you.

Neck and Shoulder Shaping:

1st Row: Cast off 4, m-st. to end.

2nd Row: M-st. to neck.

3rd Row: Cast off 4, m-st. to end.

4th Row: Cast off 6, m-st. to end.

5th Row: Cast off 4, m-st. to end.

6th Row: Cast off 6, m-st. to end.

7th Row: Cast off 4, m-st. to end.

8th Row: Cast off 6, m-st. until 2 remain, take 2 tog.

9th Row: Cast off 2, m-st. to end.

10th Row: Cast off 6, m-st. until 2 remain, take 2 tog.

11th Row: Cast off remaining sts.

Join on l to the remaining sts., take 2 tog., then work up this side to match the first with all shapings at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES: Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 60 sts. using g and No. 11 needles and work 9 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles.

10th Row: K, but inc. in every 3rd st. to end (88). Now change to m-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row, then at both ends of every 6th row following until there are 100 sts. Continue without inc. until sleeve measures 5 ins. from the beginning. Join on l and continue in m-st. for 13 rows, but dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row. Cut l, join on g and work 13 more rows, dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row. Cut g, join on l and dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR: Join the shoulders and press the seams. Hold wrong side of neck towards you and, using No. 11 needles and a ball of grey wool, pick up 119 sts., then work 28 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in the rib loosely.

MAKING UP: Sew in the sleeves, Sew up the side and sleeve seams and sew in the fastener.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton.

"Marriages are made in Heaven" used to be said—and believed—quite often—once. Now we find modern analytic critics like Havelock Ellis denying this age-old adage.

He asserts that a happier guarantee of Marriage lies in an earthly agreement of the moral, social and intellectual lives of the partners. Taking too much for granted is one of the pitfalls into which we must not fall . . . and to young couples about to venture on untrodden earth there are many.

Do you know the proper way to plan a wedding. Do you know your wedding etiquette? And, the home you have so very thoughtfully planned—are you going to pay the landlord furniture rental first, or have you set aside \$50 or \$100 to buy as much as the house will hold?

Wait! I have a book brimful of ideas for you! It is the new edition of the Bride's Book.



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Please send me my free copy of the Bride's Book.

Name

Address

W.W.S.

Flower-scattered JUMPER . . .

- A SLINKY little style with high neckline is "Yvonne," knitted in broad-ribbed effect, and embroidered with daisies.

SMART, easy - to - knit self stripes rescue this fetching little jumper from sobriety. Start knitting it now.

Materials: 6oz. 3-ply Ramada super fingering wool, shade 7624 (natural). 1 ball each embroidery wool, shades yellow, blue, green, and pink.

Knitting Needles: 1 pair No. 9 Viyella needles, 4 No. 12 Viyella needles, pointed both ends.

Measurements: To fit 33/34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 7 stitches to 1 inch, 9 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together. Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 106 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and work the following rib:

1st Row: * P 2, k 6 * repeat * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 6 * repeat * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

Still keeping in rib, increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 118 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 118 sts. until work measures 12 inches from cast on.

Shape armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 3 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 96 sts. remain.

Continue on 96 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

FRONT

Cast on 106 sts. and work as for back until armholes measure 5½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape neck. Next Row: Rib 36, cast off 18 sts., rib 36.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge of every row until 24 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder: * Cast off 8 sts. work to end. Work back. * Repeat * to * once. Cast off. Join wool at centre to sts. left unworked and work to match other side.

SLEEVES

Cast on 58 sts. on 2 No. 12 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and work wide rib for 1½ inches.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 98 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 98 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from cast on.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 66 sts. remain.



YVONNE: Although it's classic in its simplicity, this little jumper is "dressy" enough to wear on important occasions.

Continue on 66 sts. until sleeve shapings measure 4½ inches. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. Using 4 No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, commencing at left shoulder seam, pick up and k 36 sts. to front cast off sts., 18 sts. in front cast off sts., 26 sts. up right neck and 42 sts. across back neck (112 sts.).

Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 1 inch. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with damp cloth and hot iron.

Using the panels of rib as a guide, embroider small flowers and leaves on front, making a V in centre. Make 4 small pleats in tops of sleeves. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Press seams.

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CAREER INTERESTED IN 19A/391.

Matron's Cardigan . . .

KMIT this jumper now in preparation for the long winter months. It's so easy to make, too.

Materials: 7oz. Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 922 (oatmeal). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11, 3 buttons, 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 37 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 104 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1. Repeat from * to last st., p 1.

Repeat last 2 rows.

5th Row: * P 1, k 1. Repeat from * to last st., p 1.

6th Row: * K 1, p 1. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Repeat last 2 rows.

Repeat last 8 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 12th row until increased to 113 sts. When work measures 12½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armholes measure 8 inches shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work basque the same as for back. Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: Work 43 sts. in pattern (leave remaining 61 sts. on spare needle).

Continue in pattern increasing 1 st. at the end of every 12th row until increased to 47 sts. When work measures 12½ inches shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armhole measures 8 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off.

Join wool at centre-front, cast off 18 sts., work remaining 43 sts. in pattern, working shapings at opposite ends to left front.

With right side of work towards you, using No. 9 needles, cast on 16 sts., then pick up and k 102 sts.



DOREEN: There is flattery for your figure in this style, and there are also many years of comfort and chic ahead.

along left side of front from shoulder to basque.

Work in pattern for 20 rows. Cast off.

With right side of work towards you, work right front to correspond, commencing at basque and casting on 16 sts. at end of row.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Increase 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 89 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 77 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join collar at back of neck. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front and around collar. Crochet 3 lengths of chain and sew on right front of jumper to form loops for buttons. Sew buttons on left front.

Natural Loveliness through Skin Health . . . with REXONA Medicated SOAP



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BEAUTY SOAP...IT'S A
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Skin
Treatment*

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A REXONA SOAP Shampoo for lovelier hair, healthier scalp.

See how much lovelier your hair can be—shampoo it with Rexona Soap. Its medicaments keep your scalp healthy, free from dandruff... make your hair shine with added lustre.

Smooth flawless skin with REXONA SOAP... Cadyll, compound of medicaments, guards against BLACKHEADS, ROUGHNESS, COARSE PORES.

Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cadyll, a highly protective compound of medicaments. It reaches the very source of skin faults... drains away accumulated waste matter from the pores. The medicated lather coaxes up slackened tissues and leaves your skin flawless, radiantly lovely.



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If skin faults don't yield quickly to Rexona Soap care then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This complete Rexona treatment soon heals blemishes... leaves your skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

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EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

REXONA SOAP for baby . . .

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To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmitol (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Closed nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Knit a FINE FRONT . . .

• Under your impeccably tailored winter costume you will need this adorably soft and fluffy little front, cunningly cross buttoned. Takes practically no time to make.

MATERIALS: 2oz. Shetland wool, 2-ply, 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles, and a No. 1 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder 22 ins.; width, 9½ ins.

Tension: 14 sts. to 1 in. in width and 14 rows to 1 in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitches; dec., decrease or decreasing; inc., increase or increasing; beg., beginning; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch; ins., inches.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 130 sts. and, working in k 1, p 1 rib throughout, work 68 rows.

69th Row: Rib 65, turn. Place the remaining 65 sts. on a spare needle for the present and continue on the first 65 sts. as follows:

70th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg., rib to end (66).

71st Row: Inc. 1 st. at end (67).

72nd to 93rd Row: Inc. 1 st. at end of every 2nd row (78).

94th Row: Rib.

95th Row: Rib 66, cast off 4 (for buttonhole), rib 6, k twice into last st. (79).

96th Row: K 2 tog., rib 7, cast on 4, rib 66 (78).

97th to 120th Row: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every 2nd row (66).

121st Row: Dec. 1 st. at end (65).

122nd to 173rd Row: Repeat from 70th to 121st row (65).

174th and 175th Row: Rib.

176th Row: Cast on 5, then p 5, rib to end (70). Now keep these 5 sts. in st.-st. throughout.

177th to 251st Row: Work without shaping.

NECK SHAPING

252nd Row: Cast off 5, rib to end (65).

253rd Row: Rib.

254th Row: Cast off 3, rib to end (62).

255th to 268th Row: Cast off 2 st. at neck edge and beg. of every alternate row (50).

269th to 278th Row: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alternate row (44).

279th to 300th Row: Rib. Cast off the remaining 44 sts.

Join wool to the inner edge of the other 65 sts.

301st Row: Rib to end.

302nd Row: Rib.

303rd Row: Cast on 5, then k 5, rib to end (70).

71st to 172nd Row: Work without shaping.

173rd Row: Cast off 5, rib to end (65).

174th Row: Inc. 1 st. at end (66).

175th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg. (67).

176th to 197th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every 2nd row (78).

198th Row: Rib.

199th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg., rib 7, cast off 4, rib to end (79).

200th Row: Cast on 4 sts., cast off in last row and dec. 1 st. at end (76).

201st to 224th Row: Dec. 1 st. at end of every 2nd row.

225th Row: Dec. 1 st. at beg. (65).

226th to 244th Row: Like 174th to 212th row (72).

NECK SHAPING

245th Row: Rib 13, take 2 tog. and place the remaining 52 sts. on a spare needle for the present.

246th Row: Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end (17).

247th Row: Dec. 1 st. at end (16).

Repeat the last 2 rows until 2 sts. remain, then cast off.

Join wool to the inner edge of the other 52 sts. and rib to end.

Next Row: Rib.

Next Row: Cast off 2, rib to end.

Now dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alternate row until 44 remain. Cast off.

BACK NECK STRIP

Begin at the outside edge. Cast on 135 sts.

1st to 22nd Row: Work in p 3, k 1 rib.

23rd Row: In rib, but p the last 2 sts. of every p rib tog. (101).

24th to 34th Row: P 2, k 1 rib.

35th Row: P every 2 sts. of each p rib tog. (67).

36th to 50th Row: K 1, p 1 rib. Cast off all sts. in the rib.

BUTTONS

Cast on 16 sts. and work 4 inches in st.-st., then take this strip to a shop and get four buttons stamped.

MAKING-UP

Turn back the 5 sts. cast on down each side of the front and sew neatly down to the wrong side. Sew the side edges of the shaped piece at back neck to the 44 sts. cast off at top of each front.

Work a row of double crochet round all edges and points.

Sew buttons on each front to correspond with the buttonholes, after the front has been pressed on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth, but do not stretch out the ribbing.



THE "RAY" WAISTCOAT is made simply with two straight strips of knitting pointed excitingly to button down the centre front, and a neatly ribbed halter neckline.

Knitting hints for beginners

BEFORE starting on your winter knitwear, read these helpful little hints, and avoid a needless waste of time and labor.

COUNTING SIMPLIFIED: When casting on a large number of stitches a long, colored thread of cotton or fine silk, knitted in with every tenth stitch, will save a lot

of troublesome recounting. When working in fine wools, the number of increases on a sleeve and decreases on a skirt grow proportionately more. To save recounting, knit in a strand about two inches long of thin colored wool on the increasing or decreasing row or round.

The decreases on a skirt are always made in a vertical line, and in working on a circular needle these are more easily located by weaving in a colored yarn, arranged vertically and at the position of the different decreases. Break off a length about 30 inches long, and weave this in between the stitches. Bring it forward between the stitch after the decrease, and take it back after the next. Then forward, back, and so on, keeping a true vertical line. This will not only mark the position for decreasing with accuracy, but will enable the number of rounds to be counted with ease. It can be done after every round if preferred.

BLOCKING: To restore baggy skirts and elbows to shape, and to help to restore shape to an ill-fitting garment, the blocking process is very useful.

Lay the garment on a flat surface and cover with a wet towel (not dripping). After two or three hours it will be damp enough in model to shape. Do this by laying it upon a pattern of the correct size, and, where any discrepancies occur, smooth the fabric out with a firm hand until it takes the dimensions required. Straighten the lines of the fabric, and leave it thus until dry.

A damp yarn will take almost any shape.

PRESSING KNITTED: Yarns other than pure wool should be pressed, but through a muslin cloth, and not with a gliding iron movement, but with a light, lifting movement. Knobby yarns should be pressed on the inside and then reversed, modelled into shape, and allowed to dry. Never press ribbing, as this destroys its character and objective, which is to contract the fabric.

MEASURING: Knitting should be measured flat upon the table, as held in the hand, it will stretch in all directions. Lay it flat, then put into position, and make the measurement.

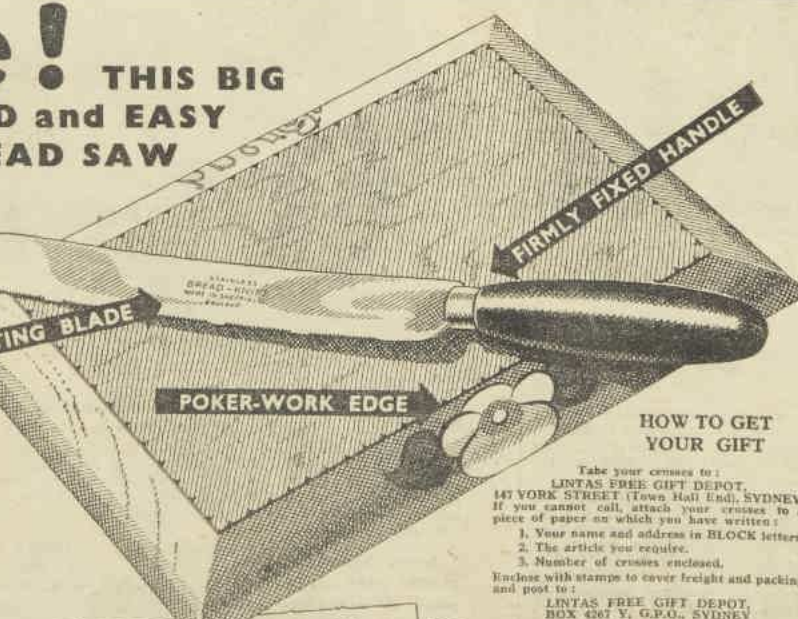
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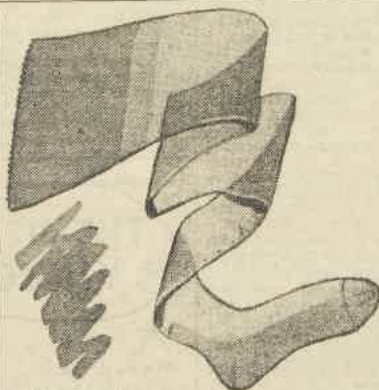
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4/6



Full-fashioned 5/11 PURE SILK

LW1.—Full-fashioned pure silk stockings of service weight; stretchable lace waist. Perfect Java Gold (Run Tan), French Mist (Misty Grey), Grey Bar (Medium Grey), Sugar Cane (Medium Brown), Black, and other tones, 2 pairs limit.

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KIDDIES' SOCKS

OW1.—Artificial silk and lace, plain, ribbed, cream, pink, sky, fawn, 2 to 7. Also OW2.—Daisy and lace; white, pink, lemon fawn—some slightly imperfect. 2 to 5 3 Pairs. . . . 1/9



● Soft Yearling Ties

LW1.—We recommend these shoes to you for foot comfort around the house! Made of soft black yearling with 3 square eyes, fancy punched decor tie, lin. heel, leather sole. 2 to 7.



4/11, 5/11 SHIRTS

BDW8.—Men's work shirts, of good-wearing materials in plain grey and check. Original Strongly sewn throughout. SM, M, and OS fittings. Us. 4/11, 5/11 for 3/11

3/11



Men's WOOL PULLOVERS

EEW1.—Purest of wool sleeveless pullovers, ideal weight for sportswear. Fine ribbed knit and plain tonings of bottle, navy, nigger-brown, grey, teal, green marl. SM, M, and OS. fittings, 10/6 for 6/11.



WOOLEN VESTS

BSW6.—SHETLAND FANCY STITCH. All-wool and wool and silk VESTS with bound top. Pink, white, sky, apple shades. SW, W, OS. fittings.



Snug-Fitting Fancy-Stitch

VESTS, PANTEES

2/11½

BSW1.—Warm as toast are these good-looking pantees, made of a splendid wool and silk combination. Laxite ribbed cuff.

BSW1A.—Vests in semi-opera style with latex top. Peach, white, sky, apple shades. SW, W, OS. 3/11 each for 2/11½

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—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

There are no flaws in her complexion to spoil the picture—she regularly uses Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Wright's is the perfect complexion soap. Its deep-cleaning antiseptic rather really purifies the pores—protects the skin against dirt and damage—acts like a tonic on tired tissues.

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Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

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COAL TAR SOAP

W1-49

Really Lovely to Look At

RED LIPS, CLEAR SKIN
AND EYES

"My skin was always blotchy and sallow," states Miss J.D. of Scottsdale, Tasmania. "It was due to poor blood because I have been anaemic for the last year. I would get up in the mornings faint and giddy, and my legs and arms would ache practically all day. I was utterly miserable with violent headaches and lack of energy."

"My aunt advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after three bottles of these pills my skin is clear of pimples and I have a good colour. I can go for long walks without getting aches and pains in legs and back. The headaches and indigestion have gone."

To be really lovely to look at and to enjoy womanly fitness you must have plenty of rich red blood flowing through-out your system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create this good new blood, which will give you a lovely complexion, red lips, sparkling eyes and abundant energy. Your chemist or store sells Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 3/- bottle.



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO

DOUBLE STRENGTH

WESKIT for a SPORTS GIRL...

SEE the trimly tailored "Joan" design photographed in color on Page 23 of the Knitting Book, and notice its figure-flattery.

THIS closely-buttoned cardigan features the latest knitwear notions from Paris. Match it with your tweed suit.

Materials: 12oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2195 (gold); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 13 small button moulds.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21in.; bust 32 3/4in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 13 sts., 2in.; 17 rows, 2in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts.

1st & 2nd Rows: * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd & 4th Rows: * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 4 rows, decreasing 1 st. each end of the 12th, and then every 4th row until decreased to 92 sts. Continue in pattern for 15in., then increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until increased to 104 sts. When work measures 15in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off. Make 1in. hem along lower edge.

LARGE POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work in pattern for 3in., ending on the 1st row of pattern. Leave on spare needle.



JOAN: Introducing fashion importance with extended shoulder line and popular patch pockets.

SMALL POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 20 sts. Work in pattern for 2 1/2in., ending on 1st row of pattern. Leave on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. at centre front every row 4 times, then every 2nd row 4 times, at same time k 2 tog. at side seam edge of the last row. Continue in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until decreased to 60 sts. Continue in pattern for 11in., then increase 1 st. at side seam edge of the next and every 6th row until increased to 62 sts.

Next Row: Work 30 sts., turn, work 24 sts. Continue on these 24 sts. for 4 rows. Cast off. Join wool and work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 22 sts., work the 24 sts. of large pocket, work to end of row.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at side seam edge every 8th row until increased to 66 sts. When work measures 15in., cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 34 sts., turn, work 20 sts. Continue on these 20 sts. for 4 rows. Cast off.

Join wool, work to end of row.

Next Row: Work 24 sts., work the 20 sts. of small pocket, work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Continue in pattern and k 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5in., cast off 16 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Stitch back 1in. facing down centre front and around lower edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being just above the 15in. at waist, and 12 more 1in. apart.

1st Row: Work 2 sts., cast off 3 sts., work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 6 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 2 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 88 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 100 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 4in. Change to No. 10 needles, work in st-st., casting on 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Increase 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until work measures 3 1/2in. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work 4 rows st-st. Cast off. Make 1in. hem around edge of collar.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Stitch down pockets. Using No. 10 needles, cast on 6 sts., work in reversed st-st. for 5in., sew round pocket flap to form a binding. Make 3 more pieces in the same way. Sew buttons on left front.

• Young-making style

TO appreciate the dainty charm of this "Ann" jumper, turn to Page 22 of the Knitting Book and see our color picture.

Materials: 6oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2194 (turquoise); 2 prs. needles Nos. 9 and 11; 2 press-studs; 6 buttons; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 32 3/4in.; length of sleeve seam, 3 1/2in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 4, * p 1, k 5, repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

4th Row: P.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: P.

7th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 5, repeat from * to last 5 sts., p 1, k 4.

8th Row: * p 3, k 1, p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

9th Row: Repeat 7th row.

10th Row: P.

11th Row: K.

12th Row: P.

Repeat last 12 rows, and when work measures 12 1/2in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: Work 42 sts. in pattern (leave remaining sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., work 42 sts. in pattern.

Continue to work 42 sts. in pattern and 3 in garter-st. and when work measures 12 1/2in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times.



ANN: An easy-to-make style, highlighted with scalloped edging.

When armhole measures 5in., cast off 3 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

Join wool at centre front, and work the next 12 sts. in pattern for 13in. Cast off. Work 1 row of d.c. down each side.

Join wool, cast on 3 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., work 42 sts. in pattern.

Work to correspond with left side. Sew centre piece to each side, leaving an opening at neck edge on left-hand side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1 1/2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: * P 4, p twice into next st., repeat from * to end of row. (96 sts.).

Work in pattern for 4in. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles cast on 96 sts. **Next Row:** * P 7, p twice into next st., repeat from * to end of row. (108 sts.).

Work in pattern for 1 1/2in. Decrease 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 100 sts., then every row until decreased to 96 sts. Cast off. Work 1 row of d.c. around edge.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew on collar. Sew press-studs at neck edge. Crochet lengths of chain, 2 lengths 24in. for centre piece, 2 lengths 20in. for sleeves, 1 length 40in. for collar, then work 1 d.c. into each chain. Sew down each side of centre piece, around collar, and cuffs.

THE DEPENDABLE VINEGAR

Brewed in Australia from a famous 200 years old Vinegar Recipe.



QUARTS & PINTS

CHAMPION'S

Pure Malt

VINEGAR

NEW NOTE IN KNITTED SUITS . . .

WITH the "Elizabeth" design comes a knitted suit that really does things for you. It is very simple to make, too. Turn back to the third page of the Knitting Book, and admire again its smart lines.

THIS little suit, with its up-to-the-minute paston effect, will serve you smartly all through winter.

Materials required: 19 ozs. Paton's Rose fingering 4-ply wool, blue, shade 02940, and 20ozs. wine, shade 104.

Knitting needles: One pair No. 9 Beehive knitting needles.

One buckle, five button moulds, one medium size crochet hook, one yard elastic 1in. wide.

MEASUREMENTS

The Coat: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; width all round at underarm, 38 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 8 inches.

The Skirt: Length, 28 inches; width all round at hips, 38 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 sts. to the inch in width.

SKIRT FRONT

Using the blue wool, cast on 135 sts. and work 4 rows in garter-st. (i.e., every row plain).

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K plain.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 9, p 3, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k 3.

4th Row: K plain.

5th Row: K 3, * p 3, k 9, repeat from * to the end of the row.

6th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Continue in pattern until the work measures 16 inches from the beg. Dec. once at each end of the needle, in the next and every following 12th row, until 118 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until the work measures 28 inches from the beg., cast off.

SKIRT BACK

Work exactly as given for the front.

To Make up the Skirt: With a slightly damp cloth and a warm iron

press lightly. Sew up the side seams. Sew elastic in position round the waist.

COAT BACK

Cast on 106 sts., and work 4 rows in garter-st. Work in pattern, dec. once at each end of the needle in every 6th row until 96 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 6½ inches from the beg. Inc. once at each end of the needle, in the next and every following 10th row, until there are 106 sts. on the needle.

Continue until work measures 12½ inches from the beg. Keeping the continuity of the pattern, cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next two rows. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every alternate row, until 82 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until the work measures 20 inches from the beg.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to the last 10 sts. Turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 20 sts. Turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 30 sts. Turn.

7th Row: Work to the end of the row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using the blue wool, cast on 56 sts., and work 4 rows in garter-st. Work in pattern for one inch, ending with the right side of work facing. Dec. once at the beg. of the needle, in the next and every following 6th row, until the work measures 3½ inches, ending at the front edge.

Cast on 9 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Still dec. at the side edge in every 6th row, continue in pattern until the work measures 4 inches from the beg., ending at the front edge.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 3, cast off 3 sts., work in pattern to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 3.

Continue in pattern still dec. at the side edge in every 6th row, until 62 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 6½ inches from the beg.

Still making a buttonhole as before every 3 inches, continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 12½ inches from the beg., ending at the side edge.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Dec. once at the armhole edge in every alternate row, until 58 sts. remain. Continue in pattern until work measures 17 inches from the neck edge (5 buttonholes). Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next row.

Dec. once at the neck edge on every row, until 30 sts. remain. Continue in pattern, until the work measures 20 inches from the beg., ending at the neck edge.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 10 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the last 20 sts., turn.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 20 sts., turn.

4th Row: Work in pattern to the last st., k 1.

Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with the right front, omitting the buttonholes, and working shapings at the opposite end of the needle.

SLEEVES

Using the blue wool, cast on 68 sts., and work 4 rows in garter-st. Work in pattern until work measures 2 inches. Inc. once at both ends of the needles, in the next and every following 4th row, until there are 83 sts. on the needle. Work two rows. Inc. once at each end of the needle, in every alternate row, until there are 108 sts. on the needle. Continue in pattern without shaping



ELIZABETH: A knitted suit that every business girl will want, because it's so tailored, and so very smart. Notice the basque jacket and knitted-in plastron.

until work measures 9 inches from the beg.

Proceed as follows:

Cast off three sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every row until 30 sts. remain. Work in pattern for 2 inches, cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

REVERS

Using the wine wool, cast on 2 sts. Work in garter-st., inc. once at the beg. of the needle in every alternate row, until there are 40 sts. on the needle. Work 4 rows without shaping. Dec. once at the shaped edge, in every alternate row, until two sts. remain. Fasten off. Work another piece in the same manner.

BELT

Using the wine wool, cast on 14 sts., and work 36 inches in garter-st. Cast off.

SHOULDER PIECES

Using the blue wool, cast on 16 sts., and work 4 inches in garter-st. Cast off. Work another piece in the same manner.

BOW

Using the wine wool, cast on 14 sts., and work 18 inches in garter-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew the shoulder pieces in position. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam, making two pleats at the top of each shoulder. Sew the revers and bow in position. Using the navy wool, work a covering of double crochet for each button mould. Sew buckle on one end of belt. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.



GIVE your TEETH THIS WONDERFUL

Beauty Bath

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste brings freshness and allure to the mouth . . . brilliance and beauty to the teeth. Fragrant, tangy, milky white and refreshing as a shower is the solution that sweeps mouth and teeth when you use this dainty dentifrice. No soap . . . no grit . . . no trick frothing element that serves no useful purpose, but it does contain superfine cleansers and the active elements of Listerine Antiseptic itself — ingredients found in no other dentifrice.

In two sizes, 1/3 and 2/-.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Fullerton, S.A., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 630 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

SKIN TROUBLES SOOTHED AND HEALED



69. "Owing to the hard water here, my hands used to get very rough, but now 'Vaseline' Jelly keeps them smooth and prevents cracking." 5/- to Mrs. Sandy of Swift Street.



70. "Vaseline" Jelly rubbed on the knees after scrubbing and polishing will stop the knee caps getting red and sore." 5/- to Miss Harwood of Harrison Street.



71. "I smear 'Vaseline' Jelly on my eyelids at night to remove granulation." 5/- to Master Philip Andrews, Yachandundah.

72. "Shaving close has caused my neck to get lumpy and bleed, but I found 'Vaseline' Jelly a great relief." 5/- to Mr. Buest of Leichhardt Street.



73. "I suffer from Hay Fever and find 'Vaseline' Jelly the most soothing and helpful remedy to promote easy breathing." 5/- to Mrs. Vernon, Auburn Road.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestions to Cheshbrough, Dept. A61 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.

Look for this name on the jar



MATERIALS Required:
5 ounces "Sun-Glo"
Shrinkproof 4-ply
fingering wool, shade No. 922
(oatmeal), 3oz. No. 2138 (red);
2oz. No. 2089 (green); 2oz. No.
2105 (navy); 2 prs. needles,
Nos. 9 and 11; 1 crochet hook;
1 zipp fastener.

Measurements.—Length from top
of shoulder, 19in.; bust, 32-34in.;
length of sleeve seam (cuff turned
back), 19in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl;
st, stitch; tog, together; om, oat-
meal; r, red; g, green; n, navy;
d.c., double crochet.

Tension.—6 sts, 1in. 8 rows, 1in.

FRONT

Using om. wool and No. 11 needles
cast on 82 sts. Work in rib of k 2,
p 2 for 4in. (working 1st row into
back of sts.). Change to No. 9
needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K (4 n, 4 om, 4 r, 4 g)
twice, 4 n, 4 om, 4 r, 1 g, 4 r, 4
om, 4 n (4 g, 4 r, 4 om, 4 n) twice.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Work
exactly the same as preceding rows
for color, but p instead of k.

3rd Row: K 3 n, (4 om, 4 r, 4 g,
4 n) twice, 4 om, 4 r, 3 g, 4 r, 4
om, (4 n, 4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice,
3 n.

5th Row: K 2 n (4 om, 4 r, 4 g, 4
n) twice, 4 om, 4 r, 5 g, 4 r, 4
om, (4 n, 4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice, 2 n.

7th Row: K 1 n (4 om, 4 r, 4 g,
4 n) twice, 4 om, 4 r, 7 g, 4 r, 4
om, (4 n, 4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice, 1 n.

9th Row: K (4 om, 4 r, 4 g, 4 n)
twice, 4 om, 4 r, 4 g, 1 n, 4 g,
4 r, 4 om, (4 n, 4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice.

10th Row: Increase 1 st. each end
of row.

Continue working as above in

Designed for the SNOW...

● TURN to page 22 of the Knitting Book and see this
attractive striped jumper in glorious color. You'll find the
"Sonia" jumper a certain guarantee against winter doldrums.

diagonal stripes, moving each color
1 st. out from the centre in alter-
nate rows, and increasing 1 st. each
end of every 10th row until in-
creased to 97 sts. Continue in pat-
tern until work measures 12in., end-
ing with the following row:

P 1 r, 4 g, 4 n (4 om, 4 r, 4 g,
4 n) twice, 4 om, 7 r, 4 om, (4 n,
4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice, 4 n, 4 g, 1 r.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

1st Row: Cast off 4 sts, k 4 n
(4 om, 4 r, 4 g, 4 n) twice, 4 om,
4 r (leave these sts. on spare
needles), k 2 tog, k 3 r, 4 om, (4 n,
4 g, 4 r, 4 om) twice, 4 n, 4 g.

2nd Row: Cast off 4 sts, p 4 n (4
om, 4 r, 4 g, 4 n) twice, 4 om, 4 r.

3rd Row: K 5 r (4 om, 4 n, 4 g,
4 r) twice, 4 om, 1 n, k 2 tog, n.

4th Row: P 2 tog, n, p (4 om, 4 r,
4 g, 4 n) twice, 4 om, 5 r.

5th Row: K 6 r (4 om, 4 n, 4 g,
4 r) twice, 2 om, k 2 tog, om.

6th Row: P 2 tog, om, p 1 om, (4
r, 4 g, 4 n, 4 om) twice, 6 r.

7th Row: K 7 r (4 om, 4 n, 4 g,
4 r) twice, 1 om.

8th Row: P 2 tog, p 3 r (4 g,
4 n, 4 om, 4 r) twice, 3 r.

9th Row: K 8 r, 4 om, 4 n, 4 g,
4 r, 4 om, 4 n, 4 g, 3 r.

10th Row: P 2 tog, p 1 r (4 g,
4 n, 4 om, 4 r) twice, 4 r.

11th Row: K 9 r (4 om, 4 n, 4 g,
4 r) twice, ending with 1 r instead
of 4 r.

12th Row: P 2 tog, p 3 g, 4 n, 4
om, 4 r, 4 g, 4 n, 4 om, 9 r.

13th Row: K 10 r, 4 om, 4 n,
4 g, 4 r, 4 om, 4 n, 3 g.

14th Row: P 2 tog, p 1 g, 4 n, 4
om, 4 r, 4 g, 4 n, 4 om, 10 r.

Continue in pattern, without
decreasing, until armholes measure
4½ inches, then shape the neck by
casting off 6 sts. at neck edge of the
next row. K 3 tog, at neck edge of
the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row
3 times. When armholes measure 7
inches, shape shoulder by casting off
6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd
row 3 times. Join wool at centre-
front and work other side to cor-
respond.

BACK

Follow directions for front until
work measures 12 inches. Continue
in pattern and shape armholes by
casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of
the next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end
of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd
row 4 times. When armholes measure
7 inches, shape shoulders by casting
off 8 sts. at the beginning of the
next 5 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using om. wool and No. 9 needles,
cast on 8 sts. (work into the back of
all cast on sts.)

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P twice into 1st st, p to
end of row.

3rd Row: Cast on 8 sts, k to last
st, k twice into last st.

4th and Alternate Rows: Repeat
2nd row.

5th Row: Join r wool. Cast on 8

sts., k to last st, k twice into last
st.

7th Row: Repeat 5th row.

9th Row: Join g wool, cast on 8
sts., k to last st, k twice into last
st.

11th Row: Repeat 9th row.

13th Row: Join n wool, cast on 8
sts., k to last st, k twice into last
st.

15th Row: Repeat 13th row.

17th Row: Join om. wool, cast on 8
sts., k to last st, k twice into last
st.

19th Row: Repeat 17th row.

Continue in this way, working 4
rows of each color, and casting on
8 sts. every 2nd row until increased
to 128 sts.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K to last st, k twice
into last st.

Repeat last 2 rows until increased
to 140 sts, work 16 rows. P 2 tog.
at the beginning of the next and
every 2nd row until decreased to
128 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts, k to last
2 sts, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog, p to end of
row.

Repeat last 2 rows until decreased
to 8 sts. Cast off.

With right side of work towards
you, using No. 11 needles and om.
wool, pick up and k 52 sts. along
lower edge of sleeve. Work in rib
of k 2, p 2 for 6 inches. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles and r wool,
cast on 110 sts. Work in st-st, de-
creasing 1 st. each end of every 4th
row until decreased to 100 sts.

Next Row: K 27 (leave on spare
needle), cast off 46 sts, k 27.

1st Row: P to last 2 sts, p 2 tog.



SONIA: Hectic stripes and im-
portant fashion notes give a
"Paris model" look to this
simple design.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts, k to end
of row.

3rd Row: P 2 tog, p to last 2 sts,
p 2 tog.

4th Row: Cast off 3 sts, k to end
of row.

Repeat last 4 rows twice. Join
wool and work other side to cor-
respond.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp
cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves
around armholes. Sew on collar,
work 1 row of d.c. around edge. Stitch
zipp into front of jumper, make a
small tassel and fasten on to top of
zipp.

*I used to say
"I WISH I
COULD AFFORD
CREAM FOR MY
FAMILY EVERY
DAY" until*

JEAN! YOU KNOW HOW MY
FAMILY ARE ALWAYS ASKING
FOR CREAM? WELL NOW
I'VE FOUND A WAY
TO KEEP THEM HAPPY!

SOUNDS
EXCITING—
BUT HOWEVER
DO YOU
AFFORD IT?

EASILY—SEE THIS SMART LITTLE MACHINE?
IT'S A COPHA CREAM MAKER ALL I NEED
NOW IS A ¼LB COPHA AND ¼PINT OF
MILK AND I CAN MAKE A
WHOLE ½PINT OF
THE RICHEST,
LOVELIEST COPHA
CREAM.

WHAT, ALL
THAT FOR
ONLY ABOUT
FOURPENCE?
HOW WONDERFUL
—I MUST GET A
COPHA CREAM
MAKER RIGHT
AWAY.

GEE! DO I LIKE
THIS COPHA
CREAM! CAN I
HAVE SOME MORE
ON MY PUDDING
MUM?

THIS TASTES GOOD, MOTHER.
WE'RE LIVING HIGH
THESE DAYS!

WELL WE CAN AFFORD TO—
WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE MEALS
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GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU
At all Hotels and Spirit Stores

Stripes in open-work stitch

THE "Patricia" jumper is equally effective for active or spectator sports. On page 23 of the Knitting Book you will find a natural color photograph of this design.

If you lead an out-of-door life you'll find this jumper an invaluable asset to your winter wardrobe. Light and lacy enough to wear for autumn, too.

Materials: 3oz. "Sunbeam" super crepe wool, shade No. 2101 (royal-blue); 4oz. "Sunbeam" super crepe wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 pr. No. 9 needles; 1 zipp fastener, 15 1/2 inches.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; bust, 32 3/4in.; length of sleeve seam, 7 1/2in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, w. white, r-b. royal-blue.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

FRONT
Using No. 9 needles and r-b. wool, cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: Using w. wool, p.
2nd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., m. 1 repeat from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: P.
4th Row: * P 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Using r-b. wool, repeat last 4 rows. Repeat last 8 rows, decreasing 1 at each end of the next and then every 4th row until decreased to 84 sts. When work measures 7in. increase 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 108 sts. When work measures 14 1/2in. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows. When work measures 16in. and there are 42 stripes, using w. wool, p 1 row, then work in rib of k 1, p 1. When work measures 20 1/2in. shape neck as follows:—

Next Row: Work 33 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 18 sts., work 33 sts.

Continue in rib on last 33 sts. and cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows. When work measures 21 1/2in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times. Work 1 row, cast off 6 sts. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work the same as for front until work measures 6in.

Next Row: Work 41 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 2 sts., work 41 sts.

Continue on last 41 sts. and when work measures 7in. increase 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until increased to 53 sts. When work measures 14 1/2in. cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Work 1 row, cast off 2 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows. When work measures 16in. and there are 42 stripes, using w. wool, p 1 row, then work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2in.

Shape Shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work 1 row, cast off 6 sts. work the remaining 14 sts. in rib for 2in. Cast off. Join wool at centre back and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVE
The sleeve has a shoulder piece and is knitted lengthwise in striped pattern.

Using r-b. wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 8 sts.

1st Row: Cast on 5 sts., work to end of row, cast on 2 sts.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to end of row.



PATRICIA: An attractive short-sleeved style with plain yoke to contrast the stripes.

Repeat last 2 rows 5 times, (50 sts.).

Next Row: Work in pattern to end of row, cast on 2 sts.

Next Row: Work in pattern to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows until increased to 88 sts. Work 18 rows.

Next Row: Work to end of row, cast on 26 sts. (94 sts.) Work 32 rows.

Cast off 26 sts. at the beginning of the next row. Work 18 rows.

Cast off 2 sts. at top of sleeve every 2nd row until decreased to 50 sts.

Continue to cast off 2 sts. at top of sleeve and cast off 5 sts. at lower edge every 2nd row until decreased to 8 sts. Cast off.

Work other sleeve to correspond.

COLLAR (2 pieces)

Using r-b. wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to w. wool, work in stripes, keeping 3 sts. each end in r-b. wool in garter-st. Decrease 1 st. each end (inside border) every 4th row until decreased to 42 sts. and 3rd w. stripe has been worked. Change to r-b. wool, work 1 row, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, stitching shoulder piece in place. Sew zipp fastener at back. Sew on 2 pieces of collar.

Basque style . . .

● Small flap pockets set high on the yoke of the "Betty" jumper give it a distinctive air, which is enhanced by the fashionable basque. It is illustrated in natural color photography on page 22.



BETTY: Featuring the new flared basque line, and high pockets and collar.

Materials: 8oz. "Sunbeam" crocheted wool, shade No. 2195 (dusty-pink); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 1 leather belt; 1 yd. ribbon; 1 press-stud.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18 1/2in.; bust, 32 3/4in.; length of sleeve seam, 6 1/2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st. stitch; tog. together.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 45 sts. Work in moss-st., increasing 1 st. at the beginning of every 2nd row 8 times, at the same time decrease 1 st. at opposite end every 5th row 4 times. When 32 rows have been worked leave on a spare needle. Work another piece to correspond.

Work across the 88 sts., having the increased edges in the centre.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 11in. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: K 38, k twice into next st., k to last 39 sts., k twice into next st., k 38.

P 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row.

Repeat last 4 rows 9 times. Continue without increasing until work measures 11 1/2in. Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows. When work measures 13 1/2in., cast off.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 94 sts. Work in moss-st., decreasing 1 st. each end of every 5th row 4 times. When 22 rows have been worked, change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 11in. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row 8 times.

When work measures 11 1/2in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows. When work measures 14 1/2in., cast off.

FRONT YOKE (2 pieces)

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 13 sts. Work in moss-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 31 sts. Continue in moss-st. and cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 3 rows. When work measures 4 1/2 inches, cast off 12 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When yoke measures 6 1/2 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

BACK YOKE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 85 sts.

SHE TOPS THEM ALL



Regardless of pretty clothes and expensive jewels, the woman with the most beautiful head of hair at a social gathering is sure to stand out as the belle of the party.

And if you ask her to tell you the secret of her success, like every other woman of good taste she will readily say: "Barry's Tri-coph-erous."

Its steady daily use imparts a silklike softness to the hair, keeps it brilliant and attractive and renders it easy to curl and set.

Its lubricating action maintains the natural functions of the scalp, prevents it from becoming dry and saves the hair from premature greyness—the dread of every woman.

Trust the beauty of your hair to the delightful and beneficial action of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It will keep it always clean, attractive and lovely to look at.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

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Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any good chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.



3-IN-ONE OIL
Trade Mark



Relief is instant and lasting when you apply Rexona Ointment to this painful affliction. Rexona's medicaments soothe the inflamed tissues, reduce the inflammation and, when a course of mild laxative is also taken, soon effect a complete cure (except in some cases which require surgical treatment). Keep free from skin complaints by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same medicaments as the Ointment.

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9/2/40

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SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh Street (opposite Mark Foy's), Sydney.
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WOLLONGONG: The Coupon Gift Centre, Crown Street, Wollongong.
LITHGOW: The Coupon Gift Centre, Main Street, Lithgow.
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You will find this seal on the end flap of every packet of Vita-Brits. Large packets (24 ozs.) carry a large seal. Small packets (12 ozs.) carry a small seal. In exchange value for gifts three small seals equal one large seal.



POPULAR HIP-LENGTH DESIGN . . .

NEVER would you suspect it — but this design is very easy to knit, and it's one of the very smartest styles — a perfect foil for winter tweeds and woollens.

Materials: 13oz. Paton's "Netta" knitting wool, 1 pair each No. 8 and No. 12 Beehive knitting needles, a belt, 5 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23½ inches; width all round at underarm, 34 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, w. tw. wool forward, st. stitch, dec. decrease, inc. increase, beg. beginning.

"MATILDA" is the perfect jumper to give you those slender lines you covet. The interesting yoke and sleeve treatment make it chic enough for every occasion. It is photographed in its natural buff tonings on page 3 of the Knitting Book.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 63 stitches to the inch.

BACK

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 102 sts.

1st Row: K plain.

2nd Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Continue in plain smooth fabric, dec. once at each end of the needle in the 7th and every following 8th row, until 92 sts. remain.

Inc. once at each end of the needle in every 8th row, until there are 110 sts. on the needle.

Work one row without shaping. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of each of the next two rows. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every row eight times.

Work 18 rows without shaping.

Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K plain.

6th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1. Repeat these 6 rows six times.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st & 2nd Rows: K plain to the last 7 sts., turn.

3rd & 4th Rows: K plain to the last 14 sts., turn.

5th & 6th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 21 sts., turn.

7th & 8th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 28 sts., turn.

9th Row: K plain to the end of the row.

Cast off.

FRONT

Work exactly as given for the back until the armhole shapings have been completed.

Work 17 rows without shaping. In the next row: K 1, p 44, turn, place the remaining sts. on a stitch-holder.

Work on the first 45 sts. as follows:—

1st Row: K plain.

Repeat the first row three times.

5th Row: K 2, w. tw., k 2 tog., k plain to the end of the row.

6th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Repeat from the 1st to the 6th row four times.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the

Knitwear hints

FOR cardigans, or jumpers with several buttons down the front opening, sew with invisible stitches a piece of tape, the same color as the garment, on the wrong side before sewing on the buttons. This will keep the front edge firm and straight, preventing it from sagging, and will also provide the buttons with a firm basis on which to be sewn.

Shoulder seams and sleeves will not stretch and sag if a piece of tape is also sewn along the seams, after they have been joined up. Besides keeping firm when the jumper is worn, these seams will help to keep the shape when laundered.

next row, work one row without shaping.

Cast off 5 sts., at the beg. of the next row, work one row without shaping.

Dec. once at the neck edge in every row four times.

Work 4 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K plain to the last 7 sts., turn.

2nd Row: K plain to the end of the row.

3rd Row: K plain to the last 14 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

5th Row: K plain to the last 21 sts., turn.

6th Row: P to the last st., k 1.

7th Row: K plain to the end of the row.

Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge, cast on 4 sts. for the underlap, and work on the remaining sts. to correspond, omitting the buttonholes and working the shapings at the opposite ends of the needle.

SLEEVES

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row for 31 inches. Using the No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K plain.

Repeat the 1st row four times.

6th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

Keeping the continuity of the pattern, inc. once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row, until there are 72 sts. on the needle, then in every 4th row, until there are 92 sts. on the needle.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 4 rows. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every row until 54 sts. remain.

Work 31 rows without shaping. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE TIE

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: K plain. Repeat the 1st row four times.

6th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1. Repeat from the 1st to the 6th row seventy-three times.

Work 2 rows.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing the fullness in 4 small pleats at the top of each shoulder, and placing seam to seam. Sew the facing at the centre-front in position. Sew the tie in position at neck, leaving 6 stitches at the front edges free. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
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MATILDA: There's a sleek, tailored air to this jumper, softened by a tie neckline and narrow belt encircling the waist.

PAIN

that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

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2. TEETH WHICH POINT BACKWARD TOWARD THE PALATE INDICATE AN INSTINCT TO DO WRONG.
3. BROAD AND ROUND TEETH SHOW BRAVERY AND SINCERITY.
4. LONG-POINTED TEETH SPACED FAR APART SHOW VULGARITY AND BASENESS.

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KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO MILLIONS OF BUBBLES WHICH GO TO WORK LIKE TINY FINGERS—SCRUBBING AWAY BACTERIAL FILM AND REMOVING FOOD DEPOSITS. KOLYNOS PREVENTS "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY, BECAUSE IT CLEANS SURFACES. YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LIVENESS AFTER KOLYNOS. AND KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAMS. 12 "ON DRY BRUSH" IS ENOUGH.

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1/3 and 2/

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A cheap, inferior spray will not kill mosquitoes — it only subdues them, leaving them to come again to irritate — sting — perhaps infect. Get back to Fly-Tox — A Fly-Tox sprayed mosquito is a dead mosquito — Fly-Tox definitely kills all insects. Stop gambling with Substitutes.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food does not digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, relaxing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

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JUMPER . . . with LONG-TORSO LINE

WE suggest it in gloom — dispelling yellow wool with a brown fleck. Notice the casual rolled collar and patch pocket placed high on the yoke.

Materials: 12oz. Paton's "Dunora" knitting wool, shade 3037. One pair No. 7 and a set of four No. 9 "Beehive" knitting needles with points at both ends.

Two buttons.
One stitch-holder.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches.

Width all round at under-arm, 34 inches.

Length of sleeves from under-arm, 17½ inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, k 2 tog, knit 2 together, sts. stitches, dec. decrease, inc. increase.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 5 sts. to the inch.

FRONT

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 84 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row twenty-one times, inc. once at the end of the needle in the last row (85) sts.

Using the No. 7 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 37, p 1 (k 1, p 1) five times, k 37.

2nd Row: K 1, p 36 (k 1, p 1) five times, k 1, p 36, k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows four times.

Keeping the continuity of the centre panel inc. once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 97 sts. on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 12 inches from the commencement.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 79 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until the work measures 17½ inches from the commencement.

In the next row, k 33, place the remaining 46 sts. on to a spare needle.

Work the first 33 sts. as follows.
1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to the last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K plain.
Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until 21 sts. remain.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 13, turn.

2nd Row: K 1, p 13, turn.

3rd Row: K 1, p 6, turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Cast off.

Place the first 13 sts. from the spare needle on to a stitch-holder and work on the remaining sts. to correspond.

BACK

Work exactly as given for the front, until the armhole shapings have been completed. Continue without shaping until the armhole measures the same as the front armhole.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st Row: K 25, turn, place the remaining sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., p 15, turn.

3rd Row: K plain.

4th Row: Cast off 2 sts., p 6, turn.

5th Row: K plain.

Cast off.

Slip the first 29 sts. from the spare needle on to a stitch-holder. Join in the wool and work on the remaining 25 sts. to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 42 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat the 1st row 23 times, inc. once at the beginning of the needle in the last row.

Using the No. 7 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 16, p 1 (k 1, p 1), five times, k 16.

2nd Row: K 1, p 15 (k 1, p 1) five times, k 1, p 15, k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows three times.

Keeping the continuity of the centre panel inc. once at each end of the needle in the next and every fol-

GRACEFUL, slenderising lines and cleverly tailored details brand the "Rowena" jumper essentially 1940. For a natural color reproduction see Page 3 of the Knitting Book.

Repeat the 1st row 23 times.
Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog, work in rib to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 2 tog, k 1, p 1, cast off 2 sts., p 1, k 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog, p 1, cast on 2 sts., k 1, k 2 tog.

4th Row: K 2 tog., p 1, k 1, k 2 tog.

5th Row: (K 2 tog.) twice.
Fasten off.

Work another piece in the same manner.

Sew up the shoulder seams.

COLLAR

Using the four No. 9 needles, and with the right side of the work facing, k across the 29 sts. on the stitch-holder of the back. K up 33 sts. along the left front, the 13 sts. from the stitch-holder at the front, and 31 sts. along the right front.

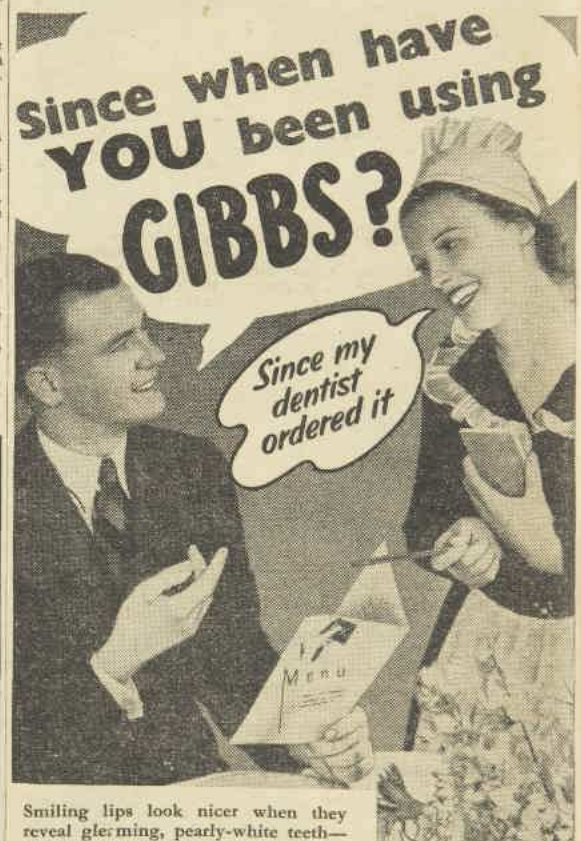
1st Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to the end of the round.

Repeat the 1st round 24 times.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams, sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the pocket on the left side of the front. Sew the flaps in position on the top of the sleeves. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.



Smiling lips look nicer when they reveal gleaming, pearly-white teeth—cleaned with Gibbs. So care for your mouth and teeth the sure, safe Gibbs way. Its refreshing, antiseptic foam penetrates into every crevice of the mouth, neutralising acids, killing germs, leaving teeth polished, safely clean—gums toned up and refreshed. Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

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Small Tins 1/-, Large Tins 1/6
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name on your
own tin!

ROWENA: The perfect jumper for every outdoor sport. It combines warmth with free-and-easy comfort, and is packed with fashion interest.

PARIS INSPIRED IT . . .

WHERE, indeed, but Paris could you find a jumper like this? A snug-fitting style, classic in its simplicity, but there's fashion news in the deep yoke, extended shoulder-line, and hand-embroidered pockets of this "Jenny" jumper.

LEADING designers stress simplicity. This jumper is knitted in plain moss-stitch with ribbed basque.

Materials Required. — 60w. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2500 (navy). Colored wools for embroidery. 4 small buttons. 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder 19in. Bust 32/34in. Length of sleeve seam 5in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension.—7 sts. 1in. 9 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. Work first row into back of sts. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into the 1st and then every 4th st. (113 sts.).

Work in moss st. and when work measures 12in. work as follows:

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., p to end of row.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., k to end of row.

Continue in moss st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 21 sts. Work in moss st. for 3in. Leave on spare needle.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armhole.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., p 16, cast off 21 sts., p 12 (leave remaining 60 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row.—Cast on 7 sts., k into back of cast on sts., k 12, k the 21 sts. of pocket, k 16.

Continue in moss st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5in. cast off 9 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Join wool, moss st. 7, p 12, cast off 21 sts., p 20.

Next Row.—Cast off 4 sts., k 16, k the 21 sts. of pocket, k 12, moss st. 7.

Next Row.—Moss st. 2, cast off 3 sts., work in moss st. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row.—K 2 tog., work in moss st. to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., moss st. 2.

Continue in moss st. and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times, making 3 more buttonholes 1in. apart.

Shape neck and shoulder to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 81 sts. Work in moss st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 89 sts. When work measures 5in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 29 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 91 sts. around neck. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. Change to No. 10 needles and work in moss st. for 1in. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 4 times, then every row 4 times. Cast off. Work 1 row of d.c. round edge.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat top of sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. down front opening and around sleeves. Sew on buttons, stitch down pockets. Embroider flowers as shown in illustration.



JENNY: A refreshing, youthful jumper that even the most inexperienced knitter can make. And it's equally charming for business or sport.



VALERIE: A jumper that combines with your tailored tweeds to serve you smartly all winter through. Note the uncluttered neckline with its quaint new trim.

BRAND NEW for 1940

• If you're looking for something completely different this winter—here is your jumper. It is designed in a novel stitch, and you'll love the way it clings to your figure.

START knitting this attractive "Valerie" jumper now. The pattern is a semi-open diamond-stitch, with ribbed neck tabs.

Materials Required. — 80w. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (blue), 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 1 crochet hook. 4 small buttons.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Bust 32/34in. Length of sleeve seam 19in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension.—6 sts. 1in. 8 rows 1in.

Back.—Using No. 11 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row.—K 4, * p 1 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 9, repeat from * to last 9 sts. (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 4.

2nd Row.—P 3, k 1 * p 5, k 1, p 7, k 1, repeat from * to last 9 sts. p 5, k 1, p 3.

3rd Row.—K 2, * p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 5, repeat from * to last 11 sts. p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2.

4th Row.—P 1, k 1, p 9 * k 1, p 3, k 1, p 9, repeat from * to last 2 sts. k 1, p 1.

5th Row.—* p 1, k 5, p 1, k 5, p 1, k 1, repeat from * to last 13 sts. p 1, k 5, p 1, k 5, p 1.

6th Row.—P 13, * k 1, p 13, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat from 5th to 2nd rows inclusive. These 10 rows complete 1 pattern.

Continue in pattern, and when work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 4in. work as follows.

Next Row.—Work 36 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast on 3 sts., work to end.

Work in pattern, keeping the 3 cast on sts. in rib of k 1, p 1. Make 4 buttonholes as follows: 1st one 8 rows from opening and 3 more 8 rows apart.

Next Row.—K 1, m. 1, k 2 tog., work to end of row.

When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off.

der by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off. Join wool at centre back, cast on 5 sts., work to end of row. Keep the 5 cast on sts. in ribbing, and when armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 4in.

Next Row.—Work 32 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 7 sts., work 23 sts. Continue on last 32 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until decreased to 34 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase to 1 st. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 85 sts. When work measures 19in., k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 19 sts. Cast off.

1st Row of pattern for sleeves.—P 1, k 1, p 1, k 9, * (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1, k 9, repeat from * to last 3 sts. p 1, k 1, p 1.

TABS (2)

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row.—* K 2, p 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row.—* k 1, p 2, repeat from * to end of row (60 sts.).

Slip 20 sts. on to spare needle, sl. the next 20 sts. on to a darning needle threaded with wool, draw wool through and tie tightly, leave remaining 20 sts. on needle. With wrong side of work towards you, cast off both needles together.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on back. Sew on tabs and work 1 row of d.c. around neck.

NEW *Super-milled* LIFEBOUOY

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PROTECTS SO DISCREETLY . . . You can tell there's a safeguard for your personal freshness in the discreet fragrance of New Lifebuoy. It's so fresh . . . so tangy . . . so clean. Like a cooling breeze it leaves you completely refreshed . . . dainty . . . and vanishes completely as you rinse. That's why New Super-Milled Lifebuoy keeps you so safe from risk of offending with "B.O." (Body Odour).

Keeps you lovable

For MEN who prefer it, there's still the famous 'Regular' Lifebuoy. Get some for Dad when you buy your Super-Milled.



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And remember, New Rinso is so economical! The Rinso 2-minute Boil saves a good half hour's fuel on every copperful. And no extras needed—use Rinso, just by itself. Change to New Improved Rinso—the safe, sudsy, all-purpose washer!



FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON EVERY PACKET FOR THE FUEL-SAVING
RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Dainty bedjacket

...for chilly winter nights

THE enchanting Norma bedjacket provides warmth without bulk. It is knitted in a delicate lacy stitch, and the lovely model photographed was done in the palest pink wool and fastened with a matching satin ribbon bow.

Material Required.—7oz. Ramada wool and rayon, shade WR.7636 (pink). 1 yard ribbon.

Knitting Needles.—1 pair No. 9 Vivella needles.

Measurements.—To fit 34in. bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 17ins. Sleeve seam, 11ins.

Tension.—6 sts. to lin., 9 rows to lin. in pattern.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; s, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over.

Note.—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

BACK

Cast on 109 sts. K 12 rows garter st. for border.

1st Pattern Row: K 1 * m 1, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, m 1, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd and all Alternate Rows: P. **3rd Row:** K 2 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * ending row with k 2, instead of k 3.

5th Row: K 1 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

7th row: K 2 tog, m 1, k 3 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., m 1, k 2 tog.

8th Row: P. These 8 rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout.

Work 10 more patterns. Work should measure 10ins. from cast on sts. when pressed.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts., work * to * of 1st pattern row.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: K 2 tog, m 1, sl 1, k 3 tog, p.s.s.o. * m 1, k 3, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o. * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., m 1, k 2.

P 2 tog. at beginning of next 6 p rows.

5th Row: K 2 tog, k 1 * m 1, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, m 1, k 1 * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., k 2.

7th Row: K 2 tog, k 1 * m 1, sl 1, k 3 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to end.

1st Row: K 2 tog, k 2, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

3rd Row: K 2 tog, k 2 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: (K 2 tog.) twice, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: P 2 tog, p to end (85 sts.).

7th Row: K 2 tog, m 1, k 3 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., m 1, k 2 tog.

8th Row: P. Work 8 pattern rows as at the beginning until work measures 17 ins. from cast on sts. (181 patterns worked from garter st.).

Commence shoulders on 5th pattern row. Cast off 9 sts., m 1, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, continue pattern to end.

6th and 8th rows.—Cast off 9 sts., p to end.

7th Row.—Cast off 9 sts., k 5, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., continue in pattern to end.

9th Row.—Cast off 8 sts., k 1, k 3 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, continue in pattern to end.

10th Row.—Cast off 8 sts., p to end. Cast off remaining 33 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 57 sts. K 12 rows in garter st.

1st Row.—K 9 * m 1, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, m 1, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd and Alternate Rows.—P, to last 8 sts., k 8.

3rd Row.—K 10 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * ending with k 2 instead of k 3.

5th Row.—K 9 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

7th Row.—K 8 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 3 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., m 1, k 2 tog.

8th Row.—P to last 8 sts., k 8. Repeat the last 8 rows 10 times.

Work 1st row.

Shape Armhole and Neck.—Cast off 6 sts., p to last 10 sts., p 2 tog, k 8.

3rd Row.—K 9 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * ending k 2 instead of k 3.

4th Row.—P 2 tog, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

5th Row.—K 8 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to last 5 sts., k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog.

6th Row.—P 2 tog, p to last 10 sts., p 2 tog, k 8.

7th Row.—K 11 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to end.

8th Row: P 2 tog, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

1st Row: K 10 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to end.

2nd Row: P 2 tog, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

3rd Row: K 8 * sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3, m 1 * repeat * to * to last 7 sts., sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 4.

4th Row: P 2 tog, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

5th Row: K 9, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * k 2 tog, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog, k 1 * repeat * to * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: P 2 tog, p to last 8 sts., k 8.

7th Row: K 10 * m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3 * repeat * to * to last 2 sts., m 1, k 2 tog.

8th Row: P to last 10 sts., p 2 tog, k 8.

Work armhole edge straight and decrease at front edge every 5th row (decreasing inside garter st. border) until 34 sts. remain.

Continue on 34 sts. without further decreasing until 181 patterns are worked from border at bottom.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beginning of 1st and 2nd p rows. Cast off 8 sts. on 3rd p row, k 28 rows on 8 sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 57 sts. and work to match right front, working from the end of each row to beginning.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 61 sts. K 12 rows garter st.

Work the 8 rows of pattern as bottom of back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 83 sts. are on needle, working pattern into the increased sts.

Work 7 rows after last increasing, work should measure 11½ ins. Take 2 tog. at the beginning of every row until 45 sts. remain.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 25 sts. remain. Cast off, taking 2 tog. at each end.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Sew up shoulder seams. Sew the ends of garter st. on front tog. and sew neatly to neck edge of back. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Press all seams.

Cut ribbon into two pieces. Sew one piece on each front edge at points where decreases commence.



NORMA. An up-to-the-minute bedjacket in flattering bolero style that every woman will adore. Though the stitch looks intricate, if you follow these directions you will have no difficulty in making it.

Charming English Countess

The Countess of Normanton, wife of the Fifth Earl of Normanton, is tall and slim, with honey blonde hair, hazel eyes, and a flawless pink and white skin. Her interests are wide. She plays the organ, and she's very fond of an active sporting life—she hunts, shoots, fishes and visits her own boat.

LOVELY YOUNG AUSTRALIAN

Miss Betty Stewart, a lovely young Australian, has golden brown hair, sparkling white teeth and a flawless golden skin. Miss Stewart does secretarial work when she's in town, and spends a lot of time at her parents' home in Moree. She's an outdoor girl—loves sailing, tennis, rides very well.

BOTH HAVE THE SAME FAMOUS BEAUTY CARE FOR THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

QUESTION TO COUNTESS OF NORMANTON:

You could have any beauty care for your skin that you wish. Why is it that you prefer Pond's?

ANSWER:

"I'd never find time for complicated, lengthy beauty care, and frankly, I don't try. I've found that Pond's Creams keep my complexion right. I never fail to cleanse my skin thoroughly every night with Pond's Cold Cream. Then I know my complexion is safe from dullness and blemishes."

QUESTION TO COUNTESS:

How do you always manage to keep your skin so flawless and well groomed?

ANSWER:

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base. You see, it melts away any little rough bits of skin instantly, so that my skin is smooth and soft and ready to take powder beautifully. This cream holds powder for hours and hours, whether I'm out in the open air or dancing."

QUESTION TO BETTY STEWART:

How do you manage to keep your complexion so flawless and lovely on your salary, Miss Stewart?

ANSWER:

"Pond's Cold Cream is all I need, and that only costs a few pence a week. I use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to cleanse my skin and keep it free from blemishes. . . and I'm thrilled with the difference it has made."

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawless.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind.



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★ Six engaging, easy-to-knit styles designed to glamorise the drab winter months. Full instructions for knitting these jumpers are on other pages



SONIA: Color against the snow . . . or whatever background you choose for this dramatically striped sweater, for it's guaranteed to make you the cynosure of all eyes. And you need not be an experienced knitter to make it successfully. (Top left)

+ +

BETTY: Appealing femininity in a jumper of soft dusty pink. The attractive yoke, and the youthful collar and bow make it ideal for those informal afternoons when you want to steal the limelight. (Above.)

+ +

ANN: Designed for a "deb."—a charming style with dainty scalloped collar, cuffs and front panel. The demure Peter Pan collar is so flattering too. We suggest it in turquoise-blue. (Left).

SIX LOVELY NEW KNITTEDS . . .



JOAN: Suave sophistication in a frisky little sweater on tailored weskit lines. Extended shoulder-line and patch pockets give fashion interest. And notice the sweater effect achieved by introducing a contrasting stitch for sleeves and collar. A long line of buttons marches down the front. (Above.)

+ + +

PATRICIA: For "life on the ocean wave" you will surely need this jaunty little sweater of nautical inspiration. It's gay colors simply call for a background of foam-capped waves. Knitted in an attractive open-work stitch, with a zipped back-fastening. (Top Right.)

+ + +

MARGARET: Defy the wintry blast in a fascinating jumper in this delightful new stitch. Unusual details are the yoke treatment, with its delicate sprays of blossom, and the loosely-knotted scarf. (Right.)



Flattering lines for the SMART MATRON

SLIM-MAKING design for the older woman . . . This charming jumper has panels in a new open-work stitch to introduce a different note.

MATERIALS Required.—7oz. 3-ply Ramada super fingering knitting wool. Shade 7586 (green mixture), 4 buttons, 1 medium-sized crochet hook.

Knitting Needles.—1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 Vivella needles.

Measurements.—To fit 38/40in. bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19½in. Sleeve seam, 18½in.

Tension.—7 stitches to 1in. 9 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; m, make; tog., together; sl, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; d.c., double crochet.

Note.—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

FRONT

Cast on 136 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern:—1st Row: K 28, p 2 * k 1, m 1, k 4, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, m 1, k 1, * p 2, k 46, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 28.

2nd and all Alternate Rows: P 28, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 46, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 28.

3rd Row: K 28, p 2 * k 2, m 1, k 3, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, m 1, k 2 * p 2, k 46, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 28.

5th Row: K 28, p 2 * k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog., * p 2, k 46, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 28.

7th Row: K 28, p 2 * m 1, k 2 tog., k 2, m 1, k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., m 1 * p 2, k 46, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 28.

9th Row: K 28, p 2 * k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1 * p 2, k 46, p 2, repeat * to * once, p 2, k 28.

These 10 rows form the pattern. Work 2 more patterns.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 144 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 144 sts. until 9 patterns and 4 rows have been worked (13 inches from cast on).

Shape Armholes: Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next 8 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 8 rows (100 sts.).

Next Row: K 10, p 2, pattern 13 (working 3rd pattern row), p 2, k 4, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 2, cast on 4 sts., turn, place remaining sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: K 4, p 2, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 4, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 10.

Continue thus in pattern, keeping 4 cast on sts. in garter st., until 3 patterns and 8 rows for yoke have been worked (armholes measure 5½in., measured straight up).

Shape Neck.—Cast off 15 sts., pattern to end.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 11 rows.

Work to armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 7 sts., work to end. Work back * repeat * to * twice. Cast off.

Join wool at centre to sts. left unworked.

1st Row: K 2, p 2, pattern 13 (working 3rd pattern row), p 2, k 4, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 10.

2nd Row: P 10, k 2, pattern 13, k 2, p 4, k 2, pattern 13, k 2, p 2.

Continue in pattern to match other side, casting off 11 sts. instead of 15 for neck.

BACK

Cast on 130 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 30 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern:—1st Row: K 25, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 46, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 25.

Continue in pattern to match front to armhole shaping.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next 8 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 8 rows (100 sts.).

Commence Yoke.—K 10 * p 2, pattern 13 (working 3rd pattern row), p 2, k 4 * repeat * to * 3 times, k 6.

Next Row: P 10 * k 2, p 13, k 2, p 4 * repeat * to * 3 times, p 6.

Continue in pattern until 4 patterns and 2 rows have been worked.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 29 rows.

Next Row.—Work twice into 1st st., rib 29, work twice into next st. rib to last st., work twice into last st. (63 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row.—K 2 * p 2, work 1st pattern row as in front for 13 sts., p 2, k 4 * repeat * to * once, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 2.

2nd Row.—P 2 * k 2, p 13, k 2, p 4 * repeat * to * once, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 2.

Continue in pattern as given for front, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 5 patterns have been worked.

Next Row.—K 29, p 2, pattern 13, p 2, k 29.

Next Row.—P 29, k 2, p 13, k 2, p 29.

Continue thus, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until 91 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 91 sts. until work measures 18½in. from cast on.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.



ZELDA: This smart long-sleeved jumper has been designed specially for the fashion-conscious matron. The lacy panels relieve it from severity.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 39 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 174 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows.

Cast off 26 sts. loosely on next 2 rows.

Continue in rib on remaining sts. until work measures 3 inches from cast on.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side with warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Sew down underlap on front opening neatly.

With crochet hook, work 1 row d.c. down right front opening, making

4 buttonloops at equal distances apart, the 1st at neck edge. Sew the small bands along the side edges of collar, gathering the extra fullness at the lower edge. Sew cast off edge of collar to neck edge, edges of collar to edges of front opening. Sew buttons on left front to match buttonloops on right front. Press seams.

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LIFE BEGINS AT ?

AREN'T we too prone to imagine that youth is the one great period of life?

For action, yes; but for peace of mind and understanding, no.

These are the prerogatives of middle age and they become surer and greater until age comes upon one with an even softer mantle.

Youth is remembered only as physically more attractive but mentally more turbulent and strangely unsatisfactory.

£1 for this letter to Martha Lenge, 51 Gregory Tee., Brisbane.

HELP FOR IMMORTALS

AUSTRALIANS exhibit a contemptible disregard for the progress of the fine arts of their own nation. They pursue a Hitler-like policy that encourages nothing, and are content to leave their intellectual education in the Government's hands.

Since when have politicians encouraged a system that might lead to the people thinking for themselves?

Thus, public demand in Australia creates only disheartening obstacles for our would-be worthy artists and immortals!

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmalm St., Richmond El, Melbourne.

SEE THE DOCTOR

I WONDER how much misery and money would be saved if we called in the doctor before, and not after, we were taken ill.

Dentists have educated us to the vital necessity of visiting them regularly. Why not let the doctor examine us just as regularly?

Few of us give our bodies proper care. Hurried, ill-chosen meals, insufficient sleep, overwork, indulgence in pleasures that give no real recreation all lower vitality.

Mrs. E. Wilsner, Watts St., Coromandel, N.Z.

The farmer's boy —his place at the dinner table

MR. CARROLL (17/2/40) has certainly raised a question on how farm employees should be treated. In his opinion, they should be treated as slaves, and not as equals of their employers.

The main thing that is lacking



Dinner on the farm.

badly on most farms to-day is sufficient companionship.

To make an employee feel at home is to make him take an interest in his work and say, "I like this job."

W. T. Tanner, Werribee, Vic.

Do unto others

I CANNOT see why farmers should monopolise meal-time for discussing their private affairs.

I think it behooves people to remember the Golden Rule of Life occasionally, especially where the farm laborer is concerned.

Mrs. H. A. Louhrs, Milbrulong, via Wagga, N.S.W.

Unkind

SURELY a family can find some time other than meal-time in which to discuss private business.

In most cases a hired laborer on a farm is living miles away from his home and people, and to condemn him to have all his meals in solitude seems to me rather unkind.

Company makes for happiness at meal-times; meals without company are dreary things, but one has to eat.

Mrs. M. Ethell, Lanigan St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Getting a family to meals when served

YES, Mrs. Dearden (17/2/40), we all join you in condemning that annoying habit of most of our men-folk of allowing their dinner to get cold on the table.

We get so agitated over it that it spoils the meals for everyone.

Perhaps reading your letter will have some effect, and maybe we won't be able to serve them quickly enough in future.

Mrs. Ina Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Get a gong

FOR long I had the same trouble of which Mrs. Dearden complains. My culinary successes became greasy and indigestible because the family seldom came to meals when called.

In desperation I bought a gong with a resounding note. Now when a meal is cooked I serve it out, beat the gong vigorously, and sit down to eat my portion whether the others come or not.

The family have found that I no longer beg them to come. They have also found that half-cold meals are not palatable.

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Do not wait

I SING a hymn of praise because my husband takes his place at the meal table the moment he hears the dinner bell ring.

I have heard several housewives complain bitterly about their men-folk's neglect in that respect. Some men discover they are in need of a shave when the meal is served.

There is only one cure, readers, and that is to continue the meal without the offender.

Mrs. F. Murphy, 31 Hall Rd., Hornsby, N.S.W.

Punish Them

IF families were given five minutes' warning to get ready for meals, and the dinners then served punctually, they would soon learn to come immediately.

A few cold dinners would cure them of that annoying habit.

Deliberate late-comers should have to clear the table and help with the washing-up.

Mrs. M. C. Murray, 12 Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

Why I don't like fighting bushfires

RECENTLY I was adversely criticised for dissuading some male friends from helping to fight bushfires.

In many cases the farmers have their own laziness to blame for the fires in not providing adequate breaks when conditions are suitable.

Stripped of its glamor, a bushfire is just plain "trouble." And what is the attitude of the country squatter towards the town-dwellers' troubles? They hold us in contempt, and ignore us when we are up against it.

Olive Croft, 88 Jenner Pde., Hamilton, N.S.W.

Satisfaction

IT takes a good part of the afternoon preparing the evening meal, and when it is delayed it makes you all behind.

Husbands and girls of to-day do not seem to realise how thoughtless they really are, but the greatest consolation I receive when the family are all seated round the table is to see them thoroughly enjoying every morsel.

Then I know that my efforts in preparing the menu have not been wasted.

Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Spare our public servants from their hot uniforms

MILDRED FOX (17/2/40), is right. Bus-drivers, postmen, and other public officials should not have to swelter in summer in heavy uniforms.

New Zealand tram conductors, bus-



Hot uniforms.

drivers, etc., wear a dark blue cloth lightweight jacket in the summer.

Must Australian officials, with a much hotter and trying climate, swelter in heavy serge uniforms?

Mrs. Winnifred Coulson, Glenelg, 25 Avons Ave., Glebe Point, N.S.W.

Use shorts

WHAT neater and more comfortable uniform for public servants than sandals, khaki or navy shorts and shirt, and Panama hat?

Believe me, any stir caused by this departure would be overlooked and forgotten in a week.

I am not of the school of thought that believes men's legs are too awful for such a fashion.

Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Dress reform

I THINK our public servants should be more suitably clothed. Indeed, all men's attire calls for reform.

It is ridiculous to wear the same weight of clothes winter and summer. Fancy if women wore tweed costumes on a sweltering hot day!

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

How Woman's hands grew lovelier while she slept!

"I thought it was hopeless to try and keep my hands nice with all the housework I have to do," says Mrs. Blackmore, of Old Canterbury Road, Summer Hill. "Of course I'd tried a lot of different hand lotions, but they all felt too sticky or greasy, so I gave up using them. I didn't realise how soothing and nice a hand lotion could be until my chemist put me on to Pond's Hand Lotion. Pond's is so lovely and soft—not the least bit sticky, so I started to use it regularly after washing my hands, and before bed at night. And it wasn't very long before I noticed what a difference it was making to my hands too! Now Pond's keeps my hands beautifully soft and smooth in spite of all the housework I do."

Why your hands need daily protection.

Washing up, housework, being out in the sun and wind—every day these things are taking the natural beauty out of your hands. But you can keep them soft, white and smooth when you

use Pond's Hand Lotion. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's is a special skin softener—it will bring your hands new loveliness. It feels so soothing and delightful on your hands too. And remember, Pond's is rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion!

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll notice the difference in your hands. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands, and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- at all stores and chemists and 1/6 for economical large bottles containing more than twice as much.



INDIGESTION ended!



"I was afraid to eat"

Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

From to-day—eat what you like! Enjoy every meal! Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.



As always women are keen shoppers at the yearling sales. They buy the best. Mrs. Galbraith gave 1150 guineas for Tidal Wave.

Betty's "racey narratives"

Mannequin parade of yearling racehorses is social event

By BETTY GEE

If you take the trouble to attend the yearling sales of Sydney and Melbourne this autumn you will see 850 baby thoroughbreds sold within the next four weeks.

Melbourne auctioneers sell 250 this week, and Sydney auctioneers turn over 600 in the last week in March.

The prologue and the sales themselves have become quite interesting functions for the women of the two capitals, as well as the men.

THE prologue is the parade of all the best "lots" the Sunday before the sales, and Melbourne's, which took place last Sunday, was a parade in two senses.

All the quality and many of Melbourne's best-dressed women were there—a fashion parade, followed by an interesting procession of all the lovely, playful, sleek-coated colts and fillies who

represent the quality of the equine race.

It was one of the nicest days I've had in Melbourne.

If you've never seen one, pop into Inglis' at Randwick on Easter Sunday, March 24, and I'll promise you something right out of the box for novelty.

All the men of the land, the squattocracy, and their women down to Sydney for the Easter Show and the racing carnival, wouldn't miss it for worlds.

It is one of the biggest attractions of the week.

Add to this the parade of \$100,000 worth of the best-bred racing stock in the country, dancing, plunging, and frolicking their way through the first formalities of their career, and you see a picture which is equalled only by London's great annual horse-parade.

You know, my dears, the horsey people (of both sexes) ARE the salt of the earth. And you realise it at these functions.

The auctioneering firms know the importance of woman's entrance into these things, too. They make the parades attractive, provide cushioned seats and afternoon tea.

Yes! A woman who carries any weight can sway a husband in a purchase of this kind. "Buy me that, Daddy!" has the same appeal in the bloodstock ring as in the carpeted calm of a fashionable jeweller's.

Women played no small part in the purchase of crack youngsters last year.

One of the best fillies of the current season, Truiness, was bought by Mrs. M. J. Mackay, a Sydney sportswoman, for 550 guineas, and immediately rewarded her with three wins at her first three starts.

But listen to this. Mrs. C. C. Galbraith got the highest-priced youngster of the



BETTY and Dickie watch the yearling parade for prospective champions.

on March 24, morning or afternoon. You'll be surprised and delighted.

Well, as I tell you, I went to Newmarket, Flemington, for Melbourne's parade last Sunday, and I heard a little inside information which might tide me over the rest of the Australian Cup meeting.

Tidal Wave may help to do this. He is in various races. I commence to follow him at once.

But I hope he doesn't bump into Mei-Ling in the Hopful Stakes on Thursday.

This is not a Chinese empress, but a lovely big black filly I heard had been prepared especially for this race.

And the waiter who brought round the dainty afternoon tea served out a tip for High Caste in the King's Plate.

But I had the good fortune to run into Mrs. J. T. Cuth, whose husband had Brazen Lad in the Elms, and she said to follow it up because it will win again, and I agree with her, so I'm going to do what she told me.

Adelaide tip

MR. F. P. CRUTTENDEN, now of Adelaide, but formerly of Sydney, tells me that his horse, Vulmiki, will win the Australian Cup on Saturday and I hope he is right, because already I have invested £1 on him at good odds.

I may invest a further sum each way on the Tote, according to the state of my handbag.

Mr. Cruttenden lives in the delightful Mount Lofy ranges an hour's journey out from Adelaide, and he said: "You know I can get on the train in the evening, be here in Melbourne to see my horse win in the afternoon, and board the train and be back in my garden the next morning." I hope he's right.

I intend backing Ajax in the Lloyd Stakes.

Mrs. G. M. Robinson tells me to put a little on her colt Distinction for the Gibson Carmichael Stakes, because this is a race for stayers, and Distinction is a stayer born, she declares.

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Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Riggs, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collis, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Talc at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 pills, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.

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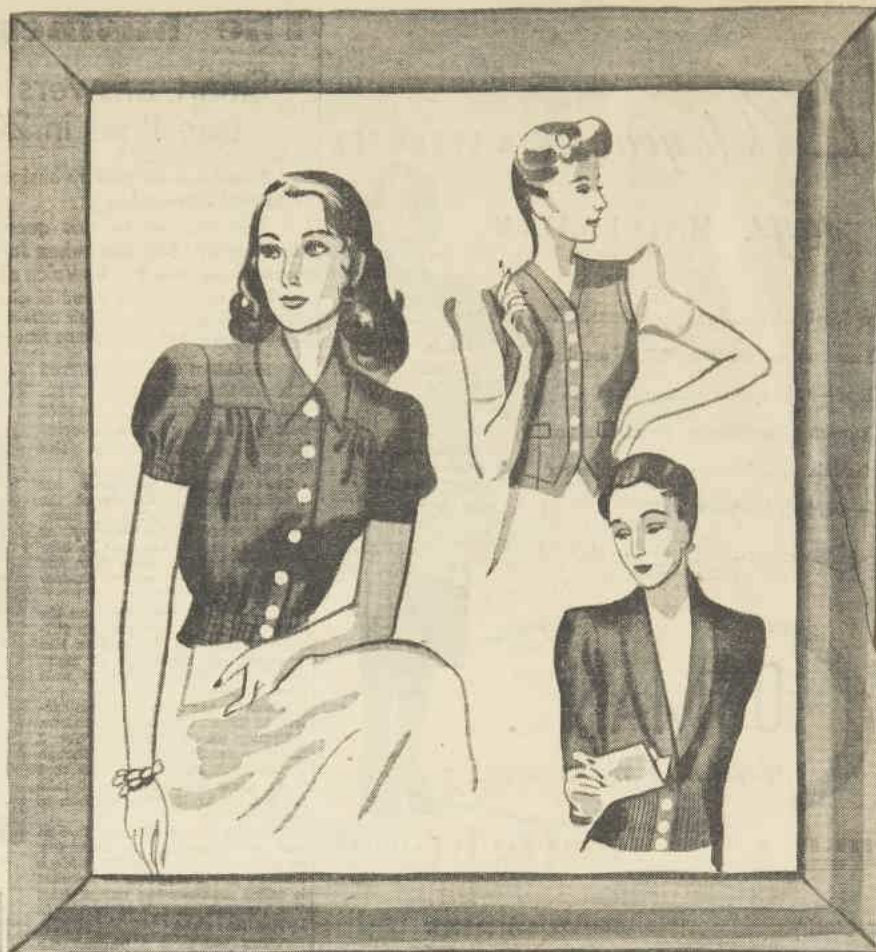
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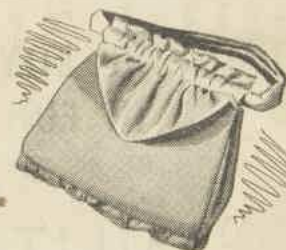


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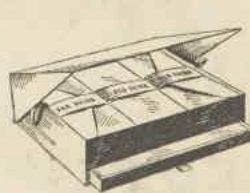
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Snowy charm for your new autumn tailor. White georgette and lace blousette. SW, W, us. 5/11, 4/11. OS. us. 6/11, 5/11

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This cheery little fellow holds savouries, onions, cocktail frankfurts, etc. Fish alone, 7/11. Fish with tray, priced at 15/6

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Gleaming Gold

This autumn, jewellery fashion gives you the bib necklet. In bright gold, illustrated is just one of many. Priced at 6/11

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British flannelette pyjamas in medium weight. Striped designs. Fit boys 5 to 16 yrs. Chests 22 to 32, 5/11. 34, 36, 6/11

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2GB

The business girl has her say!

Smart answers to quickfire questions in 2GB session

What are the modern business girl's opinions on topics of current interest?

The answers to this question may be heard each Thursday at 12.25 p.m., when Jack Davey of 2GB conducts the sessions called "The Voice of the Business Girl."

From an assembled crowd of girls, Jack Davey chooses half a dozen or so at random. Their answers are all the more illuminating for the reason that they have no time to prepare them.

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is offered for the best answer given, the prizewinning answer being chosen by a special judge appointed for the occasion.

The complete interviews are broadcast from 2GB, and at the same time a recording is made, which is broadcast the same evening at 6.45, to enable the girls to hear themselves as others hear them, and also to enable the general listener to hear the interviews.

Many a young man living on the other side of the city from his girl-friend wonders if she expects him to escort her home late at night, even if it means having to walk home himself.

Asked for her opinion on this subject, in the first series of interviews, a Sydney salesgirl replied: "Yes, I think he should sometimes. Though perhaps not always. I think that if it's worth while for him to take me out, it's worth while for him to take me home."

Even the old question of "love at first sight" came up for discussion. In spite of the fact that the modern business girl is supposed to be what is called sophisticated, one at least was romantic enough to believe in love at first sight.

"When you meet a person," she said, "you can almost immediately

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day
from
4.30 to 5
p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 6.—
Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, March 7.—
June Marsden — "Special Astrology Playlets" for boys and girls.

FRIDAY, March 8.—The
Australian Women's Weekly
Concert Party.

SATURDAY, March 9.—
"Swinging Round the World."

SUNDAY, March 10.—June
Marsden—Gardening by the
Stars; Astrology for Business
Folk; Special Amusing Feature
—"I Still Like Me."

MONDAY, March 11.—The
Australian Women's Weekly
Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, March 12.—June
Marsden — Astrology for
Women.

tell whether you are going to like him—so why not whether you are going to love him, although there is a lot of difference between loving and liking.

Terms of endearment change from generation to generation, and the lovers of yesterday will doubtless be interested to know what is the favorite term of to-day, so Jack Davey asked a Sydney typist, "What is your favorite term of endearment?"

"Well," she replied, "I think 'darling' is very nice, don't you? 'Dear' is a little too formal."

It was inevitable that the question of in-laws should be included, so when one of the business girls gave the name of "Mrs.," she was asked, "Do you think that a husband's and wife's relations should live with them after marriage?"

"Certainly not," she replied, "they should live by themselves."

"But is it not helpful if there is a rush in the morning for them to be able to get the breakfast?"

"I suppose so, but if the wife were



SYDNEY business girl interviewed in a crowd by Jack Davey sits at home and hears a rebroadcast of her impromptu remarks.

late home at night to get the dinner, she would soon hear all about it."

For the final interview of the first broadcast, Jack Davey chose a representative of the younger generation of business girl. "Do you like moustaches?" she was asked. "No!" she replied very definitely. "Would you kiss a man with a moustache?" "No, I am too young to kiss any man."

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Davey, somewhat nonplussed. "Fifteen," she replied.

And if "Miss 15" was definite on the matter of kissing men with moustaches, she was equally definite on the sort of husband she would prefer.

He had to be good-looking, tall, and in a good profession, so that they would have a comfortable home.

Huge crowds of business girls have greeted Jack Davey at the 2GB microphone for the first two broadcasts of this series. There will be a further two broadcasts this Thursday and the following Thursday, when Sydney business girls will face the microphone to answer questions on all manner of subjects from husbands to hair styles.

To add to the interest of the broadcast, a beauty expert is in attendance, offering the girls advice on artistic make-up.

For all who answer questions, there is a gift box of cosmetics.

Delicious Fruit Salad



FRUIT SALAD! Always a favourite, this delicious combination of fresh, luscious fruits—oranges, bananas, passion-fruit, peaches, and other seasonal fruits. Nothing more tempting, refreshing, healthful. And so easy and economical to prepare! The sensible sweet . . . the best possible sweet in every way for hot-weather meals.

(Authorised by the "Eat More Fruit" Campaign Committee)

Fruit

for vigorous health!

Women Also Serve

Six gallant Finns help homeland

MELBOURNE'S Finnish women are working at full pressure to raise funds for their homeland. They number only six. Ever since their arrival in Australia they have worked for the Finnish Seamen's Mission, but since the outbreak of war all their efforts have been concentrated on the Finnish Red Cross.

A prime mover in this work is Miss Esni Ryno, who has made two trips to her home since her arrival in Melbourne nine years ago.

They are wonderfully cheerful, in spite of worry and unrest of mind, and have formed a knitting circle, and meet every week. All bring along their knitting and sewing, and eagerly discuss letters with news of their families and



MISS ESNI RYNO
—Dickinson-Montebath.

friends. At present they are planning a bazaar.

Collecting old clothes, especially warm woollies, is also part of the job, and if any need mending this is done by the women before being despatched to Finland through the Finnish Consul in Sydney.

Miss Ryno has a Lotta Svard medal, received for services rendered during Finland's 1918 struggle for independence. She spent three hazardous months in the firing line. Any job was undertaken by women to help the men in their vital fight—rifles cleaning, cooking, mending and repairs to skis.

Australian nurse in France

SISTER W. WOOD, who enlisted in London at the outbreak of war, is a Sydney-trained nurse, now somewhere in France.

She was on a tour of the British Isles when war broke out, and was with the first nurses to go to France.

An Australian friend, also a nurse, who enlisted at the same time, is in another part of France, and their letters to each other go to the London Military Post Office before re-crossing the Channel.

Writing of the hospital at which she is stationed, Sister Wood says: "We are very fortunate; have a comfortable hospital in beautiful country."

"There are quite a number of Australians at the hospital. Although the English nurses here are grand friends, it is a little bit of home to find an Australian."

Sister Wood was on the nursing staff of both the Queanbeyan and Parkes district hospitals, after training in a leading Sydney hospital.

Worker of 1914 on duty again

DOING the same work in this war as she did in the last is Mrs. P. L. Day, of Brisbane. She is a constant worker at the Comfort Fund rooms as a Monday helper.

She is also a member of the Yeronga branch of the Red Cross Society. This suburb organised a detachment immediately war was declared, and members have been meeting to knit and sew four times a week. Mrs. Day works, too, for the 2nd A.I.F. nurses' equipment fund.

Amateur florists earn cash for Red Cross

MISS MARGARET BICKFORD and Miss Mary Lisle Johnson, two attractive Adelaide society girls, have found an original way of raising money for the Red Cross. They take over the problem of floral decoration for busy hostesses by arranging their flowers, and they pay the fees thus earned to Red Cross funds.

Both girls are well known for their artistic ability, and they are being kept busy planning floral schemes for social events of every kind from morning teas to huge wedding receptions.

They also have regular orders for keeping a number of homes attractively filled with flowers.

"For ages now we have worked together doing the flowers at parties given by our friends and for charity, and as we love the work so much we decided to turn our hobby into a real job to help the Red Cross when war came," said Miss Lisle Johnson.

Miss Bickford and Miss Lisle Johnson wear charming floral smocks when on the job. They make a charge of two shillings each an



MISS MARGARET BICKFORD and Miss Mary Lisle Johnson arranging flowers for a luncheon party.

Accuracy is their joy

THERE are twenty calculating women in the metrology section of the Commonwealth Ordnance Factory, Melbourne.

Their main job is measuring the thousands of different gauges used in checking the measurements of shells, and it has to be done with an almost incredible degree of accuracy.

Senior among them is Miss Kathleen Perry, former schoolteacher, and Bachelor of Arts, who specialised in languages.

Now she finds she has a calculating mind, and gets a tremendous amount of satisfaction in setting herself new records in accurate measuring with the aid of machines so sensitive that they are exact to a ten-thousandth of an inch.

They remember the merchant seamen

"REALISING the important part played by merchant seamen in the war, members of the Port Adelaide Seamen's Mission Shore Watch Guild are making a special effort to supply them with comforts," said Mrs. G. K. Crouch, wife of Padre Crouch, president of the guild.

Nearly every merchant ship leaving South Australia carries a parcel containing socks, mufflers, cigarettes, sweets, fruit, and reading matter from the Shore Watch Guild, which has a membership of 42 voluntary workers.

Clubroom in City Hall basement

SOLDIERS, sailors, and airmen on leave in Brisbane have been provided with a most comfortable clubroom in the City Hall basement.

There is plenty of reading matter, and amusements include a radio, a piano, ping-pong, a miniature bowling green, and billiards.

Mrs. Mervyn Bunting is president of the women's auxiliary responsible for the running of the room under the direction of the R.S.S.I.L.A. It is her job to see that every day of the week someone is on duty in the rooms.

Those on duty sew for the soldiers, play cards, and chat with them and serve refreshments.

Mrs. Bunting is a member of the Windsor Branch of the Red Cross Society, and also a member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment. In that capacity she often assists with transport work.

Most entertaining are the performances she gives with her own marionettes, with which she has made quite a lot of money for charity.



Mrs. Mervyn Bunting
—Dorothy Coleman

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when Mum so surely guards charm!

GAY PARTY—a pretty new Adress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her party, her night to win romance! But when it came, it was the other girls who laughed and danced, and got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance can't come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odour! This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet to-day there are actually thousands of

girls who court disaster . . . girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odour! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, but that Mum *prevents* odour . . . then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars—more girls everywhere who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day*! You'll like this pleasant cream that's so simple to use, so reliable!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—no time at all—for Mum!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Don't worry about that lovely new dress! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe—you can apply it even after you're dressed.

MUM IS SAFE! With nurses Mum takes first place among all deodorants—proof that Mum is safe. Even after underarm shaving Mum soothes skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odour. Get Mum to-day. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odour! Play safe with Mum!

Obtainable everywhere. *Purse Size, 9d. Regular Size, 1/6; Double Size, 2/6.*

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



ANOTHER USE FOR MUM. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

MUM

takes the odour out of perspiration

A 1713 N

Real Life Stories

Home-made bombs in New Guinea attack

A grass-thatched, bamboo-walled hut, encircled by four acres of cleared ground, was my temporary home on a thirty-foot bank overlooking the Karua River in the wilder parts of the Morobe district in New Guinea.

MY natives and I had put in several months prospecting the Karua for gold with varied results, but had no success in our overtures of friendship toward the wild nomadic kanakas in the vicinity.

To obtain fish, one of our main foods, I made "jam-tin bombs" from discarded tins and gelignite. A reserve of these bombs was made and kept on hand.

One night I was awakened by "Bully," my bulldog, jumping across my chest and growling. I found all my natives clustered around the door of the hut whispering excitedly: "Kanaka 'im'e cum, now you me die finish."

The soft yelping of dogs and the blurred sound of kanaka voices could

just be heard. Probably preparations were in progress for the usual "just before daybreak" attack.

However, we quickly gathered together what "bombs" I had made and all the firearms. We managed to get to the edge of our bank unseen by the kanakas, whom we could just see as vague shadows moving across the dense undergrowth on the opposite bank.

At a low order from me the "bombs" were "touched off" with the firesticks and hurled toward the other bank, then all our guns and rifles were fired in the air. The resultant din made quite a good imitation of a small barrage.

Yells, barking of dogs, the thrashing of thick tropical undergrowth assured us of the hasty retreat of our would-be foes.

51/1/- to W. J. Fordyce, 45 Balgownie Rd., Manly, N.S.W.



"We could just see the wild kanakas on the opposite bank."

Short and Snappy

STRIP TEASE TIGER

I WAS voyaging from Australia to America on the Jeff Davis. A tiger and other animals going to the New York zoo were in the hold.

Sometimes I would tease them by proffering titbits, then drawing them back.

The result was that while standing in front of the tiger's cage dressed only in a pair of pyjamas and light dressing-gown, the beast lunged out and ripped the pyjamas and dressing-gown clean off me. I made for the nearest cabin for a sheet!

10/6 to Mrs. Reece Holland, Royal Pde., South Pascoe Vale, Vic.

SNAKE WON MATCH

I WAS playing cricket about five years ago with Tea Gardens versus Boolambayte. During Boolambayte's innings, of 190 runs, one of the batsmen hit the ball to a fieldsmen close to the wicket. No run would have been scored had a black snake not been curled around the ball. While killing the snake, Boolambayte scored six runs. Incidentally the match was won by six runs. Tea Gardens' score being 184.

2/6 to E. C. Motum, 43 Acheson St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

SUN LEE NO CAN DO

ON a hot day I brought a shirt to our Chinese laundryman. I had to ride the bicycle 13 miles, and I felt like having a drink of water. I asked the Chinaman for it, but he could not understand me.

I then wrote in big printed letters the word "water!" He could not read English. When I made a gesture like drinking he told me: "No hotel."

I said again: "I only want water. I am thirsty." Sun Lee looked on his calendar and said: "No thirstay—today Tuesday."

I gave it up and went off thirsty. 2/6 to A. Cann, Borluma, via Springhurst, Vic.

PIECE IN OUR TIME

DURING the crisis of 1938 I happened to be passing Covent Garden Opera House, London, when some workmen emerged carrying an enormous roll of scenery about 30 feet long. A typical Cockney turned to his friend and said: "Blimey, Bill, look, another blinkin' note from Tiler!"

2/6 to Mrs. L. F. Baverstock, Barkly St., St. Kilda, Vic.

MARK EXPLAINED

A NEIGHBOR was puzzled at a chalk mark on her front gate, and I suggested it was probably a swagman's mark. However, the Chinese greengrocer solved the mystery "Mark Chinese writing. You owe countlyman of mine one and threepence," he said.

2/5 to Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

CATS HAD ENOUGH

A FRIEND of mine suffered from stray cats upsetting and stewing the contents of his dustbin, so one night he electrified it.

The stillness of the night was broken by howl after howl as various stray cats tried the live dustbin, which promptly kicked them across the garden. They never came back for a second dose.

2/6 to Miss M. Wright, Cable Station, Apollo Bay, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.



Passed by French Censor

Spectator Sportswear's "Ministry of Information" releases exciting fashion news that'll set the whole town talking! With refreshingly new style details, here are the casual clothes you wear for informal occasions—yet exciting enough for club, parties and Sunday best. You'll look as if economy never entered your pretty head yet prices are so reasonable it's pleasant to be able to own several.



Spectator
sportswear
CREATED BY LUCAS

French craftsmanship inspired the lovely new knits—in brilliant Autumn colours or muted heather tones.

K. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.

Woman on mine sweeper

DURING the 1914-18 war I was on Gabo Island with my husband, who was relieving light-keeper. We went there just after the mining of the Cumberland. I saw the whole of the mine-sweeping operations.

Gabo Island was the base for the mine-sweepers. Two Government fishing trawlers, the Brolga and Gunandaal, were commissioned by the naval authorities. We used to watch for the signals that told us another mine had been found. I saw eleven of these ghastly things exploded, and though we were miles from where they were exploded it used to cause the windows and crockery to rattle.

When we were ready to leave the island we had some difficulty in getting away through war-time restrictions, and had to get leave from the naval authorities to leave by one of the trawlers.

All day long we swept up and down in rather a heavy sea, but did not find a mine. I was thankful. I think I can claim to be the only woman to have swept for mines in Australian waters, and I am immensely proud to have shared a day of peril with those wonderful men. It is one of my proudest memories.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Brooks, Goold St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

Sleep-walker's adventure

WHILE stopping at a guest-house a few miles outside of Melbourne I almost lost my life through walking in my sleep. At an early hour in the morning I walked out of the bedroom to the balcony, the doors of which were left open this warm evening.

Dreaming that I was walking through a paddock I probably mistook the railing of the balcony for a fence. After getting through the fence I stepped over the side. I was awakened by an awful jolt. I found myself suspended in mid-air by a few strands of creeper, which were twisted around my ankle.

I yelled for help and was released by two fellow-boarders. Had the creeper not held I would have crashed head first to the iron-spiked wall which surrounded the building.

2/6 to A. Thompson, Lawrence St., Vermont, S.A.

The Young Tyrant

Continued from Page 5

"I DON'T insist."

CELIA sat on the play-room floor writing a poem.

"But why would you mind?" she asked for the third time.

"Because," said John suddenly. He was furious with Celia for having told Eleanor about his drawings. Long ago he had stopped showing his drawings to people because they always laughed. Even Celia thought them funny; but he didn't mind that, because Celia believed he intended them to be funny.

"She said my poems were very good," said Celia complacently, adding a flourish to her signature.

She got up off the floor and stood on a chair to look at herself in the small oval mirror which hung high on the wall. For the past hour she had been wearing her hat, because Hugh and Eleanor were taking the children to the circus.

"Let's go downstairs," said Celia, getting off the chair. "Father and mother must be ready by now."

John turned around sharply. "What?"

"I said father and Eleanor must be ready," Celia pushed back her hat and looked at him innocently.

"You didn't. You called her mother."

To his surprise Celia did not look ashamed.

"Well, what if I did?" she said. "Father doesn't mind."

"Of course he doesn't mind!" said John fiercely. "And neither does she. Celia dear, Celia darling, what beautiful poems! But I mind!" shouted John.

Celia was backing towards the door. But she wasn't afraid; her grey eyes were dancing maliciously. "You're afraid to show her your drawings," she said. "Because they're no good, that's why. Because she'd laugh at them. And I'll call her mother if I want to. Mother, mother, mother."

John pushed past Celia and ran downstairs. Behind the back bedroom door the typewriter was still clicking. As he reached the hall he heard the motor, which meant that his father was bringing the car round. John opened the kitchen door and walked through, ignoring Kate.

"Your father's not in the garage," Kate said. "He's taken the car round to the front."

"I'm not going," John said. "Tell them I don't want to see any old circus."

He banged the kitchen door and broke into a run. But before he had reached the shelter of the trees he heard his father calling. Then Celia's voice, shrill and important, and finally Kate's, although he couldn't understand what they were saying. But he heard his father say angrily: "Very well, let him stay at home."

John got up from his crouching position behind a tree. His first thought had been to run away, but he saw now that it was useless. His father would only say: "Very well, let him run away." And Celia would cry a little and then forget about him, just as she always did. My young tyrant. Tyrants didn't run away; they stayed and made other people run away.

It wasn't true that he was afraid to show his pictures to Eleanor. He wouldn't care if she did laugh at them. Even when his father laughed he didn't mind very much, except that he wanted to be an artist, not an engineer like his father, when he grew up.

He went round to the front of the house, to avoid Kate's questions, and climbed the stairs to the play-room. It would have been grand at the circus, with the elephants and clowns. John drew the pad towards him and began to draw a clown. He gave the clown funny feet, balloon trousers and a great big nose. But then he rubbed out the nose and put

in Eleanor's nose, which was short and tilted at the end. He tilted it right up. He drew Eleanor's mouth, only twice as big, and Eleanor's eyes and the eyebrows like birds' wings. When he had finished, the drawing was so like Eleanor and still funny that John laughed out loud. He turned the paper over and started a portrait of Celia.

He was trying to decide whether to make Celia a clown or a bearded lady when someone knocked softly on the door.

"Go away, I'm busy," called John. But when the door opened he looked round in annoyance. Eleanor was standing there with her hat in her hand.

"Working, John?" she asked. "It's nice to have the house all to yourself now and then, isn't it?" He couldn't speak. He stood with his hand over the drawing he had started of Celia, staring in astonishment as Eleanor strolled around the room.

"This is a fine studio you have," she said. "North light and not too much furniture."

"You went to the circus," said John in a rush.

Eleanor nodded. "I left Celia and Hugh there. They were having a lovely time. But I'm like you," she smiled. "I've got other things on my mind." She stood up and walked towards him. "May I see what you're doing, John, or don't you like to show your work?"

"I don't care," he muttered, taking his hand off the head of Celia.

She picked up the paper. "You haven't finished it, have you?" Perceiving against the light that there was something on the other side, she turned the paper over before John could snatch it away.

"It's me," she said, looking at the clown. "Why John! I had no idea—"

John bent his head, overwhelmed with shame. He hadn't meant—yes, he had meant to be nasty, but—

She was laughing! "It's marvellous! I didn't know you were a caricaturist!"

He looked up, amazed to find Eleanor's face shining with excitement. "Let me see some more," she commanded. "If you can do this kind of thing consistently, John, you're just the person I need to do my illustrations. Quick, let me see more."

HE paused with his hand on the chest of drawers. "You mean I could draw pictures for a book? To be published?"

"Certainly. It's a wonderful idea—a book for children, illustrated by a child. Come on, John, bring them all out and let's see."

He lifted out a heavy sheaf of drawings and laid them on the floor. Eleanor sat down and began turning them over with exclamations of delight. Presently John got down on the floor beside her.

It was getting dark when Eleanor stretched and stood up. "You can do it," she said. "But it will mean lots of work, John; lots of afternoons up here when you might be out playing with the other boys."

He looked up at Eleanor and all at once he was conscious of a sense of peace such as he had not experienced since his mother's death. It was plain now why people laughed at his drawings; he was a caricaturist, like Low and Strube, and people like that. His heart swelled with pride and happiness because Eleanor needed him.

"I'd rather do it than anything in the world," he said. He wanted to kiss her but he didn't know how to go about it, so instead he began to caper around the room, shouting.

Eleanor watched him with a smile. She was the eldest of five children, and she understood small boys. How happy Hugh would be, she reflected, to see the transformation of his "difficult" son. Hearing a car, she walked to the window.

"Here they are—Hugh and Celia," she said, and waved. "Shall we go down?"

But when Eleanor turned round she saw that John had stopped prancing. The radiance had gone out of his small face. He shook his head. "You go. I don't want to."

John had forgotten that his father was angry. Now he remembered. The first thing Hugh said, from the door, was: "Young man, I want to speak to you. Alone."

"Oh, but it's tea-time," said Eleanor gaily, "and Celia is bursting

to talk about the circus, I can see that. Let's go down, shall we? John and I have something to tell you, too."

Hugh was looking at something on the table. Now he picked it up and his stern expression changed to one of anger. "John, did you do this?" he asked, holding out the drawing of Eleanor.

"Yes," John said.

"Oh, but Hugh, my dear—" "Please, Eleanor, I'll deal with this. John, I was going to speak to you alone, but you don't deserve to be spared. Ever since Eleanor came into the house you have been rude and sullen to her and to everyone else. Well, since you persist in this behaviour, I am going to do what I should have done long ago! You will go to a boarding school. Perhaps they will teach you how to behave in a civilised manner."

"Yes, father," said John steadily. "And from now on until you leave for school you are to do no more drawing. Do you understand? I forbid you to have a single pencil in this room. You will do your

homework in the sitting-room, where I can watch you."

"Hugh!" Eleanor was staring at him. "You can't do that!"

Hugh met her gaze rigidly. "I'm sorry, Eleanor. I must ask you to remember that John is my son..." At tea Celia described the circus for him. Nobody else said much. And shortly afterwards John went up to bed.

He awoke to hear Celia whispering from the door. "John, come here." She sounded frightened and excited. John got up and went out on to the landing.

"They're quarrelling," Celia said, clutching his sleeve. "It woke me up. Oh, John, I think Eleanor is crying."

He heard the low, clear voice: "...now you've taken from him the one thing that means anything to him. I never dreamed you could be so cruel, so callous!"

When Hugh spoke his voice was bewildered and disturbed. "But I keep telling you, Eleanor, I didn't know he was so set on this. I'm not convinced yet. But of course if you insist—"

Eleanor's voice was curiously dead. "John is, as you pointed out this afternoon, your son, not mine. What I am trying to say is that I can't stay here and face him, day after day, knowing he must blame me for everything. It's selfish, perhaps, but I haven't the courage to do it."

"Eleanor!" Hugh's voice was louder now. "You don't mean that you—"

"It's all your fault," Celia said furiously. "She's going away because you were nasty to her."

"Come to here," John said, pulling Celia into her room. "We'll write Eleanor a letter and slip it under the door early in the morning. You'll have to write it though, because father said I mustn't touch a pencil."

"He didn't! He said—well, all right. What shall I say?"

"Call yourself a writer?" said John scornfully.

"Writing a letter is not so easy as writing poems," said Celia reasonably. She picked up a pencil. "How shall I begin?"

John straightened his shoulders. "Dear mother..." he said.

(Copyright)



BARBARA DEAR! DO COME IN!

MURIEL YOU DO LOOK ATTRACTIVE

THIS IS OUR BEDROOM BARBARA

DELICIOUS! MURIEL EVERYTHING SO SMART AND NEAT

LOVELY AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH, MURIEL, MAKE IT YOURSELF?

YES, AND ISN'T IT SO EASY TO KEEP THEM LOVELY NOWADAYS

I THOUGHT: What a lovely little frock! So smooth and crisp! Expensive material, I'll wager.

MURIEL I WOULD ASK YOU HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR FROCKS AND LINEN SO SMART?

SURELY BY USING A MODERN STARCH BARBARA CLIFTON'S LILYWHITE RICE STARCH

I THOUGHT: Look at that bed-frock! As smooth and glossy as ivory. Wonder how she keeps it that way.

GOOD-BYE, BARBARA DO COME AGAIN SOON

IT IS LIKE TO VERY MUCH MURIEL

I THOUGHT: Is it? I don't find it so easy. I'll simply have to find out her secret.

LOOK AT THEM—LOVELY! AND SO EASY WITH CLIFTON'S THE MODERN SUPERFINE RICE STARCH

IMPORTANT: Most good grocers everywhere stock Clifton's Rice Starch — if yours does not, he can secure supplies for you without delay.

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RICE STARCH

A PRODUCT OF CLIFFORD LOVE & CO. LTD., 77 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

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BRUNITEX Soapless SHAMPOO

You cannot know how truly lovely your hair can be until you have used this amazing shampoo. Try it tonight. It's a secret ingredient that beautifies your hair, gives it the sparkling gleam of light on satin. Your hair becomes smooth, healthy and—alive! You will see the look of amazement on the face of your partner when you become a Brunitex Bruniste!

Goldmans Outfits are Correct in every detail



LADIES' Riding JACKETS, man Tailored, fully lined with best quality SILK. Smart shades of Grey, Fawn, etc. in plain and Check designs. Full range in all Filings. From each ... **32/6**

BRECKETS and JOHNSONS. Smartly cut in saddle-tail, Venetian Twist or Bedford Cord. Large range of shades and Filings. From pair ... **14/11**

BEST Quality CALF WELLINGTON BOOTS, Black or Nigger. Blocked TOPS. Pair ... **26/6**

LADIES' Best Quality CALF ELASTIC SIDE RIDING BOOTS. Pair ... **19/6**

Also in stock Riding Crops, Whips, Spurs, Skull Caps, etc., and full range of Breaches, Jodhpurs, Breeches, etc., for MEN.

WHEN in STONEY or EASTER HILL and see the FULL RANGE of QUALITY RIDING EQUIPMENT of **GOLDMAN & Co. Ltd.** 425 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. (Cor. Market St., in Q.V. Bldg.)

THEN, at a sudden exclamation, a quick "Look at that!" her senses returned.

She opened her eyes and raised her head. She saw what it was the men with the candles were looking at.

A broad ribbon of wet seaweed was hanging down from the ceiling. It was that which, in the darkness, had swayed against her throat. It was that which she had taken for a clammy hand, a drowned hand come back from the dead to squeeze the life out of her.

She began to laugh hysterically. She said:

"It was seaweed—only seaweed—and that's what the smell was."

And then the faintness came over her once more—waves upon waves of sickness. Again someone took her head and forced it between her knees. Aeon of time seemed to pass. They were offering her something to drink—pressing the glass against her lips. She smelled brandy.

She was just about to gulp the spirit gratefully down when, suddenly, a warning note, like an alarm bell, sounded in her brain. She sat up, pushing the glass away.

She said, sharply: "Where did this come from?"

Blore's voice answered. He stared a minute before speaking. He said: "I got it from downstairs."

Vera cried: "I won't drink it!"

There was a moment's silence, then Lombard laughed. He said with appreciation: "Good for you, Vera! You've got your wits about you, even if you have been scared half out of your life. I'll get a fresh bottle that hasn't been opened."

He went swiftly out. Vera said, uncertainly: "I'm all right, now. I'll have some water."

Armstrong supported her as she struggled to her feet. She went over to the basin, away and clutching at him for support. She let the cold tap run and then filled the glass.

Blore said, resentfully: "That brandy's all right."

Armstrong said: "How do you know?"

Blore said, angrily: "I didn't put anything in it. That's what you're getting at, I suppose."

Armstrong said: "I'm not saying you did. You might have done, or someone might have tampered with the bottle for just this emergency."

Lombard came swiftly back into the room. He had a new bottle of brandy in his hands, and a cork-screw.

He thrust the sealed bottle under Vera's nose. "There you are, my girl. Absolutely no deception." He peeled off the tin-foil and drew the cork. "Lucky there's a good supply of spirits in the house. Thoughtful of U. N. Owen."

Vera shuddered violently.

Armstrong held the glass while Philip poured the brandy into it. He said: "You'd better drink this, Miss Claythorne. You've had a nasty shock."

Vera drank a little of the spirit. The color came back to her face.

Lombard said, with a laugh: "Well, here's one murder that hasn't gone according to plan!"

Vera said, almost in a whisper: "You think—that was what was meant?"

Lombard nodded. "Expected you to pass out through fright... Some people would have, wouldn't they, doctor?"

Armstrong did not commit himself. He said doubtfully: "I'm, impossible to say. Young, healthy subject—no cardiac weakness. Unlikely. On the other hand—"

He picked up the glass of brandy that Blore had brought. He dipped a finger in it, tasted it gingerly. His expression did not alter. He said dubiously: "I'm, tastes all right."

Blore stepped forward angrily. He said: "If you're saying that I tampered with that I'll knock your block off."

Vera, her wits revived by the brandy, made a diversion by saying: "Where's the jugger?"

The three men looked at one another.

"That's odd. Thought he came up with us."

Blore said: "So did I... What about it, doctor? You came up the stairs behind me."

Armstrong said: "I thought he was following me. Of course, he'd be bound to go slower than we did. He's an old man."

They looked at one another again. Lombard said: "It's infernally odd."

Blore cried: "We must look for him!"

He started for the door. The others followed him, Vera last.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 6

As they went down the stairs, Armstrong said over his shoulder: "Of course he may have stayed in the living-room."

They crossed the hall. Armstrong called out loudly: "Wargrave, Wargrave, where are you?"

There was no answer. A deadly silence filled the house, apart from the gentle patter of the rain.

Then, in the entrance to the drawing-room door Armstrong stopped dead. The others crowded up and looked over his shoulder. Somebody cried out:

Mr. Justice Wargrave was sitting in his high-backed chair at the end of the room. Two candles burned, one on either side of him. But what shocked and startled the on-lookers was the fact that he sat there robed in scarlet, with a judge's wig upon his head.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG

motioned to the others to keep back. He himself walked across to the silent, staring figure, reeling a little as he walked, like a drunken man.

He bent forward, peering into the still face. Then, with a swift movement, he raised the wig. It fell to the floor, revealing the high, bald forehead, with, in the very middle, a round stained mark from which something had trickled. Doctor Armstrong raised the lifeless hand and felt for the pulse. Then he turned to the others.

He said—and his voice was expressionless, dead, far away—"He's been shot."

Blore said: "The revolver!"

Doctor Armstrong said, still in the same lifeless voice: "Got him right through the head. Instantaneous."

Vera stooped to the wig. She said—and her voice shook with horror: "Miss Brent's missing grey wool."

Blore said: "And the scarlet curtain that was missing from the bathroom?"

Vera whispered: "So this is what they wanted them for."

Suddenly Philip Lombard laughed—a high, unnatural laugh.

"Five little nigger boys going in for law; one got in Chancery and then there were four. That's the

end of Mr. Justice Wargrave. No more pronouncing sentence for him! No more putting on of the black cap! Here's the last time he'll ever sit in court! No more summing up and sending innocent men to death. How Edward Seaton would laugh if he were here! How he'd laugh!"

His outburst shocked and startled the others.

Vera cried: "Only this morning you said he was the one!"

Philip Lombard's face changed—soured. He said in a low voice: "I know I did. Well, I was wrong. Here's one more of us who's been proved innocent—too late!"

They had carried Mr. Justice Wargrave up to his room and laid him on the bed. Then they had come down again and had stood in the hall, looking at one another.

Blore said heavily: "What do we do now?"

Lombard said briskly: "Have something to eat. We've got to eat, you know."

Once again they went into the kitchen. Again they opened a tin of tongue. They ate mechanically, almost without tasting.

Vera said: "I shall never eat tongue again."

They finished the meal. They sat round the kitchen table staring at one another.

Blore said: "Only four now. Who'll be next?"

Armstrong stared. He said, almost mechanically: "We must be very careful—" and stopped.

Blore nodded. "That's what he said. And now he's dead!"

Armstrong said: "How did it happen, I wonder?"

Lombard swore. He said: "A pretty clever double-cross! That stuff was planted in Miss Claythorne's room, and it worked just as it was intended to. Everyone dashes up there, thinking she's being murdered. And so, in the confusion, someone caught the old boy off his guard."

Blore said: "Why didn't anyone hear the shot?"

Lombard shook his head. "Miss Claythorne was screaming, the wind was howling, we were running about and calling out. No, it wouldn't be heard."

Please turn to page 58

JUST ANNOUNCED! There have been felicitations in plenty for Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Dawson's daughter Jean (of Bondi, Sydney), who has announced her betrothal to Phillip, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burton (of St. Kilda, Melbourne). The bridal home will be in Sydney. The marriage will take place at an early date.

Engaged for months

BUT STILL NO TALK OF WEDDING BELLS...

DARLING, LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF US IN THE 'BULLETIN.' YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY LOVELY! WE'RE GOING TO BE SO HAPPY TOGETHER!

BUT TIME AND TIME AGAIN THIS HAPPENED.

JEAN, THE MARTINS WANT US TO GO OVER FOR TENNIS THIS AFTERNOON. FEEL LIKE IT?

NO--I'M TOO TIRED. I'M WASHED OUT TODAY. I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN.

THINKS: 'I'M TOO TIRED AGAIN! SHE'S ALWAYS TOO TIRED LATELY. I CAN'T MAKE HER OUT. IS OUR ENGAGEMENT A MISTAKE?'

MRS. DAWSON, I WONDER IF YOU COULD HAVE A TALK TO JEAN. SHE'S ALWAYS SO TIRED AND LISTLESS LATELY.

I'VE NOTICED IT TOO, PHIL. I'LL HAVE A GOOD HEART-TO-HEART CHAT WITH HER THIS AFTERNOON. SHE OUGHT TO SEE THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR'S SURGERY. WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. HEART, LUNGS, GO ON WITH THEIR WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, THEN YOU WAKE TIRED, YOU GET RUN DOWN, GET NERVOUS AND IRRITATED. THIS IS CAUSED BY NIGHT STARVATION. MY ADVICE IS, DRINK HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED.

AND SO EVERY NIGHT.

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

DO YOU GET THAT HEAVY, TIRED FEELING? DO YOU FEEL RUN DOWN, NERVOUS?

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COLONEL RICH: A cotton-planter, whose daughter,
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JEFF: Dot's sweetheart since childhood, Mandrake becomes interested in a sensational story of hidden treasure and a one-time pirates' hide-out by the river. A pirate ghost,
OL' JEAN: Is also said to haunt the plantation, and Mandrake resolves to investigate. **NOW READ ON:**



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SYDNEY.

HE paused. "But that trick's not going to work again. He'll have to try something else next time."

Blore said: "He probably will." There was an unpleasant tone in his voice. The two men eyed each other.

Armstrong said: "Four of us, and we don't know which—"

Blore said: "I know."

Vera said: "I haven't the least doubt."

Armstrong said slowly: "I suppose I do know really."

Philip Lombard said: "I think I've got a pretty good idea now."

Again they all looked at one another.

Vera staggered to her feet. She said: "I feel awful. I must go to bed. I'm dead beat."

Lombard said: "Might as well. No good sitting watching one another."

Blore said: "I've no objection."

The doctor murmured: "The best thing to do—although I doubt if any of us will sleep."

They moved to the door. Blore said: "I wonder where that revolver is now?"

They went up the stairs.

The next move was a little like a

scene in a farce. Each one of the four stood with a hand on his or her bedroom-door handle.

Then, as though at a signal, each one stepped into the room and pulled the door shut. There were sounds of bolts and locks, of the moving of furniture. Four frightened people were barricaded in until morning.

Philip Lombard drew a breath of relief as he turned from adjusting a chair under the door handle. He strolled across to the dressing-table. By the light of the flickering candle he studied his face curiously.

He said softly to himself: "Yes, this business has got you rattled all right." His sudden wolflike smile flashed out.

He undressed quickly. He went over to the bed, placing his wrist-watch on the table by the bed. Then he opened the drawer of the table.

He stood there, staring down at the revolver that was inside it.

Vera Claythorne lay in bed. The candle still burned beside her. As yet she could not summon the

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from page 56

courage to put it out. She was afraid of the dark.

She told herself again and again: "You're all right until morning. Nothing happened last night. Nothing will happen to-night. Nothing can happen. You're locked and bolted in. No one can come near you."

And she thought suddenly: Of course, I can stay here. Stay here, locked in. Food doesn't really matter. I can stay here, safely, till help comes. Even if it's a day, or two days—

Stay here. Yes, but could she stay here? Hour after hour, with no one to speak to, with nothing to do but think. She'd begin to think of Cornwall—of Hugo—of what she'd said to Cyril. Horrid, whiny little boy, always pestering her.

"Why can't I swim out to the rock?"

I can. I know I can."

Was it her voice that had answered? "Of course you can, Cyril, really. I know that."

"Can I go, then Miss Claythorne?"

"Well, you see, Cyril, your mother gets so nervous about you. I'll tell you what. To-morrow you can swim out to the rock. I'll talk to your mother on the beach and distract her attention. And then, when she looks for you, there you'll be, standing on the rock waving to her! It will be a surprise!"

"Oh, good egg, Miss Claythorne! That will be a lark!"

SHED said it now. To-morrow! Hugo was going to Newquay. When he came back it would be all over.

Yes, but supposing it wasn't? Supposing it went wrong? Cyril might be rescued in time. And then—then he'd say: "Miss Claythorne said I could." Well, what of it? One must take some risk. If the worst happened, she'd brazen it out. "How can you tell such a wicked lie, Cyril?" Of course, I never said any such thing!" They'd believe her all right. Cyril often told stories. He was an untruthful child. Cyril would know, of course. But that didn't matter. And, anyway, nothing would go wrong. She'd pretend to swim out after him. But she'd arrive too late. Nobody would ever suspect.

Had Hugo suspected? Was that why he had looked at her in that queer, far-off way? Had Hugo known? Was that why he had gone off after the inquest so hurriedly? He hadn't answered the one letter she had written to him. Hugo, Vera turned restlessly in bed. No, no, she mustn't think of Hugo.

It hurt too much! That was all over—over and done with. Hugo must be forgotten. Why, this evening, had she suddenly felt that Hugo was in the room with her?

She stared up at the ceiling, stared at the big black hook in the middle of the room. She'd never noticed that hook before. The seaweed had hung from that.

She shivered as she remembered that cold, clammy touch on her neck. She didn't like that hook on the ceiling. It drew your eyes, fascinated you—a big black hook.

Ex-Inspector Blore sat on the side of his bed.

Please turn to page 59



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EYE CULTURE

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 58

DOWNSTAIRS a clock struck two. Blore's thoughts were cut short. He sat up on the bed, suddenly alert. For he had heard a sound—a very faint sound—somewhere outside his bedroom door.

There was someone moving about in the darkened house.

The perspiration broke out on his forehead. Who was it, moving secretly and silently along the corridors? Someone who was up to no good, he'd bet that.

Noislessly, in spite of his heavy build, he dropped off the bed and with two strides was standing by the door, listening. But the sound did not come again. Nevertheless, Blore was convinced that he was not mistaken. He had heard a foot-fall just outside his door. The hair rose slightly on his scalp. He knew fear again. Someone creeping about stealthily in the night. He listened, but the sound was not repeated.

And now a new temptation assailed him. He wanted, desperately, to go out and investigate. If he could only see who it was, prowling about in the darkness.

But to open his door would be the action of a fool. Very likely that was exactly what the other was waiting for. He might even have meant Blore to hear what he had heard, counting on him coming out to investigate.

Blore stood rigid, listening. He could hear sounds everywhere now—cracks, rustles, mysterious whispers—but his dogged, realistic brain knew them for what they were—the creations of his own heated imagination.

And then suddenly he heard something that was not imagination. Footsteps, very soft, very cautious, but plainly audible to a man listening with all his ears, as Blore was listening. They came softly along the corridor—both Lombard's and Armstrong's rooms were farther from the stairhead than his. They passed his door without hesitating or faltering.

And as they did so Blore made up his mind. He meant to see who it was. The footsteps had definitely passed his door, going to the stairs. Where was the man going?

When Blore acted, he acted quickly; surprisingly so for a man who looked so heavy and slow. He tiptoed back to the bed, slipped matches into his pocket, detached the plug of the electric lamp by his bed, and picked it up, winding the cord round it. It was a chromium affair with a heavy ebony base—a useful weapon.

He sprinted noiselessly across the room, removed the chair from under the door handle and with precaution unlocked and unbolted the door. He stepped out into the corridor. There was a faint sound in the hall below. Blore ran noiselessly in his stockinged feet to the head of the stairs.

At that moment he realised why it was he had heard all these sounds so clearly. The wind had died down completely and the sky must have cleared. There was faint moonlight coming in through the landing window, and it illuminated the hall below.

Blore had an instantaneous glimpse of a figure just passing out through the front door.

In the act of running down the stairs in pursuit, he paused. Once

again, he had nearly made a fool of himself. This was a trap, perhaps, to lure him out of the house.

But what the other man didn't realise was that he had made a mistake, had delivered himself neatly into Blore's hands. For, of the three tenanted rooms upstairs, one must now be empty. All that had to be done was to ascertain which.

Blore went swiftly back along the corridor. He paused first at Doctor Armstrong's door and tapped. There was no answer. He waited a minute, then went on to Philip Lombard's room.

Here the answer came at once: "Who's there?"

"It's Blore. I don't think Armstrong is in his room. Wait a minute."

He went on to the door at the end of the corridor. Here he tapped again.

"Miss Claythorne. Miss Claythorne."

Vera's voice, startled, answered him: "Who is it? What's the matter?"

"It's all right, Miss Claythorne. Wait a minute. I'll come back."

He raced back to Lombard's room. The door opened as he did so. Lombard stood there. He held a candle in his left hand. He had pulled on his trousers over his pyjamas. His right hand rested in the pocket of his pyjama jacket.

He said sharply: "What's all this?"

Blore explained rapidly. Lombard's

PUNISHMENT

I laughed at your discom-

figure

When you were only four.

I pulled the tiny pigtail.

Of "that funny kid next door."

I used to snatch the satin bow

That perched upon your head.

Then laughed at your discom-

figure

Because your face grew red.

I used to call you "Ginger."

But now one wayward curl

Can twine itself around my

heart

And set me in a whirl,

And just to ask you for a

dance

Is torture most divine.

I laughed at your discom-

figure

But now you laugh at mine.

—Elsie Pearson.

eyes lit up. "Armstrong, eh? So he's our pigeon!" He moved along to Armstrong's door. "Sorry, Blore, but I don't take anything on trust."

He rapped sharply on the panel. "Armstrong—Armstrong."

There was no answer.

Lombard dropped to his knees and peered through the keyhole. He inserted his little finger gingerly into the lock. He said: "Key's not in the door on the inside."

Blore said: "That means he locked it on the outside and took it with him."

Philip nodded. "Ordinary precaution to take. We'll get him, Blore. This time, we'll get him! Half a second."

He raced along to Vera's room.

"Vera,"
"Yes."
"We're hunting Armstrong. He's out of his room. Whatever you do, don't open your door. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand."
"If Armstrong comes along and says that I've been killed, or Blore's been killed, pay no attention. See? Only open your door if both Blore and I speak to you. Got that?"

Vera said: "Yes. I'm not a complete fool."

Lombard said: "Good."

He joined Blore. He said: "And now, after him! The hunt's up!"

Blore said: "We'd better be careful. He's got a revolver, remember."

Philip Lombard, racing down the stairs, chuckled. He said: "That's where you're wrong. He undid the front door, remarking: 'Latch pushed back, so that he could get in again easily.' He went on: 'I've got that revolver!' He took it half out of his pocket as he spoke. 'Found it put back in my drawer to-night.'"

BLORE stopped dead on the doorstep. His face changed. Philip Lombard saw it. He said impatiently: "Don't be a fool, Blore! I'm not going to shoot you! Go back and barricade yourself in if you like! I'm off after Armstrong."

He started off into the moonlight. Blore, after a minute's hesitation, followed him.

He thought to himself: I suppose I'm asking for it. But after all—

After all, he had tackled criminals armed with revolvers before now. Whatever else he lacked, Blore did not lack courage. Show him the danger and he would tackle it pluckily. He was not afraid of danger in the open, only of danger undefined and tinged with the supernatural.

Vera, left to await results, got up and dressed. She glanced over once or twice at the door. It was a good solid door. It was both bolted and locked and had an oak chair wedged under the handle. It could not be broken open by force. Certainly not by Doctor Armstrong. He was not a physically powerful man.

If she were Armstrong, intent on murder, it was cunning that she would employ, not force. She amused herself by reflecting on the means he might employ. He might, as Philip had suggested, announce that one of the two other men was dead. Or he might possibly pretend to be mortally wounded himself, might drag himself groaning to her door.

There were other possibilities. He might inform her that the house was on fire. More, he might actually set the house on fire. Yes, that would be a possibility. Lure the two other men out of the house, then, having previously laid a trail of petrol, he might set alight to it. And she, like an idiot, would remain barricaded in her room until it was too late.

She crossed over to the window. Not too bad. At a pinch, one could escape that way. It would mean a drop, but there was a handy flower bed.

She sat down, and, picking up her diary, began to write in it in a clear, flowing hand. One must pass the time.

Suddenly she stiffened to attention. She had heard a sound. It was, she thought, a sound like breaking glass. And it came from somewhere downstairs. She listened hard, but the sound was not repeated.

She heard, or thought she heard, stealthy sounds of footsteps, the creak of stairs, the rustle of garments, but there was nothing definite, and she concluded, as Blore had done earlier, that such sounds had their origin in her own imagination.

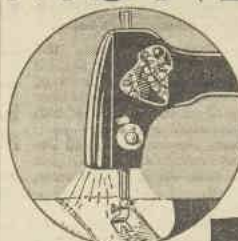
But presently she heard sounds of a more concrete nature. People moving about downstairs, the murmur of voices. Then the very decided sound of someone mounting the stairs, doors opening and shutting, feet going up to the attic overhead. More noises from there.

Finally the steps came along the passage. Lombard's voice said: "Vera? You all right?"

"Yes. What's happened?"
Blore's voice said: "Will you let us in?"

To be continued

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ TOWER OF LONDON

Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff. (Universal.)

I WON'T guarantee that this film is accurate in every historical detail. But it re-creates the atmosphere of medieval England most effectively.

That is the charm of this interesting and colorful melodrama. Add, too, the characterisations of members of the rival Royal houses of York and Lancaster, with the fortunes of which the story deals.

The film recounts at a leisurely pace the scheming of Crookback

Richard (Basil Rathbone), the King's brother, to reach the English throne. Richard keeps the favor of his Royal brother, while he contrives the deaths of all heirs ahead of him in the succession.

The deaths are carried out by beheading, drowning, smothering, per favor of a hero-worshipping horror, Boris Karloff.

The film lacks sweep and virile action. Practically all events take place indoors—inside the Tower of London. This grim structure houses both the Royal residence and the dungeons—comprehensively equipped with torturing devices.

But there isn't anything very "horrible" in the film. It shows without gruesome detail occasional glimpses of victims spreadeagled on the racks.

Basil Rathbone plays chief villain ably and expressively. But Ian Hunter, as King Edward, is the surprise. He is thoroughly likeable and natural, despite the fact that he is, at moments, as heartless as his Machiavellian brother. John Sutton as the young man who finally brings about Richard's downfall is a pleasant but unimportant addition to the action.—Capitol; showing.



TWO STARS of the silent screen, Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford, go hand in hand to a Hollywood premiere. Lillian may return to movies in "Silver Glory," which she is writing.



BASIL RATHBONE as the sinister Crookback Richard III of England in a scene from "Tower of London," now at the Capitol.

Shows Still Running

- ★ ★ ★ The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor. Liberty, 15th week.
- ★ ★ The Housekeeper's Daughter. Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, in madcap burlesque thriller. Mayfair, 4th week.
- ★ ★ The Amazing Mr. Williams. Melvyn Douglas, Joan Blondell, in amusing comedy thriller. State, 3rd week.
- ★ ★ The Real Glory. Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, in exciting adventure drama. Regent, 2nd week.
- ★ ★ The Roaring Twenties. James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, in strong drama of America's prohibition days. Plaza, 2nd week.
- ★ ★ Disputed Passage. Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, in human and colorful romantic drama. Prince Edward, 2nd week.
- ★ ★ Another Thin Man. William Powell, Myrna Loy, in amusing murder mystery. St. James, 2nd week.
- ★ ★ Four Wives. Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, in pleasant domestic drama. Century, 2nd week.

Matinees at 2.15.

NEW TIVOLI

Evenings at 8.

WILL MAHONEY DOES THE "HAT TRICK" in this appropriately titled musical revue and the PINNIST SHOW this "IMP RITUAL" has offered in his two previous RECORD REVIEWS at the Tivoli. He will have with him EVIE BAYES—The Voice of the Air—SCOTTY SANDERS—the quaint Scottish Humorist—BENNY GRAYES—the Mystic Man from Mexico. JOHNNY HYMES, N.Y. Topical Tilt. PAUL SPEAR, The Spectacular Twisting Twister, and a new Cavalcade of International Dicks.

Our Film Gradings

- ★ ★ ★ Excellent
- ★ ★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

HERO FOR A DAY

Charles Grapewin, Dick Foran. (Universal.)

THIS is a bewildering story of a football hero of thirty-five years ago, who is now a nightwatchman and ashamed of his lowly occupation. This role is played by Charles Grapewin.

A team from his former University arrives in town to play the local boys. Posing as a wealthy contractor, Charles welcomes the visitors. So he tastes for a while his former glory.

His niece, Anita Louise, marshals Charley around, and falls in love with cocksure young visitor, Dick Foran.

Yes, the football match does get played, and is won by the right side, but who cares?

Best point to this tedious drama is the fact that some of the final sequences have been very obviously "cut" for Australian audiences.

I suspect you have thus been saved from a good deal of heroics, as well as some football. But even more "cutting" would have improved the film.—Capitol; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



IN "UNTAMED" RAY MILLAND PLAYS THE ROLE OF A DISREPUTABLE SOUSE — AIDED ONLY BY A FEW BOTTLES OF COLD TEA.

BINKIE, SCOTCH TERRIER IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" HAS TO WEAR MAKE-UP ON HIS NOSE — IT'S FAR TOO SHINY.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AS soon as Ingrid Bergman returns to Hollywood from Sweden, David Selznick will star her in "Joan of Arc." Miss Bergman's Hollywood debut in "Intermezzo" was so successful that Selznick is anxious to start her in a new film. She returned to her native Stockholm for a holiday several months ago, but has cabled Selznick a promise to return by the first available Transatlantic clipper.

her Broadway play, "The Philadelphia Story," would be suspended for at least a month.

ERROL FLYNN has reluctantly sold his aeroplane. His daring exploits in mid-air have kept his studio in a constant state of anxiety. When he scared the "Virginia City" company out of its wits by flying to join them on location and making a precarious landing on a ploughed field, the studio manager stepped in and impounded the plane for the duration of the picture. Errol sold it a few days later.

GENE RAYMOND hasn't been making many pictures lately, but he's been working hard at his music, composing several songs. Two of them, "Angelita" and "My Serenade," will be introduced by his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, on her concert tour. Jeanette introduced another of her husband's songs, "Let Me Always Sing," on her tour last year.

RICHARD GREENE and Virginia Field are serious. They have bought a house, and will get married any day now.

CECIL DE MILLE is certainly gathering up a million dollar cast for his forthcoming epic, "North-west Mounted Police." Gary Cooper has just been added to the stellar group, which already includes Joel McCrea, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Preston, Lloyd Nolan, and Akim Tamiroff.

The picture will start production in a few weeks. Miss Carroll has left for England to persuade her parents to return with her to Hollywood. She took along several trunks of sweaters and other knitted garments made by a group she organized among studio make-up women and hairdressers for the youngsters who are now occupying her home in France.

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S appendix is causing her trouble. She doesn't want to undergo an operation, as that would mean that

VIVIEN LEIGH and Laurence Olivier have had to postpone their Shakespearean tour. They are both eager to get on the road to play "Romeo and Juliet" together, but Vivien has been assigned the starring role in "Waterloo Bridge" and Laurence is going into "Pride and Prejudice."

They will be married as soon as they are both legally free.

IN her new picture, "It Happened in Kalooka," Deanna Durbin will wear no fewer than twenty-eight complete outfits. The wardrobe will include eight evening gowns, sports outfits, negligees, lounging pajamas, and other attire suitable for Deanna's role as the daughter of a rich actress. The latter part, incidentally, will be played by Kay Francis.

THICK RICH FRUITY DELICIOUS

Use H.P. SAUCE The World's Finest Fruit Sauce A LEA & PERRINS PRODUCT

You can feel YOUNGER

Youthful feeling does not depend upon the number of years, but upon the state of your body, brain, heart and nerves. You can now quickly feel younger and banish the effects of premature Old Age with WINCARNIS—the famous "No Waiting Tonic". Its wonderful health-bringing benefits have earned over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. It is called the "No Waiting Tonic" because the first glass does you good—lifts you mentally and physically. You regain youthful sparkle, alertness and brightness, vitality and vigour come back—you feel and act younger. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of Vitamins essential to health. It never becomes a habit, and a long course is not necessary! Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, and know how it feels to be well again.

Complexion by MORNAY



Sold by all retailers of quality perfumery at 2/6 full size box.

Many years ago the women of Australia set the seal of their approval on Mornay Face Powder. But import duty and rate of exchange raised prices. Mornay have therefore introduced a more practical box with the CONTENTS AND QUALITY UNCHANGED.

June Roses Complexion Powder is Made in England by MORNAY, REGENT STREET, LONDON

The Movie World

March 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

Surprising new roles for these actresses

IN their first films for 1940 Ginger Rogers, Anna Neagle, and Irene Dunne have roles that will surprise fans.

Ginger plays heavy drama for the first time, in "The Primrose Path," story of an illiterate daughter of a New York slum family who earns her living as a truck-driver.

More, to meet this role, Ginger has dyed her hair brown, dresses in shabby clothes, wears no make-up, and speaks in the slang of the slums.

Ginger's entire wardrobe in this film cost the studio just \$5. Her most expensive dress was bought for ten shillings!

It takes the studio hairdresser just two minutes each morning to dress her hair in its two straight pigtales.

Then English star Anna Neagle has her first modern role in over three years in the musical comedy, "Irene." As Irene, poor

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER,
in Hollywood



GINGER ROGERS, as she appears in her first serious drama, "The Primrose Path," RKO version of famous stage play of the same name.



ANNA NEAGLE returns to glamor in RKO's modern musical comedy, "Irene."



IRENE DUNNE in seafaring attire for "My Favorite Wife," comedy drama, which is Irene's first film for 1940.

girl who becomes a mannequin on Broadway, she wears exciting model gowns. RKO dress designers worked for months on her wardrobe before production began on the film.

Anna sings for the first time to American audiences in this film.

Her brother, Stewart Robertson, English baritone, was brought over from London to sing with her.

For her role as the woman explorer in "My Favorite Wife," sophisticate Irene Dunne slouches in men's trousers and windproof jacket, and cocks a sailor's cap over one eye.

Her return to civilisation, where she finds her husband remarried, brings about a glamorous change of attire in later scenes.

These actresses have not yet completed their films. They are working practically side by side on adjacent lots at RKO. They hope that the public will like them in their new roles. And if I know anything about these girls and their ability, you will not be disappointed.



TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT — Shows soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.

RIGHT — Shows special Colimated "foam" shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair....

BUT NOT WITH SOAP!

How sensible you are! And how attractive your hair looks! You're not taking any risks with artificial driers and scorching blowers that would parch your scalp and leave it tight and itchy, and your hair dull, coarse and "flat".

None of those cheap, sticky "bought in bulk" shampoos for you. No rushing, tearing here and there to keep hair appointments. No! You wash your own hair in the privacy of your bathroom, confident that your wonderful Colimated "foam" Shampoo can work its thrilling beauty-magic on your hair.

Every woman who values the full youthful beauty of her hair delights in washing it herself... to feel the magic pure-cleansing bubbles foam deep down amongst the hair roots, and revel in the lovely loosened-

up feeling of a refreshed scalp. Just a little of this luxurious Colimated "foam" Shampoo is plenty to give a rich sparkling foam (5 times more foam than alkali-laden soap). Then watch how quickly one rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, "oily-film" and acid perspiration... and then dry it yourself with Nature's own Sun and Wind... Certain that nothing can spoil its natural radiance.

So you discover... a more vivid you, hair so soft... with a burnished sheen like beaten gold!

Insist on Colimated "foam" Shampoo. Get some from your chemist or store to-day... A bottle gives many wave preserving shampoos. Its results will thrill you, and you'll soon know why it's Australia's biggest selling shampoo!

JUDY GARLAND wants to play great drama

16-YEAR-OLD SANG HER WAY FROM SMALL-TOWN THEATRES TO LEADS IN SCREEN MUSICALS

By JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

JUDY GARLAND won her star place in Hollywood because she can sing swing more rhythmically than anybody else.

But singing is not Judy's passion.

Her ambition is to be a great actress, and she would forgo the pleasure of ever singing another screen song for the chance to become an Academy Award winner.

She is very impatient because studio executives just chuckle when she pleads for serious dramatic training.

They tell her she has plenty of time for that. She is still just a child to them. But not to Judy.

Sweet sixteen, and still at school, she can already look back on a lifetime of acting experience.

Most girls at her age are just beginning to wonder about the future. Is it to be college, a career—or isn't it best just to concen-

trate on an early marriage? I think it will be a career for Judy.

Boy friends are fun! And Judy, like any other young girl of her age, is beginning to enjoy male companionship. But popular Judy often finds herself spending the evening with a gang instead of alone with the heart-throb of the moment. It's so difficult to say no to a nice boy who wants to come over for a couple of hours, so mother is consulted and the perfect solution found.

The whole crowd is invited to the house, and mother comes through with sandwiches, cakes and soda pop, and a gay time is had by all.

There are two young men, however, who never appear at the same Garland party together—Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper. Both are very close friends of Judy, but Judy thinks it wise to keep this temperamental pair apart.

There's little doubt that the dynamic Mickey is first in the affections of dark-eyed Judy. Judy and Mickey are a jitterbug team that make swing music sizzle. Mickey is a demon at the keyboard. He sings, and composes, and Judy is a most enthusiastic audience.

Being all of 16 herself, Judy, of course, feels awfully grown-up compared with boys like Mickey and Jackie. She thinks they are

swell and great fun, but just kids, after all.

The big tragedy of Judy's young life was the marriage of Clark Gable to Carole Lombard. She's hardly recovered from it yet, and she still adores Clark as she never has anyone else.

You may remind her that she once said the same of Robert Donat. But Judy will be quick to explain that, while she still admires Mr. Donat tremendously, it wasn't the same feeling she cherishes for Clark Gable.

Judy has no father. He died some years ago. Roger Eden, the young composer who coaches her and works with her on all her music, gives her the fatherly advice and companionship she misses.

Another important friend is Leonard Sues, an old school chum. Romance doesn't enter into their relationship at all, but Judy knows she can always count on Leonard to take her some place if no one else is on hand.

In fact, Leonard hesitates to make a date for himself without first finding out if Judy might need him for that evening.

Judy's earliest memories go back to the stage. Her mother and father appeared in vaudeville, then became motion picture exhibitors.



● Judy Garland, MGM juvenile swing star, looking lovely and almost grown-up in her gipsy skirt and blouse—challenge to adult movie beauties.

convinced Judy that she ought to sing for Rosen. When he heard Judy sing "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart," he drew up a contract.

Incidentally, Judy made another friend at Lake Tahoe—Lee Conn, a fiddler in the orchestra. She had lots of fun with him swimming, and introduced him to her sister Sue. Now Sue and he are married and Lee is playing in a Hollywood orchestra.

A few years later she did the right thing by Virginia as well. While engaged in radio work Judy met Bob Sherwood, who played the guitar. Judy thought Bob was nice, and brought him home to dinner. Bob and Virginia clicked, and now they are the proud parents of little Judy Sherwood.

Sue and Virginia think Judy is the right kind of kid sister to have. Judy loves all her family so much that she has them housed under one handsome roof, and a very happy home it is.

The Gumm family (that Judy's real name) consists of Suzanne, Virginia, and Judy. Mrs. Gumm and her three daughters all have bright brown eyes. While mother is rather short and inclined to plumpness, Sue and Virginia are pencil-slim, and Judy is anxiously hoping that she soon will be, too.

At an early age, the three Gumm sisters went into vaudeville.

Judy's ability to make friends was responsible for her eventual break into movies. At a summer resort, Lake Tahoe, she met Lew Brown, the song-writer. He liked the child's sense of humor and introduced her to his friend Al Rosen, an important agent.

Sue and Virginia saw the big chance, and



ASHLEY WILKES, in David O. Selznick's famous "Gone With the Wind," is played by his first choice, Leslie Howard, who travelled from England for the film.



AUNT PITY PAT has brought new comedy laurels to that veteran actress and dramatic coach, Laura Hope Crews, whose selection was never in doubt.



MELANIE, as portrayed by Olivia de Havilland, who was borrowed from Warner Bros. for the role, and is being praised as the perfect type for Scarlett's rival.

"GONE WITH the WIND" . . .

AFTER THREE AND A HALF YEARS, MARGARET MITCHELL'S BEST-SELLING NOVEL IS NOW ON THE SCREEN

From
CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

AS I write this, "Gone With the Wind" is being shown in 85 American cities. Margaret Mitchell's best-selling novel has reached its film public.

And the verdict? It was worth waiting three and a half years for such a triumph!

Audiences agree with the Press critics in welcoming Vivien Leigh as the perfect Scarlett O'Hara. The little English girl is astoundingly like the book's heroine in appearance, and conveys all her ruthlessness, coquetry, courage, and fire.

Millions delighted

AS you and I and all the other millions of readers hoped he would be, Clark Gable is Rhett Butler to the life.

David O. Selznick's "Gone With the Wind" follows Margaret Mitchell's novel line by line, and page by page. As one critic puts it, "the film starts at page one, chapter one, and continues to the very end and final bit of dialogue."

The story is told in brilliant technicolor—a fact which contributes generously to its overwhelmingly dramatic spell. I myself saw the film at Hollywood's Press review—with 899 other hard-boiled writers who were determined not to be swept away.

Instead, the most obstinate audience a film could have thrilled and wept and cheered and applauded. "Gone With the Wind" could have no more significant tribute than that!

You will have heard a tremendous amount about the length of "Gone With the Wind." It runs for three hours and forty minutes. But it does not seem nearly as long. There is an

intermission in the film at the logical point—on the return of Scarlett to the ruined Tara, after the fall of Atlanta.

Producer D. O. Selznick must be the happiest person in the motion-picture industry. The initial flood of praise for "Gone With the Wind" was, of course, tremendously important. Now, the money is talking. Box-office receipts are totalling thousands of dollars in every theatre every week. Already, Selznick can see the repayment of its \$1,000,000 costs in sight.

And do you know what is his most treasured possession to-day? A handsome cigarette case, with a glowing inscription, which was sent to him after the Atlanta premiere by shy author Margaret Mitchell.

The Atlanta world-premiere itself, with its four-day celebrations, its constellation of stars, its balls, processions, and excitement, is now past history.

But one thing is still vivid—the impression which Clark Gable made upon that tumultuous, crowded city. Gable walked round the streets, mingled with the people, signed autographs, and behaved with the utmost friendliness.

Gable met author

THE nicest story out of Atlanta concerns Clark Gable's meeting with Margaret Mitchell herself. The little writer struggled against flu all the week before "Gone With the Wind" was shown. She was not allowed to take part in the preliminary festivities. But she persuaded her doctor to let her attend a club reception for the stars.

Clark Gable went straight up to her and grasped her hand. He held it all the time that he was being photographed and interviewed. His eagerness to talk with the creator of "Gone With the Wind" was obvious. But the press surged around them.

Gable spied the entrance to an empty drawing-room. He whisked Miss Mitchell inside it—and slammed the door in the face of the clamorous mob. Then they had a long conversation together in peace.

RHETT and SCARLETT, Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh, in a scene from the MGM release.



ELLEN O'HARA, the mother of Scarlett, is Barbara O'Neill, whose most important previous film role was in "Stella Dallas" as the second wife.



SUELLEN O'HARA, Scarlett's younger sister, brings into the limelight a young and unknown screen actress, Evelyn Keyes, member of Paramount's "Golden Circle."



Hollywood now introduces Personality in push-carts

NINETEEN-FORTY will go down in movie history as a boom year in babies.

Never before in pictures have there been so many babes-in-arms, toddlers and pre-kindergarten infants.

Baby Sandy started it last year with her cunning coos and chuckles in "East Side of Heaven."

Producers have been busy ever since signing up babies of varying personalities.

You'll find ingenues, comedians, glamor girls, and athletes among the new season's crop.

Chief glamor girl is Barbara Quintanilla, a blue-eyed exotic of eight months with a foreign accent to her gurgles.

SANDY'S SUCCESS HAS LED TO BOOM YEAR FOR BABY PLAYERS

Barbara will play Chum in MGM's "40 Little Mothers"—and, incidentally, in this film will have the pleasure of being dandled in the arms of William Powell's bride, Diane Lewis.

Barbara won her role from one thousand competitors. One look from her long-lashed, large blue eyes

enslaved MGM officials assigned the task of finding a baby siren.

She is already an important young person at MGM, with relays of nurses and her twin sister for a stand-in.

While Barbara is posing for a variety of special pictures, Twentieth Century-Fox are hiding from the gaze of the curious their new blonde baby "find," ten-months-old Gloria White.

She is the Garbo of Hollywood babydom—dislikes crowds and any intrusion on her private life. Such is not the case with Sandy, queen of



INGENUE: Miss Sandra Henville ("Sandy" for short), now aged three, with a new Edwardian hair-do. "Sandy" drops her male impersonation in her next film for Universal, "Little Accident."

the ingenues and an established star already. But you must now call her Miss Sandra Henville.

Sandy turned three on January 14, has abandoned her masculine masquerade in films, tied her hair up in a bow, and is a most coquettish damsel.

Though generally of a placid disposition, Sandy is a star of temperament—when matters are not to her liking.

Her favorite director is Gil Valle, and she weeps until she gets him.

Completely tractable is the cynical twelve-months-old William Poulson, "the baby with the bored expression," who makes his debut as Nick Charles, jun., in "Another Thin Man."

William was pronounced the most bored of 861 world-weary infants.

Two comedians

WILLIAM, however, is quite a different person off screen—a normal young man who enjoys the simple pleasures of life. Toys, for instance.

William has grand comedy possibilities. So, too, has eighteen-months-old Peter B. Good, a droll little chap with a Joe E. Brown mouth and hair that stands straight up on end.

The hair got Peter his initial movie role in Warner Brothers' "Brother Rat and the Baby." Eddie Albert, who plays his father in this film, has hair that grows the same spiky way.

New stars are not all quaint.

A young player who relies on personality and looks and his fascinating repertoire of baby tricks is Baby Copelen, who made his screen debut in "Bachelor Mother." This accomplished child is now over twelve months old, and has an RKO contract.

Older, but with far less acting experience, is handsome two-and-a-half-year-old Bobbie Quillon, who makes his debut in "Swiss Family Robinson."



GLAMOR BOY: Bobbie Quillon, cute two-year-old, who makes his film debut this year in RKO's "Swiss Family Robinson."

Bobbie has curly hair, big brown eyes, and wears nineteenth-century costume with grace.

Then there are the character actors, the older members of the infant community.

Five-year-old Larry Simm, Blondie's little boy Baby Dumpling, has had more experience than most. This chunky, comic-strip child appears in his fourth Blondie film this year and has signed a long-term contract with Columbia.

Rival five-year-old, who also carries last year's success into this, is the athlete, Johnny Sheffield.

His fancy under-water swimming, spectacular diving, and acrobatic tricks from tree-tops in "Tarzan Finds a Son" put Johnny on the movie map.

Now he is a star at RKO, playing the title role in "Little Orvie."

CHARACTER ACTOR: Cuddlesome Larry Simm, Blondie's five-year-old Baby Dumpling, on his fourth Columbia comedy.

★ *Lovely Lashes
Perfect Eyebrows*

**GROW LASHES & BROWS
in 30 days**

Perfect eyebrows and long, silken lashes make all the difference to the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive. Study **YOUR** eyes now. Your mirror will show them as they are to-day, yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly penciled eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eye-lash Grower.

Proved by thousands of women No matter how small your eye-lashes, just indistinct your eyebrows, this Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results evident in One Week

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful alken fringe, and in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full.

If unavailable locally, 2/6 post free, from Le Charme, Box 2256LL, G.P.O. Sydney.

Le Charme
EYELASH GROWER

Permanent HAIR REMOVER

Use on chin, cheeks, legs, etc. completely REMOVED, and the ROOTS DESTROYED. FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. If unavailable locally, 6/- post free, from Le Charme, Box 2256LL, G.P.O. Sydney.

BRIGHTEN THOSE DULL METAL SURFACES WITH

SILVERGLO

Transform dingy stove-pipes, water-pipes and metal work generally with shining SILVERGLO. Easy to apply, dries quickly and STAYS silver! All good paint and hardware stores sell SILVERGLO.

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THE HOMEMAKER

March 9, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



"MY point of view is not the same as that of the ordinary beauty specialist," Miss Kellerman remarked. "I have never had a face massage in my life.

"Maybe it sounds old-fashioned, but I believe that beauty comes from within—from perfect health, vim, and personality."

Miss Kellerman leads an active, energetic life, doing with ease and grace things that would try the endurance of many young girls.

"What is my secret? Perhaps I can sum it up by saying that I never let up," she laughed.

"You see, the trouble with most women is that if they decide to get fit by diet or exercise they go hard at it for a few months, then, when they are looking glamorous and feeling the benefit of this routine, they immediately relax. You simply can't get away with that.

"I never notice the passage of years because I never let up."

"This doesn't mean sacrificing one's whole life for beauty. But these days, with the new swimsuits and sophisticated evening gowns that are so revealing, no woman can be beautiful unless she is healthy. Perfect health shows itself through the skin, eyes, hair, figure.

"I find it is very easy to keep healthy. Personally I am a strict vegetarian, but I don't say that everyone should give up all meat. Nor do I smoke or drink cocktails or coffee. But, again, I am not saying that the average woman must give up all these things in order to be

healthy. I find that for my strenuous life, where I must be at the top of my form all the time, this suits me best. But a sensible moderation in these things will give the average woman the good looks and vitality that accompany perfect health.

"Women over 23 must watch that extra 5lb. of fat. If a woman can remain in good health up to the age of 28, then probably the next 10 years of her life will not show, for she will have learned how to care for herself in a sensible manner."

"The Australian girls I have seen, and those who worked with me in my beauty ballet, are as lovely and glamorous as any in the whole world.

Dry-skin problem

"THERE are just two things that Australian women must guard against.

"The climate here is very trying in summer. Australian girls naturally spend much of their time out of doors. They must be careful to select a fairly greasy make-up when out in the sun.

"A dab of cream around the eyes would save many Australian women from the crow's feet and finely-wrinkled skin that follow inevitably from a dry make-up in this climate.

"Australian women, especially after 25, should guard carefully against dry skins. Perhaps some of your readers would find my own 'beauty routine' beneficial. It is simply constant attention to the correct exercise, food, and sleep. Instead of washing my face, I use olive oil night and morning, though this would not suit all skins.

"The other thing that mars many Australian women's charm is that they don't carry themselves as well as they might. Perhaps when they look at themselves in the mirror they are standing straight; but often on the beach or in the street they slouch badly.

"I have found that the average person eats about 60 per cent. more than she should. And instead of drinking quantities of tea or coffee or other drinks with meals, she would feel much better if she drank tomato juice or orange juice or plain hot water—but between meals.

"And cut down on potatoes, white bread, pastry, cakes, and ice-cream. You've heard that before, I know, but it's well worth repeating.

"As for sleep," Miss Kellerman was most emphatic on this point. "I could never get through the work I do if I did not sleep like a top every night. That is largely because I never eat heavily just before going to bed. Heavy suppers with tea or coffee and cakes are a bad mistake and ruin many people's rest. At night the only thing I take is a drink of orange juice or tomato juice. I watch my vitamins, and natural, restful sleep is the result.

"Swimming is an excellent exercise, especially for the over-plump.

"The only disadvantage about it as a reducing exercise is that it usually makes one so hungry that one is liable to sit down to a tremendous meal afterwards, and so undo much of the good work. A glass of tomato juice after the swim would take the edge off hunger, and build up energy at the same time."

HOW TO BE FORTY ... and like it!

"LIFE begins at forty," so they say, but how to feel—and look—as young at forty as one did at twenty-five ... is a problem that besets most women. Miss Annette Kellerman, the world-famous swimmer and dancer, has solved this problem, and in this interview she tells how you can do the same.

By ANNETTE KELLERMAN
In an interview with JANETTE

• LOVELY AUSTRALIAN GIRLS who took part in the spectacular Marine Fantasy arranged by Annette Kellerman at Sydney's Olympic Pool. As a beauty exercise swimming stands supreme, for it develops grace and suppleness in the whole body.

Softer Hair-lines favored



Sydney's socialite hair stylist, Miss Nuttie Mackellar, believes that beautiful women look loveliest when their head-dress is soft and feminine. So was born the truly glamorous SEA FROLIC—to enhance the blonde beauty of Viennese actress, Katrin Roselle.

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

"There is one important hint I can pass on—'Damp-setting' is the perfect way to keep the tumbling waves and elaborate curl tendrils in place without any of that un-natural, greasy or 'stiff' look which is so fatal to the modern soft hair style.

"In using VELMOL to make Miss Roselle's fair hair more pliant, glossy, and wave-holding, its natural softness was brought out to its full glamour."

Nuttie Mackellar.

Whether your own style is a soft rippling wave, long bob or elaborate curl-cluster like "Sea Frolic," a weekly Velmol "damp-set" will keep it in silky precision. No need to lose that costly set

so soon. No more need to bunch it under nets. Spend just 2/- today—for a bottle of Velmol—at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair-stylists now use and recommend Velmol "damp-sets."

(Just a wet comb ... and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

There's . . . ELEGANCE in SIMPLICITY

By Our Home Decorator

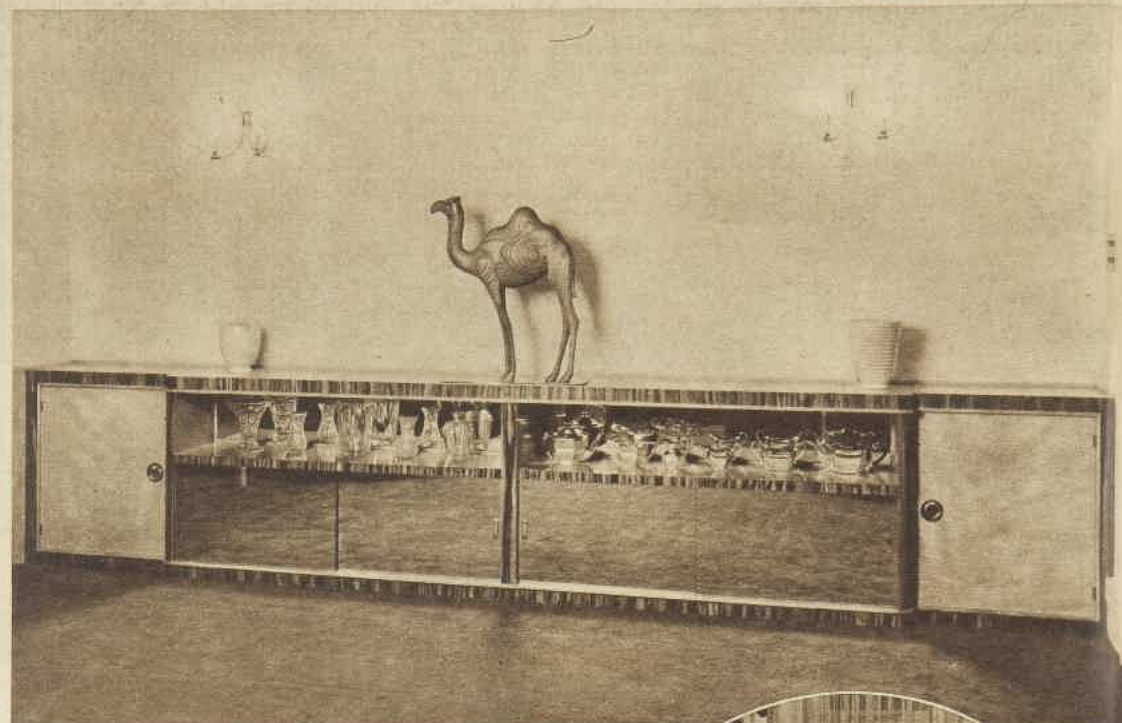
• Keynote of modern decor is simplicity. Clear, calm lines are replacing severity of form, and warm, plain colors the ultra-modernistic designs of the past decade.

To harmonise with elegant backgrounds, new and beautiful woods are introduced. Finest craftsmanship is employed to bring a note of utter refinement to the home, while individuality is taking the place of the near standardisation of the cubist period, now well on the wane.

These three pictures illustrate the present-day trend. Each is in itself a masterpiece, simple and elegant, the happy result of tasteful designing and exquisite workmanship. They show clearly the return to restful furniture, from the vaguely disturbing influence of ultra-modernistic lines and materials.

The picture lower right illustrates how curves have replaced the angular lines of geometrical furniture. The beauty of flowered walnut, rich and colorful, is further enhanced by metal and silver leaf. This classical sideboard has rounded ends, inlaid with strips of metal; handles are of metal to match, and the legs, covered with silver leaf, repeat the metallic note.

Against the richness of walnut the metal ornamentation is calm, and lends an added dignity, making the sideboard a perfect example of contemporary design. It com-



A MODERN FITMENT for books and china harmonising perfectly with its setting. Designed in sycamore and walnut with gold mirror-glass and gold metal, it shows how simple lines can achieve great beauty.

bines all the softness of period furniture with a modern elegance. It is practical in purpose, with a beauty and clarity that are further enhanced by the dull pink rough glass top matching the carpeting.

Comfort and charm

THE easy chair pictured at right is upholstered in a pale gold hand-woven silk-and-wool fabric, repeating the dominant color note in curtains and carpet. Modern enough to suit even the surrealist homemaker—for it will fit into almost any new setting—it still retains an air of grace and comfort.

There is a double cushion, one of soft down in front of a fixed spring cushion at the back making for the acme of home comfort.

For the drawing-room, the fitment for books and china photographed above is a further example of how simple lines achieve luxury results. This low cabinet runs the entire side of a small intimate drawing-room, and is carried out in sycamore, walnut, gold mirror-glass and gold metal.

A feeling of spaciousness is given by the sliding doors of the lower half, which are of gold mirror-glass, reflecting the carpet and suggesting an unbroken line. The upper half is an open shelf with mirror-glass back.

At either end panels of sycamore close over the book shelves, the whole bordered with figured walnut, embossed with gold metal that is repeated in handles and hinges.

Notice the particularly quaint camel carved in wood with the natural grain of the wood utilised with outstanding effect.



AN EASY CHAIR upholstered in pale gold hand-woven fabric of silk and wool. The design is classic in its unaffected simplicity of line.

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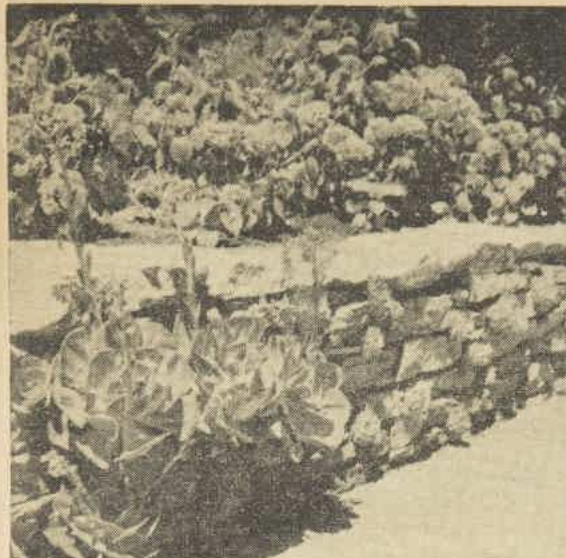
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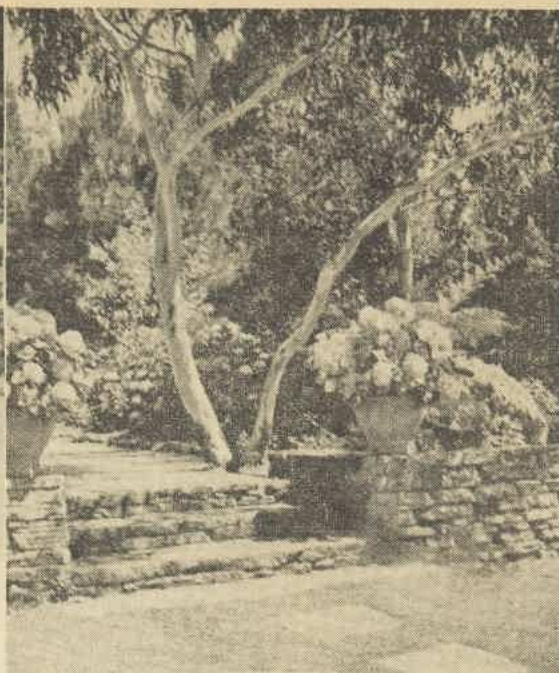
A28



CURVES to replace severe angular lines. This graceful walnut sideboard is a fine example of modern design—practical yet dignified. Metal handles and inlaid strips, and silver-leaf covering the legs, provide ornamentation.



A PICTURESQUE STONE WALL, with crevices sprouting attractive rock plants. Masses of pink and blue hydrangeas provide a charming background. Right: Graceful gum-trees, shrubs, and tasteful stone-work capture a bushland atmosphere.



CHARM OF ROCK SETTINGS

ONE is apt to tire of terraces, flat-topped hedges, straight rows and symmetry.

You will long for a glimpse of a wild garden, where, as in the bush, the flowers flourish naturally, the weakest go to the wall, and only the very fittest survive.

But I have found great beauty in the arrangement of some stone gardens, or rockeries, arranged by many home-owners.

I visited a centre where slabs of sandstone and ironstone were more plentiful than soil, and the gardeners had made full use of this material in beautifying their property.

Formal though the walls and buttresses were, they had been beautified by subtle touches of color, the incorporation of modern gardening pottery, and the planting out of varieties suited to rock-work and the general scheme.

For many years rockery work has

I AM not a lover of the formal garden, although I have one, but I have often thought that the fault in such gardens rests not so much in the design and planning as in the spirit of unrest that characterises its care

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER.

consisted of masses of old building rubble and miscellaneous stone work hastily, unartistically, and undesignedly thrown together.

Many gardeners have then robbed the flower beds of anything they thought would grow in the miserable little pockets of half-starved soil provided.

Landscape gardeners need not be employed if the amateur gardener will carefully plan the work beforehand.

The wall can be built straight, curved, with marked indentations, and wide open pockets. Seats or benches can be built in of rock, small pools and concealed waterfalls can be included at low cost, or even arches that will provide shade during hot days can be cunningly contrived.

On a shady wall, ferns such as aspleniums, pteris, davallias, adiantums, and polypodiums can be grown successfully in rich pockets of soil.

Creepers are ideal

CREVICES in which rosette-shaped plants can be set out, or flat areas on which creeping thymes and grassy armerias or heavenly-blue gentians can crawl at will should be provided.

Achilleas, dwarf phloxes, rock candytufts, ericas, gazanias, aubretias, geranium subcaulescens (a dwarf type), and all the little alpine plants that do well in the Commonwealth should also be planted freely in the rock garden.

In nature many plants grow on cliffs apparently without much soil, but their roots go very deep to get nourishment and water.

We need not put them to that much trouble, although many alpine plants require a minimum of soil, and others prefer a gravelly, gritty moraine.

But in all cases the crevices should be entirely filled and the soil pressed well in until the cavity will take no more.

Drainage should always be carefully provided in such positions, for many rock plants dislike waterlogged soil and quickly show resentment of such conditions.

By the careful choice of plants that will grow outwards and assume a fair size, the straight edge of a wall can be broken, and will lose much of its formality. Trailers such as many of the mexembryanthemums, lotus, thunbergia, and silene will help to cover rock that is not too slightly, and many of these aristocrats of the garden will flower for months of the year if afforded water and average care.

As pretty as a picture
AND THESE PICTURES SHOW YOU HOW —



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AMAMI SHAMPOOS

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT *

MOTHER—don't let her
go to bed



The morning rush! The hurried lunch! The day's work! The evening out! The week-end sport! This whirl of modern life brings tired digestion and under-nourishment.

She will sleep well if you give her a quickly made cup of Benger's Food before she goes to bed. Benger's is more than comforting—it differs from all other foods in its ability to give complete nourishment while the tired digestion rests.

This is because Benger's Food, and Benger's Food only, contains in itself the enzymes of natural digestion. When you add the hot milk to Benger's Food, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you take it. This is why the system is able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment of Benger's Food without digestive strain. The good work of Benger's Food begins with the very first cup.

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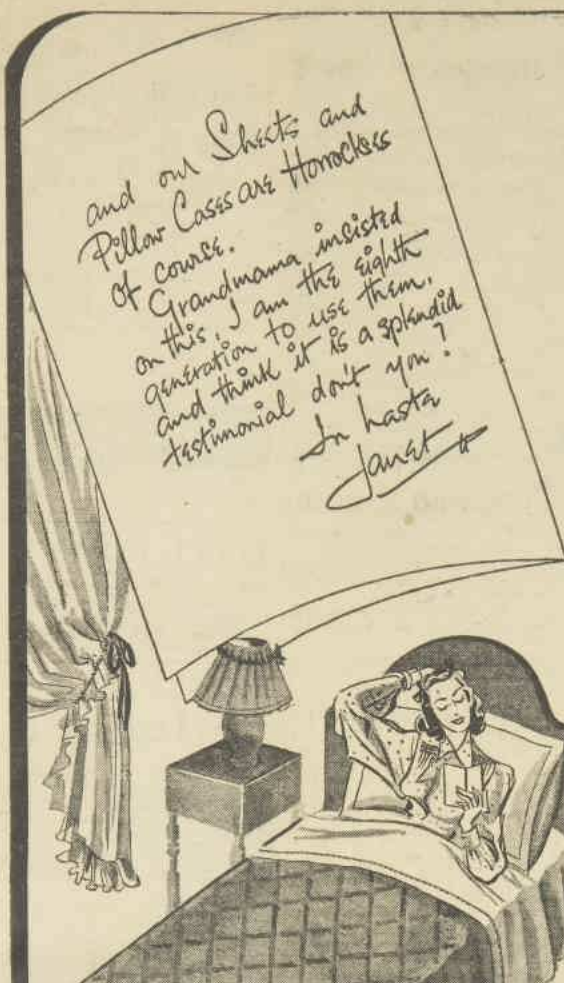


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Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

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TRAVEL BUREAU

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FAMILY MENUS should include sea foods such as fish and oysters, for these contain the iodine so necessary for proper functioning of the thyroid gland.

GOITRE yields readily to treatment

PATIENT: My sister is undergoing treatment for a goitre. I've often heard that goitre runs in families. Is that true, doctor, and what exactly is goitre?

DOCTOR: Goitre is a chronic general enlargement of the thyroid gland, and is one of the oldest diseases known.

The theory that goitre runs in families is not correct. It has arisen because goitre, though not hereditary, is endemic. This means that it is habitually prevalent in a particular place, and so is common amongst members of families who live in that place.

Endemic or simple goitre is quite distinct from the so-called nervous goitre, or Grave's disease, which is a much more serious problem. There are various mountainous and hilly regions of the world which are endemic goitre districts.

The Canterbury district in New Zealand, for example, is noted for its high incidence of goitre.

It is not quite clear why goitre should be endemic to certain districts. It is generally thought that it is caused either by the absence or a deficiency of iodine in the soil, and therefore in the food produced from that soil.

Simple or endemic goitre yields quite readily to treatment which

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By a Doctor

consists in the administration of very small quantities of iodine. A normal, healthy thyroid secretes a compound containing iodine. But if the body is not provided with sufficient iodine then the thyroid cannot function properly, and enlarges, causing a goitre.

The thyroid is one of the ductless glands, and though it is so important it is normally very small. It lies in the front of the neck, is three-lobed, and is invisible when healthy. However, when swollen, it often measures inches across.

The growth of the body depends to a large extent on the proper functioning of this small gland. Should it cease to function during early childhood, the child's growth would be retarded mentally, physically and sexually. In personality and appearance a person so afflicted would remain childish, if permitted to remain untreated.

The only permanent result of goitre on the average adult is the disfigurement of the neck. However, in districts where endemic goitre has been continuing untreated for generations, the results are more serious. It is vitally necessary for the thyroid gland of a pregnant woman to function normally. Otherwise her child when born may be feeble-minded, or, worse still, a cretin.

Deficiency of thyroid

CRETINISM is a condition caused by deficiency of the thyroid secretion. It is, fortunately, a condition which yields to early treatment. But an untreated cretin is a pitiful sight, and is characterized by its stunted growth and abnormal proportions, its fat, flat face and broad nose.

Cretinism could be prevented if iodine extract was administered to all expectant mothers who were found to be suffering from such a deficiency. Even after birth, however, a cretin will yield to early treatment. But though it is possible to improve the physical appearance by thyroid treatment, the mental development cannot be changed to any extent, because the brain did not develop properly before birth.

Fortunately, however, cretinism is a condition which can be avoided. It is also very easy to prevent endemic goitre in districts where it is prevalent.

Iodized salt has been used with great success in endemic goitre areas in America, and after its use the incidence of goitre decreased rapidly. Besides, all sea foods such as fish and oysters are rich in iodine and so should be included on the family menu.

Far more women than men suffer from goitre. This shows the importance of a normal thyroid development in women.

DON'T WANT ANY BREAKFAST!



Every morning Peggy makes the same fuss—won't eat any breakfast. Mummy is worried.



"Give her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles" says Mummy's friend. "My kiddies love them."



"Listen!" said Mummy at breakfast next morning, and Peggy's Rice Bubbles went "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as she poured the milk on.



"O-oh!" said Peggy, excited. "Snap! Crackle! Pop! Can I have some more Rice Bubbles please?"

Kiddies soon forget about breakfast fads when you give them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. It's fun the way those Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! as soon as they pour the milk on. And this delicious breakfast cereal does them a world of good—it's so nourishing and digestible.



Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your Kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, "Getting Up Night", Loss of Pains, Distress, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerveless, Cries under Eyes or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 7 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney trouble. In 24 hours you'll feel like a stronger man for years, in a few days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes: 1/2, 1, 2.

Cystex
GUARANTEED For Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

For Distinction in Entertaining . . .

Exquisite Supper Set

● Add new charm to your entertaining with this tea or supper set, obtainable from our Needlework Department.

THE pieces are available separately traced ready for working on pure Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green.

You will require the following Anchor stranded cottons for working: Three skeins P.786 (bronze-green), two skeins P.454 (very dark madder-brown), and P.769 (pastel blue), and one skein each P.495 (dark rose), P.540 (dark russet-green), P.785 (dark olive-green).

Work the outer design of the flower in bronze-green, and the inner one in pastel blue.

When the embroidery is finished, turn a small hem, and slip-stitch on the wrong side to back of two rows of vandyke stitches.

Prices are: 36 x 36-inch cloth, 7/9 each; 14 x 25 traymobile cloth, 4/6 each; 13 x 10 tea-cosy, 3/6 each; 8 x 8-inch d'oyley, 1/- each; 5 x 11-inch sandwich d'oyley, 1/- each; 11 x 11-inch serviette, 1/- each. Postage included.

Stranded cottons may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2d each.



HOSTESSES will love this sophisticated tea or supper set, so prettily embroidered on pure Irish linen. It is obtainable ready for working from our Needlework Department.

For seasonable smartness . . .

Matching Accessories

● Enliven your winter frocks with this charming embroidered set.



THE collar, cuffs, and belt are obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on pure Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green; or on natural-colored crash; or on organdie in white, yellow, green or blue.

Prices: 1/6 for the collar and cuffs, 1/9 for the belt, or 2/11 for the complete set.

You may also obtain the paper pattern for the frock and accessories in sizes 32, 34 and 36 inch bust. Price 1/6 complete. No transfer available.



1822

Little Tot's Dressing Gown

YOUR little son or daughter will look forward eagerly to bedtime if you make this snug dressing gown, which is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

It is traced on white, blue or pale pink linora, and will launder perfectly.

Anchor stranded cottons are obtainable, price 2d per skein, from our Needlework Department.

Prices for the gown, traced on linora, are: Size 4-6 years, 4/6 each; 6-8 years, 5/3 each.

You may also obtain paper patterns for sizes 4-8 years, price 1/- each, but no transfers are available for the embroidery.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 1284, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 4997, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 1010, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 4207, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

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CONTAINS ENOUGH FOR TWO SHAMPOOS

STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

Fat, Pimply and Bilious

Neglect of Constipation

If you have a congested food tract and are not regular in the essential daily habit, you cannot help feeling bloated and looking sallow and pimply. Constipation destroys good looks and good health. It dulls the eyes, causes unhealthy fat to form, bad breath, and pimples to break out on face, neck and back. The retained digestive wastes are absorbed into the blood stream and contaminate the whole system. Dizziness and sick headache are also symptoms of the condition.

You really cannot do better than take Pinkettes for constipation. These tiny laxative and liver pills peacefully exercise and strengthen the bowels, stir the liver and gently yet thoroughly disperse the waste accumulations. Just watch how rapidly your unhealthy fat and pimples disappear after Pinkettes and how fit and well you feel. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

Thelma's
sweet little
frock
so crisp
and sunny-bright
washed with
PERSIL

Persil

COLOURS

NEED GENTLE PERSIL CLEANSING

DAINTY COLLAR, cuffs and belt set, embroidered on colored Irish linen, crash or organdie.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

MATTRESSES, pillows and cushions should be aired periodically in the sun. At least once a week (weather permitting) give your mattresses a good long sun bath. It will keep the fibres springy, as well as helping to keep them clean and sweet-smelling.

TO prevent tin from rusting, rub fresh lard over the whole tin, place it in a hot oven to heat thoroughly, but do not allow the heat to melt the solder. Treated this way, tinware can be constantly used in water, and will keep bright and free from rust.

IF linoleum stretches slightly after being laid, trim the edges with an ordinary smoothing plane to get it to lie quite flat.

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PLUM WHIP. A tempting dish for dinner or luncheon menus. The recipe is a prizewinner this week.

Try your skill in our PRIZE RECIPE CONTEST

• Clever readers from all over Australia win cash prizes for their delicious recipes in our weekly cooking competition . . . If you haven't yet entered for this fascinating contest, send in your entry now. The competition is open to all our readers.

A PRIZE of £1 is given for the best entry received each week, and every other recipe published receives a consolation prize of 2/6.

Just write out your pet recipe, stating the ingredients first, and then the method. Add your name and address, and send it in to this office.

You may win a cash prize.

FRANGIPANNI TART

Cake Pastry: 3oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 egg, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, flavoring.

Frangipanni Cream: 1oz. flour, 1lb. castor sugar, 1 egg-white, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 3 egg-yolks, 1 1/2 cups milk, small tin crushed pineapple, 1oz. crushed macaroons.

Make the cake pastry by creaming butter and sugar, adding the beaten egg, flavoring and sifted flour. Roll out and line a tart plate.

Place flour, sugar, and a pinch of salt in a saucepan. Stir in the beaten eggs, and then stir in warm milk and cook over a low heat for about 8 minutes. Remove and add butter and crushed macaroons.

Cover the pastry with a layer of pineapple and then a layer of frangipanni cream, and repeat until the tart case is full.

Decorate top of tart with meringue made from the two egg-whites and

two tablespoons sugar beaten together until stiff. Add 1 teaspoon baking powder and few drops vanilla essence. Cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 15-20 minutes without browning.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Maloney, Canterbury Tce., Black Forest, S.A.

SALMON CHARLOTTE

One small tin salmon, 1 pint milk and stock (from tin), 1lb. boiled rice, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon



PUZZLING what to give the family for dinner, as this young housewife is doing, is no longer necessary, if you try the prizewinning recipes given on this page each week.

butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Boil the rice in salted water until almost done. Butter an oven dish thickly and line it with the rice, reserving enough rice to cover top of dish. Melt the butter and blend in the flour; add the milk and fish stock. Flake the fish, discarding skin and bones, and add to the sauce. Pour mixture into the centre of the rice-lined dish. Cover with the remainder of the rice, dot with butter, and bake in oven for 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Brookes, 22 Milton St., Glenelg, S.A.

PLUM WHIP

Enough drained, stewed plums to fill a large cup after being rubbed through a sieve, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons plum juice, 5 egg-whites.

Add other ingredients to the strained and sieved plums. Beat with egg-beater till fluffy. Serve in grapefruit glasses, lined with sponge fingers, making every alternate finger project above the glass rim.

Enough for 12 glasses.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mollie Asphar, 19 Onslow St., South Perth.

BRAN AND PINEAPPLE GEMS

Two eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 level tablespoons butter, 1 cup crushed pineapple with syrup, 2 level cups plain flour, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups bran.

Beat eggs and sugar to a cream. Beat and add butter. Add the crushed pineapple with syrup. Stir in flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add bran. Beat enough to mix well.

Fill gem tins three-quarter full and bake in a hot oven (400deg.) till a deep brown—about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. McMillan, 154 Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

SPANISH WALNUT CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs, milk and walnuts, then flour, cinnamon and cocoa, and lastly the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Bake 1 hour. When cold ice with coffee icing and decorate with walnut pieces.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wilson, Stephens Rd., Botany, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT MOULD

One pint pineapple or lemon jelly, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 egg (well beaten), 3 passionfruit (or more), 1 cup milk.

Pour boiling water over the jelly and sugar. When cool add milk, egg, and passionfruit. Turn into mould and set. Serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. G. Booth, Queen St., Moree, N.S.W.

ROSY RICE

One packet red jelly crystals, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup rice.

Cook rice, turn into a colander, rinse well with cold water, and leave it to drain. Make the jelly, adding the sugar, and pour over the rice, using a mould or glass dish, the latter preferred. Leave until set. Serve with a thin custard or cream.

This is a favorite with the children.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden-Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

APPLE GLORIES

Six large apples, 1lb. blackberries, 6 teaspoons golden syrup, juice of 1 lemon, 2 cups boiled, sweetened rice, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 pint cream.

Peel the apples, remove cores and set apples in a circular fireproof dish. Fill the centres with sweetened mashed blackberries. Put a teaspoon of golden syrup in each apple cavity and a few drops of lemon juice.

Put in the oven with a little milk and cook gently till tender, but unbroken. Remove from oven, cover with boiled rice and lastly a layer of cake crumbs. Return to oven and bake a nice brown.

Serve hot or cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Reade Heiland, 32 Royal Pde., South Pascoe Vale, Vic.

PLUM AND DATE TART

Sweet shortcrust, 2 doz. plums, 1lb. dates, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup crushed walnuts, juice and rind of 1 orange. Line a tart dish with a very thin sweet shortcrust, and bake.

Stew the plums and rub through a hair sieve. Add all the other ingredients to the plum puree, simmer gently till thick. Cool and pour into tart crust.

Serve with ice-cream, cream, or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Marshall, Barrett St., Booval, via Ipswich, Qld.



WHEN BIXIES ARE SERVED

Here's a cereal that puts an edge on the laziest early-morning appetite. Youngsters, grown-ups and in-betweens all applaud this crunchy crisp and golden cereal. With cream or milk, honey, fresh or stewed fruit there is no more delectable breakfast.

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

Free gift coupons from Bixies combine with coupons from other Sanitarium Health food products for any of the many useful and valuable gifts that are offered. The more Sanitarium Health Foods you use the quicker you collect your free gifts.

PEANUT BUTTER or PASTE POINTS: 4-oz. (1); 8-oz. (2); 12-oz. (3)	KWIC-BRU POINTS: 4-oz. (2); 8-oz. (4); 16-oz. (8)	CERIX PUFFED WHEAT POINTS: 8-oz. (1); 16-oz. (2)	MARMITE POINTS: 1-oz. (1); 2-oz. (2); 4-oz. (4); 8-oz. (8); 16-oz. (16)
WEET-BIX POINTS: 12-oz. (1); 24-oz. (3)	SAN-BRAN POINTS: 8-oz. (2)	GRANOSE POINTS: 24-oz. (3)	CERIX PUFFED RICE POINTS: 8-oz. (1); 16-oz. (2)



British super admiralty heavy-weight white towels, coloured border or plain white, 24 x 48. Postage, etc., 6d.

British Damask tablecloth, attractive designs, various colours. 54x54. Post, etc., 6d.



Graded 2-pint Aluminium Measure. Postage, etc., 6d.

Aluminium Saucepan, 1 1/2-pint, cool handle. Post, etc., 6d.

WHAT TO DO! All gifts are available at the following addresses:—
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HANSEN'S ICE-CREAM MIX

Hints on giving a DINNER for EIGHT . . .

• To bring sparkle to your next dinner party . . . to add a dash of excitement to the prosaic business of eating . . . our cooking expert has planned this delectable menu. The dishes selected are also quite suitable for less formal occasions. And—important point for the housewife with a small staff or none at all—they are so simple to make.

SO for those friendly occasions when half a dozen guests are coming to dine, enhance your reputation as a hostess by serving this delicious meal.

A DINNER FOR EIGHT

Yenda Cocktail.
Jellied Tomato Soup.
Steamed Fillets of Whiting and Artichoke Cream Sauce.
Roast Duck. Orange Salad.
Port Wine Sauce.
Baked Mashed Marrow, Peas, Saute Potatoes.
Blackberry Charlotte.
Pear and Coconut Meringue Tartlets.
Cheese Twists. Coffee.

YENDA COCKTAIL

Two cups muscatel grapes, 1 cup diced pineapple, 2 oranges, 8 maraschino cherries, sherry and sugar as liked.

Peel and seed grapes. Peel oranges and divide into segments. Remove membrane carefully, then cut into two pieces.

Mix fruit in a large basin, sprinkle with a little sherry, sugar, and maraschino syrup, and chill for 2 hours. Arrange in 8 cocktail glasses. Place a cherry in the centre of each and arrange grapes round it.

JELLIED TOMATO SOUP

Six large tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1 stick celery, sprig parsley, 2 cups clear stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 1 tablespoon gelatine, pinch sugar.

Cut up vegetables roughly, bring to boil in 14 cups stock. Add seasoning and simmer for 20 minutes. Strain. Soften gelatine in remaining 1 cup stock. Add to hot tomato liquid, stirring till dissolved. Chill until quite firm. Arrange by spoonfuls in soup cups. Garnish with a sprig of parsley.

ARTICHOKE CREAM SAUCE

Half-pint milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 cup cooked diced Jerusalem artichokes.

Wash, scrape and cut artichokes into very small dice and cook in just enough water to cover them. Add salt and a squeeze of lemon to the boiling water. Cook steadily until tender—about 15 minutes. Melt the butter, add flour, salt and cayenne, cook for 3 minutes, add cooked artichokes, and just before serving add the cream.

ORANGE SALAD FOR ROAST DUCK

Three oranges, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, small crisp lettuce leaves.

Peel oranges and cut into thin slices, and arrange on a flat dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, sugar, salt and cayenne. Place a few drops of olive oil on each slice of orange and chill thoroughly for one hour. Arrange 3 slices of the seasoned orange on a small lettuce leaf for each serving of roast duck.

PORT WINE SAUCE

One piece carrot, turnip, onion, and celery, 1 tablespoon butter, or fat, 3 cloves, bunch herbs, few peppercorns, bacon rind, 1 pint stock, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 gill port wine.

Melt butter, fry chopped vegetables until nicely browned. Add flour. When that has browned add stock. Stir till it boils and thickens. Add flavorings, simmer for 20 minutes. Strain. Return to saucepan and boil without lid for 5 minutes to reduce sauce. Add port wine just before dishing. Serve in heated sauce boat.



A DINNER TABLE charmingly arranged in readiness for your guests speaks a welcome in itself. This young lovely is setting the finishing touch—lighting the candles—which should always be left till the last. Notice the graceful bowl of fruit which makes an effective table decoration.

BAKED MASHED MARROW

Boiled marrow, melted butter, fine white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Drain marrow well and mash till quite smooth. Season with salt and pepper. Grease a shallow dish. Add marrow. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs moistened with melted butter. Bake in fairly hot oven till brown.

BLACKBERRY CHARLOTTE

Stewed, drained blackberries (or other fruit in season), sponge cake fingers, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 cup blackberry juice, 1 gill cream, 1 gill milk, sugar to taste.

Soak gelatine in blackberry juice, then dissolve. Rub enough stewed, drained berries through a sieve to make 1 pint puree. (The sieve should be fine enough to keep back the seeds.) Add dissolved gelatine. Beat the cream till light but not stiff. Beat the blackberry puree to the same consistency. Fold in the cream. Sweeten to taste.

Dissolve jelly crystals and set a layer of jelly two inches deep in the bottom of a small round cake tin or charlotte mould, then line the sides with fingers of sponge cake. Fill with blackberry mixture and leave to set. When required, turn out onto a glass dish. Garnish with chopped jelly and extra blackberries. (Any fruit in season can be used for this recipe.)

PEAR AND COCONUT MERINGUE TARTLETS

Six ounces rich shortcrust pastry, 3 pears, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 2 eggs, lemon rind, 1 inch cinnamon stick, preserved ginger, 1 cup milk (warmed), 4 tablespoons sugar.

Roll shortcrust out thinly and line a six-inch tart plate or small deep patty tins. Ornament edges, prick bottom with a fork. Bake at 450 deg. F. till crisp and golden.

Peel and quarter pears, and stew in a syrup flavored with lemon rind, cinnamon, and chopped ginger until tender. Arrange in large tart shell, or cut to fit small pastry cases.

Beat egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and a few drops vanilla together, and pour over them the warmed milk. Pour into pastry cases, completely covering the pears. Beat whites and sugar to a stiff meringue. Add coconut and decorate tart or tartlets. Return to a very moderate oven to cook slowly to set custard and crisp meringue.

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

The best after-dinner coffee is made with a percolator. When black coffee is desired, use three level tablespoons freshly-ground pure coffee to each 1 pint boiling water. Place coffee in percolator, over boiling water, add pinch of salt and mustard, and allow to boil for 10 minutes, remove coffee grounds, and serve at once.



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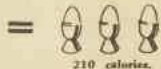


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210 calories.

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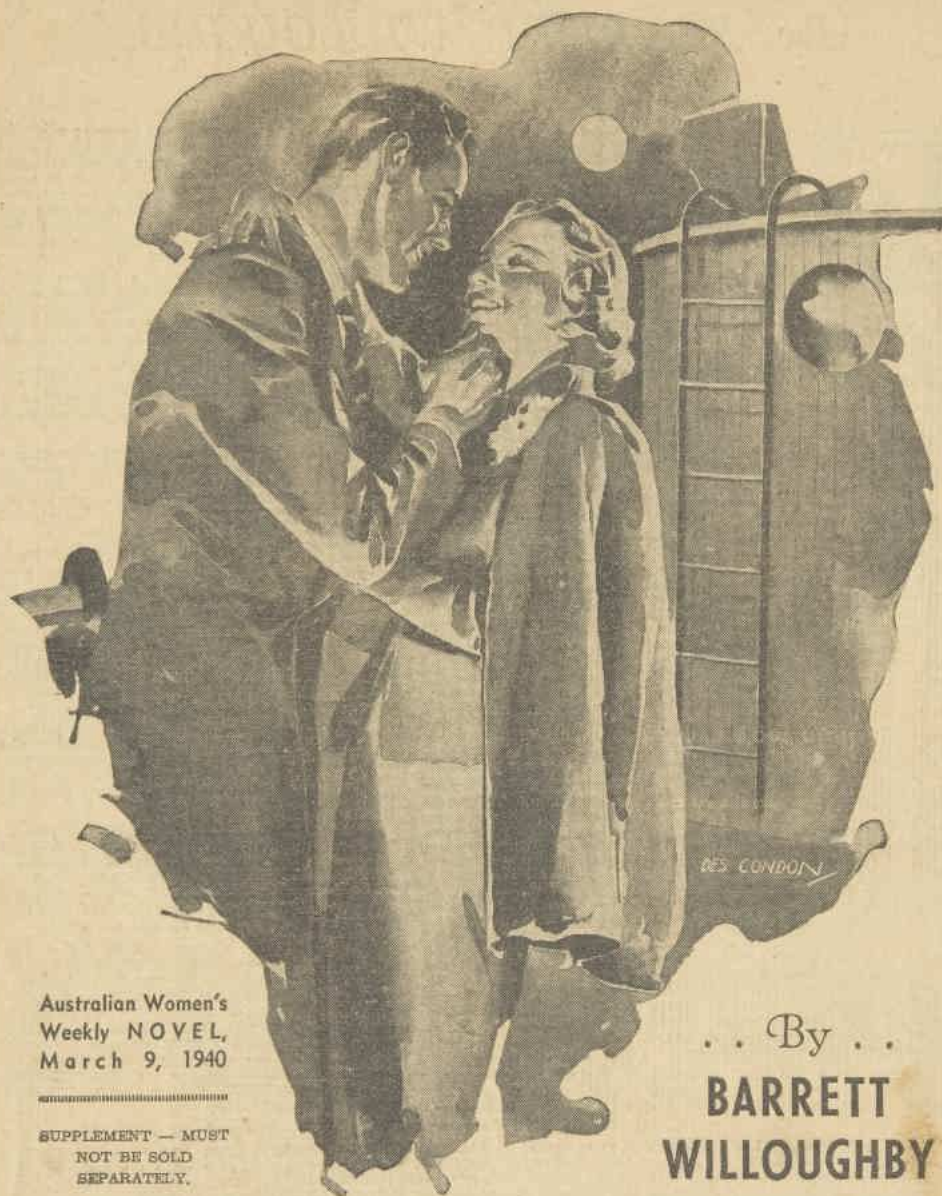
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Sondra O'Moore



Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
March 9, 1940

SUPPLEMENT — MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

... By ...
**BARRETT
WILLOUGHBY**

SONDRA O'MOORE

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY



OUR bells struck. The black squall lifted. And blow me if there, upwind to port, isn't that gunboat Falcon, again. And she bearin' down to cut us off, with her crew boilin' out to her for'ard guns.

The disembodied brogue rolled out from an open window of Echo House. The old log mansion, built when Alaska was called Russian America, perched high on an islet off one end of Sitka's waterfront; and on the quiet air of the Sabbath morning the words carried distinctly to the sunny docks below.

"Wham! A shot skips across our bows. Wham! Another rips our upper maintops! Old Ramps Reynall was out to get me this time. Me only chance was to square away and high-tail it for one of me secret hide-outs among the Aleutian Islands."

A pause let through the faint akreeling of gulls fishing far out among the green islands in the bay. Then the voice went on: "All hands—stand by to wear ship! I sing out. Not one of me crew stirs a foot. I whirr on me mate—a black avyred Usterman he was, with an orange streak where his spine should have been. 'Get your men movin', mister!'

"He hunches his bull shoulders and growls. 'The men have no mind to be blown to Davy Jones, Cap'n. And neither have I. Order 'em to lay to and they'll obey fast enough.'"

"'Lay to?' I roars. 'And let a U.S. gunboat board the Glory of the West—with five thousand fresh seal pelts in our hold? Lose trip and ship and face a Federal prison for takin' seals that's as much ours as any man's?'

"By that he thinks I'm set to argue, and he steps close, stickin' out his ugly jaw. I meets it with a short right hook that lays him cold. Then I grab a belayin' pin and leaps for the men by the port companion. 'Man them braces, or I'll beat the pelts off ye and chuck 'em below with the seals!'

"Faith, they swarmed to their stations like monkeys up a tree. But I nabs the slowest and boots him to bear a hand with the wheel. The Falcon misses us with a third shot. 'Look alive, ye white-livered scoundrels! Starboard braces—slack away! Hard-a-port, ye lubbers! Hard a-v-e-r!'

"The Glory tosses her head to lo'ard, spins on her heel, and, light as a butterfly, skimmis' a rose, goes flyin' before the wind."

ON the waterfront below strangers listened, open-mouthed, to the strong-hued phrases permitted on what they took to be a radio programme. But fishermen of the O'Moore herring fleet anchored

almost under the promontory on which Echo House stood, glanced up, grinning. They knew it was the boss up there in the big bay window—old Captain "Dynamite" Danny O'Moore, house-bound by a broken leg sustained during his last spree.

He was dictating his memoirs to Sondra, his spirited red-headed granddaughter, recently returned from Stanford University. His voice, which could reach from main-deck to skysail yard through the tumult of the strongest gale, was prone to rise in ratio to the drama of remembered exploits—especially those that touched on his youthful gun-running to South America; mutiny quelling on the Indian Ocean, or flights from the Bering Sea Patrol.

Newcomers declared it scandalous that lovely Sondra Karmanova O'Moore, descendant of one of Sitka's illustrious founders, should have to listen to the old Irish sea-buzzard's ranting, much less take it down on a typewriter.

But residents of pioneer ancestry held other views. O'Moore might not be a gentleman in the same way all the aristocratic Karmanovas had been gentlemen, they conceded, but as an adventurer and a successful business man he was worthy of admiration and respect.

Moreover, he had proved his loyalty to Sitka less than two years ago when he had retired from an executive desk in the Seattle office of a coastwise steamship company. With money enough to end his days in luxurious idleness in any pleasure spot of the world, he had chosen to return to the ancestral home of his Russian wife and found a new business—O'Moore Sealers, Ltd., which had already revolutionised herring fishing in Alaska.

Last, and most important of all, he had, some fifty years ago, married Sondra's grandmother. That ceremony made him one of them; and as such he could do no wrong.

Oldsters still told with relish how young Dynamite Danny O'Moore had wooed the panned, wasp-waisted heiress of Echo House. She, just returned home from a southern convent school, was leaning from an open arch in the cupola that topped the wide roof of Echo House, her opera glasses trained on his incoming ship. He had tossed her an impudent kiss.

When she promptly retired from sight, giving no sign, he, as promptly, had brought his vessel to anchor below her window. And there he had stayed until, with the fine-colored words and beguiling ways that were his, he had won and married her.

It had taken him five days.

The romance lived in Sitka's memory, not because of its swift culmination, but because of the previous love affair that had flamed for O'Moore before he ever laid eyes on Tanya Karmanova. It was when he was

still master of the Glory of the West and making his first raids on Alaska seal herds that he had found frequent excuses for bringing his notorious vessel to anchor in Sitka Bay. He made no secret of the fact that the magnet which drew him was dashing, dark-eyed Jacqueline Reynall, whose father commanded the cutter Falcon, of the Bering Sea Patrol.

Miss Jacqueline, a "Yankee newcomer" to Sitka conservatives, flouted every Victorian convention. That, perhaps, was why she had first dispatched a dinner invitation to the handsome young captain who so often defied her father's authority. The headlong love affair that developed between the daughter of Captain Ramps Reynall, terror of seal poachers, and Danny O'Moore, king of pelagic sealers, had set the whole coast talking.

Then, just as a wedding seemed imminent, something had happened. What it was no one had ever found out. But O'Moore ceased to visit Sitka. The imperious Jacqueline gave no sign that he had ever existed. A year passed in this way.

When O'Moore again dropped anchor at Sitka he was master of a new fast schooner, the Tylton. He tarried only long enough to win and marry blonde young Tanya, of Echo House. Immediately after the wedding Miss Jacqueline set off alone on the first of those cruises which had so often since taken her around the world. This in an era when no "respectable female" even dreamed of travelling unescorted.

Modern Sitka, familiar with the legendary romance, was united in the hope that the captain's memoirs might reveal the secret which, for half a century, had kept local gossips speculating on why the O'Moore and the Reynalls never spoke.

ECHO ISLET, no greater in area than a city block, was linked to one end of the waterfront by a short stone causeway. On its high, flat top the old Echo House squatted, massive and aquare and weather-silvered amid mountain ash trees that had been shaped by wild sea winds.

The windows commanded a four-way sweep—forested mountains, the little grey village, and the island-dotted bay that led to the open Pacific. The encircling lawn ended on space, and from its edge of waving grass to the water, a hundred feet below, the steep slopes were verdant with native shrubs splashed with the pink of briar roses and the deep ruby-glow of a Japanese rose brought home by a sea-roving Karmanov.

The hewn-log house, with its fine old furnishings, was a monument to those golden days when the town was the continent's most important port for trading vessels in the Pacific Ocean.

Sondra O'Moore's great-great-grandfather had built it—the "Very Honorable" Michael Andreevich Karmanov, one-time Commander in the Imperial Navy of His Russian Majesty Nicholas I.

The log walls, built to withstand attack and sieged, by savage Thlingets, were pierced by copper bolts and riveted to the rock like a lighthouse. And like a lighthouse was the cupola on the seaward slope of the wide, hipped roof.

There, on stormy nights, when the ship of Michael Andreevich was due from Siberia, Sondra's great-great-grandmother had kept a seal-oil lamp burning in front of a polished reflector, to guide her home-faring husband in through the maze of little islands that protected Sitka from the sea.

Though there was no need for such a beacon to-day, Captain O'Moore had replaced the primitive lamp with electricity. In winter, pilots flying the mail from Juneau could always depend on the Echo House beam for aid in making night landings at the seaplane dock below. Sondra, loyal to family tradition, saw to that. And it was her idea that her adored grandfather should set down his raw beef memoirs for what he scornfully termed a "cream puff" prosperity.

The captain from the first had pungently refused to consider such a literary effort; but Sondra, sweetly persistent, had kept to her purpose. When a broken leg and its attendant boredom had finally delivered him into her hands, she had taken shameless advantage of the occasion, and, as usual, had her way.

"... came a grindin' bump as the Glory's keel scraped barnacles off the reef. 'Climb that wheel, ye gum-booted son of a sea bass—'"

The break in dictation made a sudden calm in the upstairs sitting-room where Captain O'Moore sat beside a table on which stood a beautiful little model of the Glory of the West.

"Son of a sea bass," prompted Sondra's low, vibrant voice. She glanced up from her typewriter. Her small head, held proudly, was covered with short silky curls that glistened golden-ashen in the sun. Her eyes were the kind Russians call "mermaid eyes"—clear grey-green under dark lashes that turned up a little at the ends. "Go on, lamb."

The captain, who had turned to look at something out of the window, suddenly reached back for his marine glasses and focused them on the waterfront. Then, as if he couldn't believe what they brought to view, he wiped the lenses and meticulously refocused them.

Sondra rose and looked out.

The Sunday calm seemed as usual—gulls winnowing above the green shore of Japanese Island, a stone's throw across the channel; the herring fleet anchored in its own reflection beyond the O'Moore float; the steamship wharf deserted. A gardener was trimming young cottonwoods at the back of the American Herring Packers' long white cannery—trees planted there at Sondra's request by Kemp Starbuck, young president of the company.

The only sign of life appeared just this side of the American plant where the Bates cannery had burned down during the winter. There, on the blackened wharf, a group of working men stood listening to a tall woman whose high-headed air and

commanding gestures brought a cry of surprise from Sondra.

"Surely, that can't be—"

She caught up her own glasses and brought the woman's figure close. White hair; dark arrogant face; rakish felt hat and tweeds in the latest mode. "But it is! Dynamite, it's old Miss Jacqueline Reynall. She must have come in by plane last night. What in the world do you suppose brought her home without a word of warning, after two years in Florida?"

The captain snapped, "No concern of ours!" And shoved the binoculars back on the table beside him. "Come, let's have a look at what you've been writin'. Step lively!"

Sondra turned on him, her eyes flashing. "Save that tone for the waterfront, Captain Bilgish! I'm no foremast hand. Here's your old manuscript—and try not to get the pages all mixed up again."

Her grandfather had a way of turning crusty at the mention of Miss Jacqueline's name that made Sondra lose patience with him. But by the time she returned to the window her temper was gone.

She realised, obscurely, that what had really stirred her was Miss Jacqueline's connection with Jean Reynall, a slim, dark boy who had been the hero of her childhood. His father was Miss Jacqueline's foster son, adopted in an era when maiden ladies did not go in for that sort of thing. But with her customary disdain of public opinion, Miss Jacqueline had come back from one of her very early cruises carrying the infant in her arms.

She had reared him successfully, put him through Annapolis, and when he, a lieutenant-commander, died soon after the world war, she had brought home his orphaned son, Jean, eleven years old.

Sondra was only five at the time, yet she remembered vividly everything that had to do with Jean Reynall.

"Dynamite, honey," she said aloud. "Do you remember Jean Reynall?"

A violent rustling of manuscript was the only answer.

"Last spring I came near meeting Miss Jacqueline again, after all these years," Sondra went on. "A bunch of us from Stanford had gone up to a Yacht Club affair in San Francisco. The Mermaid was in—that swanky big yacht Doran, the tobacco king, plays around in. Just back from a world cruise, she was, with Jean Reynall as sailing master."

"The papers were full of the story—how the engines had gone mad in a typhoon, or whatever they have in the China Sea; how Doran had bet with one of his guests that the Mermaid could make it under sail to the Golden Gate; and then how 'Lucky' Jean Reynall, with engines dead, had sailed her clear across the Pacific and into the Yacht Harbor at San Francisco. Made a passage that compared favorably with the best records of old-time clippers, too. A wonderful achievement for a master so young and—"

"Master, me eye!" exploded the captain. "Tis a yachtsman, ye mean. Varnish and gingerbread work and filthy oil-burners to shove him along on his course with a little devotion as a trolley-car. Reynall's but a rich man's cabin-boy with gold braid on his sleeves—and the devil's own luck. What can the likes of such know about real sail?"

"Stop shouting at me!" Sondra faced

him. "I think it's perfectly silly—the way you blow up whenever a Reynall is mentioned."

They glared at each other, looking oddly alike for a moment. Then Sondra, with her gift for putting herself in another's place, all at once felt the pathos of him sitting there beside his little model Glory, and he crippled with the years upon him. No more would he know the rare, wild taste of salt spray on his lips. No more know the splendor of being young and the master of a swift, tall ship.

With a repentant little cry she ran to him, and, dropping to her knees, threw her arms about him. "Oh, lamb, I'm sorry! I'm brutal to you. I deserve to be put in irons."

Presently she came to her feet and crossed to a high Javanese chest near the door, where the captain kept his finest liquors. The mellow old room bore evidence of the world-wandering seamen who had called Echo House home. Walls panelled in sandalwood salvaged from a rajah's derelict yacht, found adrift off Sandakan; lustrous, amber-toned Chinese rugs, thick and soft underfoot as moss; bits of bronze, enamel, and antique silver from foreign bazaars; and odd pieces of teak, their smooth mottled surfaces in rich contrast with the rosewood and mahogany furnishings of Russian days.

Sondra called down an old-fashioned speaking-tube and ordered a jug of boiling water. While she waited, her hands busy with bottles and a toddy mug, her mind returned to Jean Reynall. Without being really conscious of it, his was the figure on which she had modelled all her dreams of romance and adventure.

Though she sought to present to the world the casual, flippant attitude toward romance that characterised her generation, she was well aware that her heart wore the hoop-skirts of her grandmother's day. She actually hoped that love would come to her in a tall ship sailing in across the bay to anchor beneath the windows of Echo House.

It was only since her return from Stanford that she had become sophisticated enough to jeer at herself. "You're an absolute nut, Sondra O'Moore. Things like that don't happen in this machine age. You'd better say 'Yes' to Kemp Starbuck the next time he asks you to marry him. He's young and kind. He's devoted. You like the same things. You have fun together."

Yet she never could quite bring herself to say "Yes" to Kemp. And each evening when the weather was clear, she climbed to the old cupola and stood there in vague, wondering expectancy, looking out across the Pacific over which all things came to Sitka. It was her white rose hour of dreams, begun in childhood, before Miss Jacqueline had sent Jean south to school.

She liked to remember that period which followed her first ride on the little red sled; how Jean, despite the dire threats of Poiema, the fat Creole housekeeper, had persisted in seeking her. He had discovered her favorite playground on the beach near the Echo Islet end of the causeway. There among rocks left bare by low tide were green pools alive with little crabs and minnows and spiky sea-eggs. On these waters they sailed Jean's toy ships, while he told her real stories of strange lands his naval officer father had visited.

Often their best grown-up friend joined them at the pools—John Winthrop, the

Forest Man from the Place of Trees. He was a young man, despite his beard, and, in his quiet way, a merry companion full of fascinating information about everything—especially about animals and birds and creatures that live in the sea.

It was on the last afternoon the three ever spent together that the Forest Man told them the most wonderful thing of all; something which everyone else in the village seemed to have forgotten, if, indeed, they had ever known. It had to do with the strange acoustic properties of the cupola, which had given Echo House its name.

He had pointed out a pair of islets more than a mile across the bay. In the channel between those two, he said, anyone in a boat might speak in an ordinary tone, and the words could be heard distinctly in the cupola, but nowhere else.

The scientific explanation was simple—air currents . . . steep-sided islands . . . near mountains . . . the arch and height of the cupola. The Forest Man was in the middle of this when an angry shout drew their attention to the flagged path mounting to the Echo House grounds.

There, high above, was Polena charging down on them with flats shaking and wide skirts billowing in the wind. "Away with you, you Reynall pest!" she shouted. "Take yourself off. If you ever dare to set foot on this island again I'll have the marshal after you!"

Jean, turning from the approaching wrath, had shaken Sondra's small hand with quaint, unburied formality. "Good-bye, Sunny. We can't play together any more. But—I can talk to you. To-night, at eight, you be in the cupola. The Forest Man will show me where to find the talking spot. I'll speak to you then across the water. It will be fun. I'll speak to you every night when the weather is fair."

There was magic in that evening, and in all the evenings thereafter, when Sondra stood in the cupola, her feet on a box to make her tall enough to look out over the sill of the open arch. Magic, too, in the sound of that boyish voice coming over the water, telling her of adventures and youthful plans. And he had a secret way of informing her when other boats came so close to the "talking spot" that he dared not speak at all.

He sang a verse of a Thilnet song he had learned from native fishermen; selected not because the words held any meaning for either of them, but because the air was beautiful and wild and haunting.

Sondra hummed, as she measured a pony of rum:

"Wild geese cry, flying high,
Where silver spruce and hemlock sigh.
The camp-fire's glow, lifts high, drops low.
My heart goes out to you."

What innocents they were, she and Jean, not to know that it was a love song! But, of course, she was only seven when he went south to school. Miss Jacqueline had shipped him off so suddenly one day that he hadn't even a chance to say good-bye to her. She had never seen him or heard from him since. He had forgotten her long ago; but—

"Sondy!" bellored the captain. "Have ye gone asleep or your feet?"

"Why, no, lamb. I have to wait for hot water to—oh, here it comes."

Fat, white-haired Polena waddled in through the opening door. Behind came Kemp Starbuck, a sawny-haired young man who held his well-proportioned figure

in a way that made him seem much taller than he was. He had a package under his arm, and in one hand the steaming jug he was carrying for the old housekeeper.

"Hi, Kemp!" Sondra advanced to take the jug. "I thought you were off up the coast on business."

"Got back not an hour ago." His words were casual, but his brown eyes rested on her face, warm and eager and approving. Then he turned to the captain with a half-salute. "How are you to-day, sir?"

O'Moore cocked an eye toward the rum bottle. "Dry, but hopeful, my boy. Sit down and join me in a drop o' the dew."

"Thank you, I will. That reminds me —" Kemp stripped the wrapping from his package and set before the captain a squat stone jug sealed with stamped wax.

"Baki, of the Imperial Seal!" breathed O'Moore reverently. "God bless ye, lad! I haven't laid an eye on any of that since 1905 when Admiral Togo sent me a gallon with his compliments—and he just after confiscatin' the cargo of cotton I was tryin' to get through the blockade at Vladivostok."

Kemp listened with quiet attention to the recital of that episode. Sondra had often said, laughingly, that he was the most inspiring listener in the world.

Yet, once or twice, Sondra had felt it wasn't the urbane, courteous Kemp she knew who listened; but a secret self he kept hidden from the world. It was a silly idea, she knew, but it was the guarded self of this young president of the American Packers that most often piqued her interest.

"Need any help, Sondra?" Kemp had made his way to her side.

"Could do with it. Pop a lump of butter into each of these mugs, Kemp."

He stood shoulder to shoulder with her and said in a low tone, "This week I've been away from you has seemed like a year. You're lovelier than ever, Sondra. That cream-colored wool thing you have on; your red-gold hair; those funny carved ivory bracelets on your little wrists. You're—adorable."

There was something in the deep, smooth masculine quality of his voice that all women found oddly stirring. Sondra, knowing that she was not in love with him, found herself almost yielding to its charm each time he asked her to marry him.

Dynamite was talking; a word struck Kemp's ears.

"Passage?" he queried.

"Aye. When old Mike Karmanov built this place the Indian varmints were always tryin' their darnedest to wipe Sitka off the map. So he has this tunnel made from the house to a room under the banya. At the first sign of an Indian uprising, he made ready for siege by stocking the room with grub and water. In peace times the passage was handy on stormy nights for the family to use going out to their weekly scrub."

"Sondra has shown me over the house, Captain; but she must have forgotten to show me the door to the passage."

"Oh, that was nalled up before she was born. Ye wouldn't know it if ye looked at it, Starbuck. It's one of the carved panels under the stairway in the reception room downstairs."

"A tunnel to an outside bath; a cupola where sentries once watched for Indian attacks. What a house!" Kemp said appre-

ciatively. "One would almost expect it contained hidden treasure left by those generations that have gone."

"A Karmanov—with treasure!" The Captain hooted. "Me boy, the outfit blew their money like drunken sailors. Lived like princes when they had it. Lived like princes and went into debt when they hadn't."

"Still, it wouldn't be surprising if these panelled walls and log partitions did conceal hiding places for such things as old records. Diaries, letters, that sort of thing."

"Not these walls. I've had every inch of 'em sounded for dry rot, and they're as solid as a Dutchman's head. As for diaries, a man's a fool for keeping such. I haven't logged a line since—since I lost the Glory."

"I wish to heaven you had," remarked Sondra. "Right now it would help me with the memoirs."

"I dare say!" said Kemp. "But to change the subject—to herring. I really came to see you, Captain, about the catch of your fleet."

"AND what about me catch, lad?" asked the captain, sampling the drink Sondra gave him. His voice was friendly, but a certain wariness had come into his eyes.

Sondra settled herself to listen. This was the first time in several years that she had been home during the herring run; and the O'Moore fleet was really her property. On her grandfather's retirement from his own business two years ago, he had invested the legacy left her by her parents in six herring boats which would remain under his management until she was twenty-five. She felt it was time that she learned something of the business.

Kemp was saying, "Briefly, sir, I want all the herring you catch this season."

"Ye mean all me surplus, don't ye?"

"No. I want to contract for your entire season's catch. The same sort of contract you had with John Bates last year. Bates is dead. His plant out there is in ashes. Is there any reason why you can't let me—that is my firm—have the fish that would have gone to Bates this season, had he lived?"

"There's one reason, though there may be none by this time to-morrow, Starbuck. A new outfit—the Baranov Packers—have taken over the Bates holdings. They have until eleven to-morrow mornin' to exercise an optional contract for the catch of me fleet."

"I've heard rumors of that, sir. But consider this: The run is due to start any day now, and so far not one of the Baranov outfit is on the ground. They haven't even laid a sill for a new cannery or landed a single machine on the dock. Even if they do arrive to-morrow, they can't possibly get ready in time to use a fraction of your fleet's catch. To me it looks as if they'd stood you up, sir."

"That's had me frayin' me chafin' gear these three weeks past! I know they've opened a Seattle office in charge of one James Ford who signs himself vice-president. But who's back of 'em, or what their plans are, I've no more idea than O'Fisherty's pig. Still, an option's an option, until it expires."

"True, sir. But if it expires to-morrow, it leaves you without a buyer on the eve of the herring run. I'm the only other packer in this district who can handle a catch as large as yours. But if I make a contract with someone else, won't you find it—er—

let us say, embarrassing to go outside this district to market your herring?"

"Embarrassin'?" The captain jerked himself erect. "What the heck d'ye mean by that?"

Kemp, ignoring the question, leaned forward with his engaging air of candor. "I don't often speak of my company's business, sir, but I think I owe you this explanation: Rather unexpectedly we secured an unusually big contract which necessitates our canning herring in addition to putting up an increased amount of the salt fish we've always boxed for export. I've just installed two lines of canning equipment, and I'll have to keep my machines whirling at full capacity all the season, or forfeit a stiff penalty for any shortage. You can understand now why I'm so keen on getting your catch."

"Umph! But why my fish, when ye've a dozen able boats of your own?"

"Let's not try to kid each other, sir. You know what my boats are—small, shallow-draft trawlers. The kind all Alaska herring men were using when I came here two years ago. Able boats, yes, when seining was done only in sheltered bays and estuaries. But right after that you came with your new fleet of sea-going, deep-net seiners and revolutionised herring fishing."

"Oh, I admit you were smarter than the rest of us! You saw that with such boats and gear you could go off-shore—now that the whales no longer come here to break up the schools of fish—and take the cream of the incoming run before the herring had a chance to reach the sheltered waters where our smaller boats waited."

The captain nodded.

"Well, your big boats not only took the cream, but, either by chance or design, they broke up the remainder of those immense off-shore schools into small, scattered pods. When those pods finally trickled into sheltered waters where our boats always had made their big hauls, not one of them contained enough herring to wet a net for. Furthermore, the fish never formed a major school again until after they'd worked up into some dangerous, inaccessible hole, like Shaman's Lagoon."

"Only the devil himself could pilot a trawler through the crazy, tidal currents of Shaman's Lagoon. And not even the devil could make a haul there without ripping his nets on the rock-foul bottom."

"Gad, sir! You certainly got the jump on us that first season! Thomas, on the north, Swanson, on the south. Myself, here at Slika. All crying for fish to keep our plants going, and our fleets unable to make one decent haul. And then, when you had the strange hold on us—shall I go on, sir?"

"I'm listenin'."

"You flooded the Bates cannery with herring, and made the rest of us pay through the nose for your surplus. We did it. We had to. But the following year—last year—Thomas and Swanson had their own sea-going fleets to compete with yours. Then you three put on a dog-fight, each trying to spike the other's operations."

"Nothing was too dirty to pull. Nets were slashed; boats rammed, men sacrificed. Packers, like myself, profited, because you all cut prices on your surplus to where it was cheaper to buy than to operate our own boats. That was last season. But this season—" he paused significantly—"something tells me all this will be changed."

"How changed, young fella?" The captain's blue eyes had sharpened to pin-points of glacier-blue.

"Well, sir, during this past week I've been to both Thomas and Swanson trying to contract for their surplus. A couple of years ago they would have jumped at the chance to sell me that surplus. This season, while they didn't exactly refuse outright, they stalled. They wouldn't promise anything nor fix a price."

"I somehow got the idea that they wouldn't sell to me at any price. I'm new in this herring game, captain, but I don't need to look in the back of the book for an answer to that."

Kemp's quizzical smile awoke no response in the flint-like visage across the table. "I'll hear your answer," snapped the captain. "I'll hear, also, what ye meant a bit ago by that crack about me, possible 'embarrassment'."

Sondra had never before seen her grandfather like this—cool, wary-eyed, terse. In the silence that followed each man was obviously trying to gauge the calibre of the other.

At last Kemp said, "If you must have it, I think you and Thomas and Swanson have made a 'gentlemen's agreement.' You've divided these coastal waters as Caesar did Gaul, into three parts, each to stick close to his own district, neither fishing nor seining outside it. In a working alliance, with your seagoing fleets, the three of you control the herring industry. You have the rest of us at your mercy. We can either buy your surplus at a fancy price, or watch our plants stand idle."

Kemp shrugged. "Idealists might give that sort of thing the nasty name of 'conspiracy,' or 'combination in restraint of trade,' but you and I, being practical herring men, needn't waste time in a discussion of ethics."

"I'll get on, instead, to the question of your possible embarrassment: Suppose this Baranov outfit folds up on you to-morrow, leaving you to look for another market? Suppose, meantime, that I, the only large packer in this district of yours, should have made other arrangements for my fish? Wouldn't that 'gentlemen's agreement,' binding you not to sell outside your district, prove rather embarrassing to your operations? Of course, I'm only guessing, but—" a lift of his eyebrows completed the sentence.

The captain, frowning, looked out of the window and remained mute. Seconds dragged by. Then Kemp added, "I haven't offended you, sir?"

O'Moore's long upper lip twitched, and into his eyes came a glint of the approbation he had not hitherto bestowed upon the courteous-mannered young president of the American Packers. "No offence, Starbuck. I admit nothin', ye understand, but I'll say this: ye are a darn good guesser." He relapsed into silence again, his fingers drumming the arm of his chair.

Sondra, vaguely uneasy, thought again that this was a new Captain O'Moore. Now, also, was everything Kemp had said about the herring fleet. Her grandfather had never once hinted that the O'Moore trawlers, built to his specifications, had revolutionised the fishing business.

"The modest, clever darling," she was thinking, with a little rush of love and pride, when a phrase of Kemp's came echoing in her memory. "And when you had a stranglehold on us . . ." That suggested someone powerful and utterly ruthless.

She glanced questioning at her grandfather's lean, unreadable face. Suddenly he seemed very remote—a stranger.

"STARBUCK, ye've put your cards on the table, and so will I." The sound of the captain's endearing brogue somehow made all things right again. "I've agreed to furnish Baranov Packers with all the herring they can handle, provided they fork over an advance of thirty thousand dollars. To bind the bargain, they must have a representative here on or before to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, with cash or a certified cheque for that amount. So, until then—"

"But, confound it, sir, they haven't built their plant yet. They—"

"I know. But I phoned Jarvis at the bank this mornin'—he's hibernatin' in his office over Sunday, hein' in Dutch with his missus again. I phlegmied around till I learned Baranov Packers have a husky deposit in his bank. They can produce that advance—if one of 'em gets here by to-morrow."

"But if they fail to arrive, you have no reason for refusing to let me take up that contract for my company, have you, sir?"

"I have. Though 'tis more a personal prejudice than a business reason, Starbuck. 'Tis this: Ye employ too many Orientals to suit me."

"Oh, be fair, now, sir! I'm not the only one. Every packer in Alaska brings in Orientals. Always has. If he didn't, he'd go broke. You know the reason for that as well as I do. Most of the natives belonged to the old Russian Church, and insist on 188 holidays a year. A man can't put up a pack with cannery hands who will lay off in the midst of the biggest run to celebrate the birthday of some Muscovite saint."

"There's some truth in that," admitted the Captain. "Tis myself that's cursed those holidays many a time when I've needed hands to unload cargo. However, things have changed since the Japs began invadin' Bering Sea, gettin' American fish under our very noses, and cannin' 'em in Japanese floatin' canneries anchored in American waters. This year every Alaskan packer has cut down on his Oriental crew, except yourself. Ye haven't a single white man or an Indian on any of your boats, now, have ye?"

Starbuck flushed. "No. But I have in my cannery. I—I took that very matter up with my board of directors, but—well, here's the situation, Captain: Although I'm president of my concern, my position here is more that of a salaried superintendent. I'm a long way from having the final voice in many matters of company policy, you understand."

"Umhmm. I see. Well, by next season ye'd better see to it that some of those little brown men are weeded out of your fishing fleet, Starbuck. I don't like 'em. However, I do like the way ye've been above board with me. When a man shoots square with me, I do the same with him. Otherwise—"

He paused significantly.

"Yes, sir. But what about the fish?" persisted Kemp.

"A single-minded devil ye are, Starbuck." The captain grinned. "Well, if I'm hooked with the Baranov contract I can promise ye no more than me surplus; but I'll turn ye every barrel of that. And if that hick-a-daisy Baranov outfit is late with that advance by so much as five minutes, I'll—"

He broke off as a loud, labored wheezing

came through the door from the hall. "What the—oh, it's that old fool, Polena. Been running up the stairs again. What's wrong now, Polena?"

THE scowling housekeeper panted into the room. "Captain—Miss Sondra—that—that—"

"Oh, scram, Polena," drawled a deep feminine voice. "I'll announce myself. Hello, everybody!"

She sauntered through the doorway, a tall, dark girl, strongly built, yet slim. A cluster of crushed, brown-edged gardenias wilted on the shoulder of her black caecol coat. Her smart hat adhered to one side of her long, turned-under bob at such an extreme angle that the beholder instinctively looked for its moorings. Her red mouth was petulant, and her brown eyes swept the room with an alertness curiously at variance with her heavy, long-lashed lids.

"Liane!" cried Sondra. "What a surprise! I thought you were in San Francisco." After a moment's hesitation she advanced with outstretched hand.

"I got in on the mail plane last night." The dark girl kissed Sondra's cheek, then flung an arm about O'Moore's neck, liberating a strong waft of lilac perfume. "Busted leg, eh? Fight?"

"No, Rum." The captain emerged from her embrace, his eyes twinkling, and turned to Kemp. "Starbuck, I'd like to make ye known to Mrs.—Mrs.— Bless me soul, Liane, I don't believe I know the name of your current husband."

"I'm using my maiden name again, Cap." In one swift glance the girl had appraised Kemp's trim, athletic build; his tawny hair, the line of his mouth. She smiled at him, a slow smile accompanied by a fanning of her long lashes. "I'm Liane Boot-rin."

Divested of hat and coat she sank into a soft chair and crossed her knees in a way that revealed one beautifully modelled leg—with a run in the sheer silk over the calf. Kemp struck a light for the cigarette she held up between pouted lips, and her red-lacquered finger-tips brushed his hand as he applied the flame.

"Well, well!" jovially boomed the captain. "Seems like old times to have ye back again, Dark-and-Devilleh! What brought ye home this time? 'Twas only last week your mother told me ye were packin' 'em in at the Lotus Club with that torch dance of yours."

"I was. But the only dance being done there now is a dance of rage by the birds who wrote the fire insurance on the dump."

"How come?"

"Oh, the hat-check girl got a notion I was making a pass at the orchestra leader who was her—well, sort of engaged to her. The little cat—I know she was the one who did it—slipped an overdose of gasoline in my torches that night. I didn't get burned, as she hoped; but the decorations caught fire and the whole place was gutted before you could say 'Tom Collins!'"

"It was not my fault. How was I to know my torches were overloaded? But a couple of the patrons got charred and the papers played the thing up as if I'd set the joint on fire on purpose. Everyone, from the cops to the insurance companies, began prying into my private life. So—well, I thought I'd come home and roost till the thing cooled off."

"Oh, Liane! I'm so sorry. You do have the worst luck." Sondra was sympathetic.

"I'll say." Liane adjusted her hair and ran her fingers over her pencilled brows. "How am I standing up under the strain, Captain?"

O'Moore surveyed her with humorous and critical interest. "Tis like a lovely dark red rose ye are, me surl. A rose that's growin' a bit too near the dusty highway."

Liane laughed and made a face at him.

Sondra asked, "How long will you stay home this time?"

"That depends on you, darling. I'm tossing myself on the well-known O'Moore hospitality again."

"On me? Oh, I see. But your mother—won't she be terribly disappointed if you don't stay at home? She's refurbished your room, you know."

"Don't I know!" Mother has a positive genius for setting me coo-coo. She just can't understand how inharmonious surroundings affect one of my temperaments. Especially now, when I'm recovering from that Lotus Club blow-up. We had a little run-in about it this morning and—well, I knew you wouldn't mind putting me up for a few weeks, Sondra. You have such oceans of room."

"Yes, we— Of course, Liane, we'll be happy to have you visit us again. Your luggage—"

"Oh, I happened to meet Alexander on my way over, and I told him to get my bags and put them in your Lady Franklin room. But if you'd rather put me somewhere else—"

"Miss Sondra!" Polena's acid voice cut in. "I'm cleaning the Lady Franklin room this week. And the other guest-rooms also."

Sondra, aware that Polena had just finished cleaning the entire upper story, said diplomatically: "But you manage such things so smoothly, dear, I'm sure you can arrange it. Come along with me now, and we'll see about the bedding. I'll see you later, folks."

As Sondra and the old housekeeper entered the small blue-and-gold suite down the hall, Polena jerked to a stop. "Humph!" She pointed a fat finger at the battered luggage on the floor—an incongruous note amid the exquisite old French furniture. "Last time she stayed three months, and you away at the University. My legs, they had knots from running around waiting on her, I tell you, Miss Sondra, I won't do it this time."

"Now, now, Polena! Remember, Liane went to school here with me, and—"

"Went to school with you? Huh! That one was excommunicated from High School when you were only in the fifth grade. She—talking about temperament! Everyone knows her great-great-grandfather was the murdering Thlinget chief who led the massacre of old Sitka. I tell you I have too much to do now getting ready for the party to wait on her. And Alexander—if that grandson of mine lets her bamboozle him, by the hornwax jeez-bill, I'll—"

"Polena!" Sondra laughed. "When you begin misusing the Captain's swear words it's time to calm down, or you'll bring on another attack of your asthma. Come, now. See that the bed is made up, like a dear, and then unpack Liane's bags."

The old creole stiffened, shoved out her chin, and drew her narrow black eyes down at the corners in a look that was a throw-back to some Aleut ancestor on the war-path.

"Yes, Miss Sondra." Her voice was poisonously sweet.

Suddenly she turned with animal-like quickness towards a sound Sondra had not heard. Liane and Kemp were at the open door.

"Come in, Kemp," Liane drawled. "Give my wraps to Polena."

Polena snatched hat and coat from Kemp's arm and stamped off into the bedroom.

Liane looked about her with a proprietary air. "Sweet, isn't it, Kemp? Lady Franklin slept in this room years ago when she came to Sitka looking for— What was she looking for, Sondra? The Northwest Passage, or something?"

"Looking for her husband who was lost while searching for the Northwest Passage."

"Oh, yes. Nowadays they find it simpler to get amnesia. Anyway, it's a ducky suite. Take a peek at the bedroom, Kemp."

"I've already shown Kemp through the house," remarked Sondra dryly.

"That's more than you've ever done for me, darling." Liane spoke quite without rancor. "This time I'd really like to see that chest of old costumes your defunct Karmanov kin used to wear. I'm developing a new dance to slay the night-clubbers with when I go south again. Something rich and Russian, you know."

"I—I'll be glad to show them to you, Liane. I'm going to look them over in the morning and select a gown to wear to the party. If you like, you may wear one of them also."

"Party?" The girl's somnolent dark eyes lighted. "When? What kind of party?"

"A surprise—for Dynamite on his seventy-fifth birthday, day after to-morrow. A 'Russian night.' Each guest comes as some character of Sitka's Russian regime. Those who have costumes of their ancestors will wear them. The others are having theirs made."

"Um-m-m. Ancestors. Too bad my family didn't preserve the war bonnet and armor worn by Chief Skayentleit, on my distaff side. . . . What are you going to wear, Kemp?"

Sondra said: "I suggest that he wear the uniform of the Very Honorable Michael Andreevich Karmanov, captain of the First Rank in the navy of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas I."

Kemp answered hastily, "I appreciate the compliment, Sondra, but—" he smiled—"don't you think a navy uniform quite out of character for me? I'd fit better into a—well, a trapper's outfit."

Liane drawled, "Nothing so plebeian ever grew on Sondra's family tree, Kemp. The predatory ancestors are all on my side of the fence."

"Well, leave it to me, girls. I'll wear something appropriate." Kemp stepped forward to assist Polena, who was stamping through with an armload of bedding. "And what shall you represent at this party, Polena?"

The old creole shot a poisonous look at Liane. "I'll be the ghost of Echo House, Mr. Kemp. The one that haunts this room."

Liane laughed shortly and remarked:

"Polena's invented that ghost for my benefit. Every time I come here to stay, she tells me about it, hoping to scare me off. But I don't scare."

Kemp smiled, and after deprecating the non-existence of the ghost, made ready to leave. "I go regretfully, ladies, I assure you."

Liane languidly lifted a slim hand. "I'll be seeing you soon, Kemp?" Her eyes held a look of promise.

"Very soon, I hope, Miss Bootlin," mockingly he bent from the hips and raised her fingers to his lips.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when Liane was executing a fancy step. "Well, warm my toast!" she exclaimed. "Is the Starbuck a heart-throb, or is he a heart-throb?"

SONDRA returned to the sitting-room to find her grandfather studying the Bates' dock through his marine glasses.

"Sondy," he hailed her, without shifting his gaze. "Send one of the servants down to see what that crowd's waiting for."

"Alexander isn't here. Neither is Jodin. It's cook's day off, you know."

"What! Not one of me crew on deck to—"

"Alexander will be back soon, dear. How about working a bit more on the memoirs until—"

"Memoirs be blowed! I want to know what's comin' off down there on the Bates' dock." He swept his glasses along the waterfront again, and out over the island-dotted bay. "Can't see a thing—except a tug with a tow, roundin' in past Gull Island."

Sondra gathered up the manuscript. She was placing it in a cabinet across the room when she was startled by a queer, smothered cry behind her. She turned in quick alarm.

Her grandfather had collapsed. His white head was sunk on his chest. One arm hung limp outside his chair. The binoculars had dropped to the rug.

She stood a moment, transfixed by shock that pierced her like a knife. Then she ran and threw her arms about his huddled figure. "Darling! What's happened? What's wrong?"

His stricken eyes lifted to the little model of his first command, splendid in white paint and gilt and spread of tiny sails. One unsteady hand reached out to caress the snowy hull. "The Glory . . ." he said, brokenly. "That's how she was when I had her, Sondy. . . . And now—look at her—down there—on the bay."

Sondra chilled with the fear that he had lost his mind. "No, no, dear. The Glory couldn't be here. You lost her, years ago. Don't you remember?"

He brushed one hand wearily across his eyes. "Lost her, ay. But not at sea. Not the way you think. . . . They took her from me. Seized her. Thanks to Jacqueline Reynall."

"Miss Jacqueline?" Sondra sank to her knees and tried to read from his face whether this were further evidence of a wandering mind. He stared through her, his eyes dull with the ache of an ancient hurt. "Not—Miss Jacqueline?"

He nodded. "I've never talked of it, Sondy. It—it bruises me pride, even now. I—I had a great wish for her in those days. Then, the last time I had the Glory here in port we quarrelled. Hot words, and bitter, before we parted. She turned on me and—betrayed me to her man-huntin' father."

"Twas hard for me to believe it of her; yet, within a month Ramps Reynall had followed me straight into one of me safest hideouts. On a black night he caught me, with me anchored down and me hold full of fresh-killed seal pelts. He must have had bearin' off me secret charts to bring his

gunboat through those hidden reefs. Bearin' no one had a chance to copy, except meself, and her."

"So that's why you hate her!" Sondra's arms tightened about him. "My poor darling, don't think about it any more. It's all years behind. Finished."

"I thought it was finished fifty years ago when I stood with empty pockets and watched the Glory auctioned at a government sale. But now—to see her like this comin' home. . . . She must be passin' below the window, Sondy. Look out. You'll see."

Sondy drew a quivering, despairing breath, but to humor him, went to the window.

There was nothing in sight but a squat tug, belching smoke back over a barge it was towing past almost under the window.

A lump in her throat made her voice unsteady as she turned to reassure him. "That's not the Glory, dear. It's just a dirty old barge without even a mast."

"Aye. No masts. Her fine, tall spars of Oregon pine, with never a knot or blemish in all their 100 feet—they've lopped 'em down and smeared the poor maimed stumps with oil and lampblack. Can't ye see what they've made of her, Sondy? A filthy, foul-smellin', floatin' can'nery."

Sondra caught up the fieldglasses and brought the barge close. She saw now that the lumber on deck was box shooks. The cargo boom was already jerking boxes of cans up from the open hatch. . . . Undoubtedly, it was a floating cannery; yet it couldn't be the Glory.

The name on the bow was too dim for reading, but there was one other detail that would resolve all doubt—the figurehead. On the miniature Glory it was an exquisite little carving—a laughing, golden mermaid with one forward reaching arm. The very essence of swift grace and guidance. With this in mind she moved the glasses to the blunted bowsprit of the barge.

The figurehead was there, blackened, broken, yet recognizable. But the gaily outflaring arm that had once pointed the Glory's way on the sea was gone. . . .

Ten minutes later Sondra was flying down the stairs of Echo House—flying to the dock.

ON the Bates' dock the crowd parted to make way for the stormy-eyed granddaughter of Captain O'Moore; but Sondra was oblivious of their odd, expectant glances and the excited whispering that followed her swift passing.

At the head of the Glory's gangplank she ran into a red-headed young giant in dungarees, who had blocked her way by placing a huge freckled hand on each side of the gangway. "Four bells and a jingle, Miss!" He had a square, faun-like grin. "That means full astern on the main engines."

"I have business with the man in charge here," she retorted impatiently. "Take me to him at once."

"The skipper's in conference just now, Miss. But as his chief engineer and confidential adviser I might—"

"Your skipper at this moment can have no business more important than seeing me."

"I believe you!" The red-head was regarding her with bold approval. "But, not having seen you yet, he wouldn't know that."

Sondra bit back a furious retort. "How long will he be engaged in this—er—conference?"

"Not long. He's just clearing up a few elementary points for some of the Bates' hands we're taking over." He indicated a group of white and native cannery workers clustered aft on the Glory's long deck. "Ah-h-h. . . ." He cocked a listening ear in that direction. Sondra heard a multiple murmur; a scuffle of feet; two smacking wands, and a thump, as of some bulky object hitting the deck.

The red-head nodded complacently. "I reckon the skipper's ended his conference, Miss."

Sondra darted past him and hurried aft through a litter of labelling machines, stacks of coolers, boxes of cans, all recently hoisted from the hold. She reached the outer fringe of the crowd, but none of these men made way for her. Their sullen, mutinous faces were turned towards something hidden at the centre of the group. Then she heard a voice—pleasant, masculine, yet unmistakably edged with challenge; and angry though she was, the words almost surprised her into laughter.

"And now, does anyone else here disapprove of my choice of underwear?"

Aware that amusement had already dulled her own hostility, Sondra sensed a similar change in the temper of the men around her. Tension gave way. A chuckle, like the sound of water on a pebbly beach, ran through the crowd. Someone called, "You'll do, young feller! Most of us here never wore no underwear, nohow."

Sondra, peering through a temporary gap between two shifting bodies, had a view of the first speaker. He was the most intensely alive-looking young man she had ever seen. Tall, lean-faced, with riotous black hair and brilliant dark blue eyes. He wore a white sleeveless undershirt which left bare a decidedly splendid pair of arms and shoulders, smoothly muscled and tanned the golden-bronze shade that comes from judicious exposure to tropic suns. There were black smudges on his duck trousers, but the undershirt was immaculate. And undoubtedly it was of silk.

"Thank you, boys," he was saying. "Now let's get this straight so we'll have no future misunderstanding." His voice had a quiet ring of command that gripped the men to attention. "You have been hired to put up herring for the Baranov Packing Company. I'm here to boss the job. If anyone doubts my ability to do that, now's the time to speak out—just as Moose Hardy did a few minutes ago." His downward glance indicated the former Bates' foreman stretched prone at his feet.

At the sound of his name the burly Moose sat up groaning, one hairy paw exploring the angle of his jaw. The young man helped him to his feet, laid a hand on his shoulder, and again faced the men.

"Boys, Moose is your foreman. You know your jobs! I'm asking you to give me a record pack this season. That means hard work, but you'll get top wages and a fat bonus. I'll see that you get the fish. You see that they're canned. If they're not canned—you will be." He delivered the canneryman's pun with a humorous look that indicated his knowledge of its antiquity. "Our plant's in perfect shape. The minute the first run of herring strikes in, we start running full blast."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that!" Sondra had stepped into the cleared circle, and stood confronting him, green eyes flashing under her bright, wind-ruffled hair. "Be-

fore you put up any fish on this vessel, sir, you'll have to deal with my grandfather."

"W-e-i-l!" His eyebrows went up in admiring surprise; but in the curve of his smile was mockery and power. "Where did you drop from, Miss Aurora? And who is the powerful grandpa, that he controls the denizens of the deep?"

"My grandfather is Captain O'Moore. He sends word that you are to call on him at once."

"O'Moore?" The name had an instant sobering effect. He turned to face the charthouse. Inside the open door, unnoticed until now, sat Miss Jacqueline Reynall, smoking a cigarette. "That's not the O'Moore?" He shot the query at her.

Miss Jacqueline nodded, with a slight smile that seemed tinged with malicious amusement. The young man frowned thoughtfully; then dismissed the obviously curious workmen. "That's all now. Moore will give you your orders."

He spoke to Sondra. "I'll go with you. Just give me a moment to get into a sweater."

"I prefer not to wait for you. Anyone can direct you to Echo House." She looked at him coldly.

He answered with a sudden warm smile. "Jean Reynall could never forget the way to Echo House. Nor you—Sondra O'Moore."

Her heart lifted in joyous recognition, but the next instant reality—the grotesque, incredible reality—struck home. Jean Reynall, returning like this! The romantic sea-rover of her dreams, coming home in command of a floating cannery. Turning to such debased use her grandfather's first command, lost to him through the treachery of another Reynall.

She stared at him a moment, held speechless by the sickening wave of disillusionment that broke over her. How dared he stand there waiting, with that eager, expectant light in his eyes! A sudden uprush of indignation and contempt sent her toward him, her hands clenched into trembling little fists. "You—you—" Her voice broke. And yet he saw the impotent tears that welled into her eyes, she faced about and began running from him toward the gangplank.

"Oh, Sondra! Wait—just a minute!"

She rushed on blindly, until she found herself again blocked by the redheaded young giant in the gangway.

"Didn't you hear the skipper tell you to wait, miss?" he said with immense reproach.

"Get out of my way, you—you Piddown Percheron!"

"My name's Lane, Miss. Shadrach Ignatius Lane." He grinned and bowed deeply, without removing his hands from the ropes. "But you can call me Shady. All my friends do."

Sondra was so furious she might have struck him, had not Kemp Starbuck strode up the gangplank at that moment.

"Would you mind letting Miss O'Moore pass, old chap?" Kemp courteously addressed Shady's back.

Shady faced about, still barring Sondra's way. Kemp put up an open hand and pushed with stiffened fingers against the engineer's chest just over the heart. The gesture seemed gentle, yet the big fellow, with a grimace of pain, gave way instantly.

Before Sondra had recovered from her amazement at the ease with which Kemp had displaced a man so much larger than

himself, Jean Reynall, adjusting the neck of a white pullover, was beside her.

"Sorry I kept you waiting, Sondra." He looked inquiringly at Kemp, who returned his regard with cool hostility.

Sondra hastily introduced the two men. "This is the superintendent of the Baranov Packers, Kemp. Captain Reynall—Mr. Starbuck, president of the American Packers."

Kemp bowed stiffly. Reynall nodded. "Sorry I can't invite you aboard at the moment, Mr. Starbuck. I'm just leaving with Miss O'Moore." He was studying Kemp with curious intentness. "Starbuck," he repeated the name considering. "Haven't we met before? Your face seems familiar somehow."

An odd light flickered in Kemp's brown eyes. His reply was curt. "I think not."

A moment's silence followed during bristling of invisible hackles which occurs at the encounter of two men who instinctively dislike each other.

"Grandfather sent me to bring Captain Reynall up to the house, Kemp. On business," Sondra said at last.

"I see," Kemp's voice was suave now—too suave. His glance swept the cannery impedimenta littering the Glory's deck. "We seem by way of being rivals, Captain. I trust we may be friendly competitors."

"By all means," responded Reynall with equal suavity.

WHEN Sondra and Jean Reynall entered the upstairs sitting-room at Echo House, Captain O'Moore's searching, seaman's eyes bored into the visitor; his silence implied an imminent explosion.

"Grandfather, this is—the superintendent of the Baranov plant." Sondra wondered why she made the presentation that way, since she had no conscious desire to protect the young man, even briefly, from the rage she knew must come at the mention of the name Reynall.

"How do you do, Captain O'Moore!" Reynall advanced with extended hand. "You sent for me, sir?"

The captain pointedly ignored the proffered hand. "Does your company own that—that thing you've moored to the Bates' dock?" he demanded grimly.

Reynall flushed and dropped his hand to his side. "Yes, sir—if you refer to our floating cannery," he answered pleasantly enough. "It's an efficient packing plant which can put up more fish in two days than the old Bates' cannery could pack in three."

"And where will ye be gettin' your fish, young man?"

"Why—from you, sir. I understand there's a contract—"

"Aye. But a contract's not fish, nor a fishing fleet." The captain obviously was hanging on to his temper. "Now, if it's my fish ye'd be packin' this season, ye'd best waste no time about doin' what I tell ye. Wire your owners. Say you're buildin' a plant ashore and movin' your machinery into it. Say that O'Moore—Dynamite Danny O'Moore—wants that bare hull down there and will pay a good price for it. And ye might add that ye see no other way of gettin' fish into your empty cans."

As Reynall listened to these peremptory demands, his lean, dark face registered surprise, incredulity, and at last uncertainty. "Why, you must be joking, Captain. It would take six weeks to move, reset, and house that machinery. We'd

lose the entire early run of fish. Do you think my company would be crazy enough to sacrifice a year's profits merely because an outsider wants to buy that hull?"

"Profits!" O'Moore spat out the word. "And d'ye think I'll sell my fish to a low-down outfit who'd figure their profits from the shame of as fine a ship as ever sailed blue water? I suppose, now, ye didn't know that ship was my first command?"

Reynall was clearly taken aback. "I—I did not, sir. I'm sorry about that. Believe me, I can appreciate your feeling in the matter, being somewhat of a sailor myself, but—"

"You—a sailor? Why, you insultin' young dockwalloper, no real sailor that ever lived would do that to a fine ship!"

Anger kindled in Reynall's blue eyes, but he held his voice under control. "It was an Eastern firm that converted the Glory, sir. They used her to can shrimps and oysters on the Gulf coast of Florida. My aunt discovered her there last winter and, for some reason of her own, bought her. It was a costly job, towing her through the canal and up here, but my aunt—"

"Who the blazes is this aunt of yours? What has she to do with the Baranov Packers?"

"Why, I thought you knew, sir. She is the Baranov Packers. Every dollar she has is invested in the company. She's Miss Jacqueline Reynall—"

"Jacqueline!" gasped the captain, jerking back as if from a blow. He went on hoarsely: "So I owe this to her, too!"

"Hold on, O'Moore! The young man broke in. "Aunt Jack's never said a word to me about your ancient quarrel. But I know this—you're being unjust to her. She—"

"Look ye here, Reynall. Once I took a knife in the back from your aunt and never lifted me hand. Now she comes, and you with her, to knife me again. But no one ever dealt Dan O'Moore a second blow without gettin' one in return. I pay me debts in full and in the same coin I receive. I—"

"Let me explain, Captain. I plan to—"

"Curse your plans. I've seen too much of 'em already—moored down yonder at the Bates' dock. Here's me last word to ye and your sculpin' tribe: Ye'll pack no fish aboard the Glory of the West if I can prevent it. And I can! Ye came, thinkin' ye had me tricked and helpless; but, by jeez-wax, 'tis a fight ye have on your hands now. Take that word back to Jacqueline Reynall."

A flush again deepened the tan on Reynall's face. "I hope by to-morrow you'll change your mind, sir. We—"

"Get out!" O'Moore's voice rose to a quarter-deck roar.

Sondra darted to Reynall and tugged at his sleeve. "Please, oh, please go now," she whispered, pulling him toward the door.

He went as far as the threshold, then turned. "Depend on this, Captain," he said, through thinned-down lips, "I shall be here at eleven to-morrow morning with the advance payment to seal our contract. Good day, sir."

SONDRA was leading the way downstairs when Jean Reynall overtook her on the first landing and placed a detaining hand on her arm. "Sondra!"

She paused and faced him, coldly disapproving.

"I'm sorry you had to witness my run-in with the captain," he said. "But I feel

that I can rely on you to understand my position, and I hope you'll help me clear up this idiotic misunderstanding."

"You take too much for granted, Captain Reynall. The idiosyncrasy, if any, is yours. I'm in complete accord with my grandfather." She said it loyally, and meant it; but to her secret chagrin Reynall's nearness, the touch of his hand, were somehow blurring her sense of injury.

Then before Sondra realised his intent, he had gathered her into his arms and very deliberately, very gently, kissed both her eyes.

She knew a warning instant of surrender. Then, furious with herself and with him, she jerked herself back and brought the flat of her hand smartly against his face. "And you may add that to your memoirs, sir!" she cried, retreating one step up the stairs, so that her outraged gaze was nearly level with his eyes. "Your manners, like everything else about you, are abominable."

He smiled at her, unabashed, one finger moving across his slapped cheek. "Perhaps I had that coming. But—it was worth it. And just let me say this." He was suddenly grave and very much in earnest. "Bumping into a mysterious feud between your grandfather and my aunt has me somewhat stymied. The captain's high-handed demands and his absolute refusal to let me state my case had me fighting mad for a moment."

"I'm afraid I wasn't very diplomatic. But there are some really important points about this situation that I want you, particularly, to know. Let me tell you tonight, in the cupola. Will you go there about nine o'clock, so I can talk to you from the old place off-shore?"

His eyes pleaded. She longed with all her heart to say "yes," but a perverse loyalty to her grandfather held her silent while he waited for her answer. Finally, he turned and slowly descended the short flight of steps.

She stood watching him across the long, panelled reception-room to the front door, and fought back a desire to call to him. Then the latch clicked behind him. He was gone. She leaned against the banister wondering at the great sense of aloneness that assailed her. But she wondered more at her sudden rise of spirits when the door suddenly swung back again and his lean, dark face appeared in the opening. "Remember—nine o'clock!" He was smiling up at her. "I'm depending on you . . . darling."

WHEN Sondra managed an excuse to absent herself from the drawing-room for a few minutes that night, it was already five minutes past nine. She raced up the stairs, hoping desperately that something would have delayed Jean's talking. But when she stepped out into the cupola she heard his guarded tones, blurred for an instant by the thumping of her heart. Then his words came clearly, referring, obviously, to something he had explained during her absence.

" . . . had me puzzled from the first. But after I left you this afternoon I placed it. Then the situation here, with its implications, became all too clear. I don't want to frighten you, little one, but it might lead to anything—even murder. I don't dare say more now. But I beg of you, be on your guard—you and your grandfather. . . . About myself, now that I've told you my

plans, and you understand, I'm hoping for your trust and friendship—more than anything else. But with or without that I'm pledged to go through with what I have to do here for Aunt Jack. There's no alternative."

"If, knowing that, you still have faith in me, prove it to-morrow when I come to see your grandfather. I'll be there early—a quarter to eleven. Meet me at the door. Before I go upstairs we'll arrange for a later talk about this other matter that has me worried. If you are not there—well, I'll understand that it's thumbs down. Should that happen, I beg of you once more—watch. Be on your guard against—"

The break was startlingly abrupt. Then, as if he were singing to himself, his voice came across the night, making Sondra forget, momentarily, everything he had been telling her.

"Wild geese cry, flying high
Where silver spruce and hemlock sigh.
The camp-fire's glow lifts high, drops low,
My heart goes out to you."

The old Thimble song of their childhood—signalling an interruption!

The words were the same—yet not the same. The boy's voice had become a man's, rich, deep, poignant. It vibrated in her heart, and when it ended she stood wondering at herself. Was she being foolishly romantic again—or had he sung the verse not only as a signal, but also as—a love song?

Next day, Sondra woke with a vague feeling that something momentous had happened. Then, swiftly, the events of yesterday clarified in her mind—the arrival of Jean Reynall and the Glory; the discovery that Miss Jacqueline was the old ship's owner as well as the power behind Baranov Packers; Jean's strange fragmentary message which had come to her across the night waters of the bay.

Certain remembered phrases of that message she found no less bewildering now than they had been last night. "Menace . . . even murder . . . Be on your guard, you and your grandfather." On guard—against what? What menace could there be in dreamy old Sitka that would justify a warning couched in such melodramatic terms? Was it possible that Miss Jacqueline contemplated some further, more drastic, move against her grandfather, in order to satisfy fully her ancient grudge—whatever it might be?

Jean had told her, "I must go through with what I have to do for Aunt Jack." That meant he intended to defy Dynamite and operate the Glory as a floating cannery. If he did, Dynamite certainly would declare a war that would fill the lovely summer with a merciless conflict she shrank from contemplating.

Jean could not know what a fish war in Alaska meant. "Nets slashed, boats rammed, men sacrificed. Nothing too dirty to pull." If he really understood this, perhaps he might try to persuade Miss Jacqueline to make peace on Dynamite's terms.

Yet even as Sondra revolved this possibility a wisdom older than herself told her Jean Reynall was not the man to abandon a set course merely to avoid opposition; nor to urge peace solely because the alternative might mean danger to himself.

No, if peace were to be effected, it must be through a better understanding between Jean and her grandfather; through a spirit of compromise permitting each to give a little for the sake of gaining more. What

the situation needed now was an arbitrator, and that's where she, Sondra, might come in.

"Hi-ya, darling! Surprised you, didn't it?" Sondra's thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the entry of Liane, dressed for the day in a scarlet knit sports outfit.

"Well, ra-ther!" Sondra was more than surprised at the girl's early appearance. They had stayed up late last night discussing with Kemp the presentation of Liane's torch dance at the birthday party. Since Liane had left word she would not breakfast until noon, Sondra had taken it for granted the coast would be clear when Jean came. Now, with Liane on the loose, however would she get a chance to see Jean alone?

SONDRA was still groping for some stratagem which would keep Liane from attaching herself to Jean before he reached Echo House, when Alexander arrived with a breakfast tray. Half way through breakfast she hit upon a plan.

"Look here, Liane! You're going to need something to wear at the party, besides your beads and war-bonnet. How about going up to the attic as soon as we finish our coffee, to look over my old costumes?"

"Ah-h-h! You're actually going to let me wear a gown that once graced the form of an aristocratic Karmenov?"

"Of course, silly. Any one, except my great-grandmother's wedding gown." Once let Liane start trying on dresses and she was certain to remain in the attic over an hour. Meanwhile, Sondra could meet Jean when he arrived at a quarter to eleven.

"Alexander!" she hailed that sturdy youth as he came in with fresh coffee. "When you come for the trays, please bring Polena's keys to the chests in the attic. And that reminds me—we must fix the lock on the big ebony chest, Alexander. Sometimes the key won't work and I have to fiddle with it for ages before the lock will release."

It was Polena who came with the keys.

"You'll not need them, Miss Sondra," she explained. "I finished cleaning the attic yesterday. The chests I leave unlocked so you can inspect. Everything is laid away again in tissue papers—nice and clean."

"Thank you, Polena. I know you've done a perfect job, but I'll look them over and lock them to save you a trip up the stairs. That will be all now."

The old creole housekeeper lingered, her squat figure swaying from one foot to the other. "If—I must tell you, Miss Sondra, this time, I did hear it. Honest."

"Hear what, Polena?"

"Last night, when everyone is asleep. Something walking. Soft footsteps like—like little slippers without heels."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Liane broke in impatiently. "She's trotting out that tiresome ghost again, trying to scare me."

The old woman turned on her violently. "You—you—But I know what I hear. My ears are keen, like a fox. This time I do not make a story. This time, I tell you, I hear it."

Sondra smiled. "Well, no prowler could get past all the bolts and bars you inspect so carefully each night. And we have no unhappy ancestress searching through Echo House for a lost love. So—what could it have been, Polena?"

The old woman shrugged. "I say only—it happens so. My room, it opens on to the reception room close by the foot of the stairs, so I always hear, plain, anyone on

the stairs. Last night, I am all at once wide awake. I do not know why. The clock strikes three. Then—squeak . . . squeak, soft on the stairs. I think maybe it is you, Miss Sondra, coming down to the library. But somehow I don't feel right.

"I jump up, open my door, and look out into the reception room. It is dim. I see no one. I run out and stand in the middle of the room. Still, I see nothing. But, Miss Sondra, I feel, I smell, that which I cannot see. It is cool—" her voice softened to a dramatic whisper—"it is damp. It is—It is like a breath from under the ground."

Liane whooped derisively. "Sondra, you goose! You look as if you believed her. Can't you see she's making this up for my benefit?"

Before Sondra could say a word, the old housekeeper had spun about and stamped out of the room.

SONDRA, after adroitly prolonging breakfast until half an hour before Jean was due, suggested they move to the attic.

There, with affected casualness, she went about lifting the lids of the chests—to receive an abrupt shock. Each trunk and chest looked as if a hurried, searching hand had gone through it, leaving the contents in a turmoil. Sondra was certain Polena, who had cared for these things for the last fifty years, had never left this confusion behind her after yesterday's cleaning. Then—

"Hey, keed! How do I look?" Liane, lost in admiration of herself, was dancing slowly before the glass in a lovely Court frock of lavender watered silk.

"Lovely. Really lovely," Sondra answered absently. She had just recalled Polena's tale of stealthy feet walking in the night through Echo House.

She went back to the ebony chest she had opened first and began restoring the contents to order. But, while she lifted out one garment after the other for Liane to try on, she was deaf to the other girl's chatter. Last night—someone unknown, prowling through the house, searching for something, likewise unknown! There was something indefinably creepy and terrifying in the thought. It disturbed her so she forgot all else until an accidental glance at her wrist-watch reminded her that Jean Reynall was due in just five minutes.

She spoke hurriedly: "Liane, here's a rose crinoline, and a pale blue moire with a gorgeous bustle. They'll keep you busy for a few minutes while I run downstairs." She started for the door.

"Wait, Sondra. How about your grandmother's wedding dress? Oh, I'm not asking to wear it. I only want to see how I look in it. Do you mind?"

Sondra did mind. The lovely old satin was one of her dearest treasures. One day she would be married in it herself. But there was no time now to argue Liane out of her notion. "I—oh, well, try it on. But be careful of it," she said, and hurried to leave the room.

Halted at the door by a crash, Sondra turned to see Liane jerking to free herself, her skirt caught in the fallen lid of a trunk.

"Stop!" she cried, leaping toward Liane. "For heaven's sake, stand still, until I can lift the lid."

She tugged, but in vain. The erratic lock had caught.

Precious seconds were consumed while she fumbled along Polena's chain for the right key. The key, when inserted, turned all the way round without releasing the lock. Sondra frantically turned it again.

Liane twisted to look back. "Hurry, old dear, I'm getting fallen arches, posing here like the frozen sentry."

"Will you stand still!" implored the exasperated Sondra. "The least pull will rip that satin to shreds."

She worked on in a nightmare of frustration, knowing she should be downstairs at the door now, if she was to meet Jean; yet not daring to leave lest one of her loveliest treasures be ruined by Liane's carelessness.

"For crying out loud!" Liane began stamping her feet. "Are you going to keep me here all day?"

Sondra ripped out one of Dynamite's oaths as she gave the key a last, desperate twist. There was the click of metal, and the lock released.

SONDRA dashed down the attic stairs, hoping against hope that Jean would be just a little late. But the sound of voices behind the closed door of her grandfather's sitting-room stopped her in the hall outside. She had missed him. Sick with disappointment, she leaned there against the wall, unable to think of anything to do except wait until Jean came out and then explain why she had failed to meet him.

She could not escape hearing what went on inside; the rising voices chilled her hopes for peace.

"But—confound it, Captain! I tell you the money is there to meet this cheque the moment the bank's open!"

Dynamite's growl was grimly triumphant. "Aye. But your cheque's not certified."

"How could I get it certified to-day, with the bank closed and Tom Jarvis out of town?"

"That's your problem, Reynall. Ye boasted yesterday that ye'd hold me to the letter of this contract. The contract calls for payment from you in either cash or certified cheque. Ye'll fulfil those terms to the letter or at one minute past eleven I'll tear up these papers and order ye off me premises. Is that clear?"

"Plenty clear. So is the reason for the bank's being closed on Monday, a business day, while your friend Jarvis ducks out on one of your trawlers for a day's fishing. But in framing that little trick you overlooked—"

"Hold! Is it collusion and conspiracy ye're hintin' at?"

"I'm not hinting. I'm reminding you that when an option falls due on a holiday the law holds it binding until a corresponding hour of the next banking day thereafter."

"Holiday? But yourself's just intimated that this is no legal holiday." There was a chuckling note in Dynamite's brogue.

"Legal or not—" came Jean's hot retort—"the bank is closed. In such case any Court would hold—"

"Then take your case to Juneau, me fine sea-lawyer, and get the Court to rule on it. I'll warrant this fishin' season will be over by the time ye get a decision!"

Silence dragged before Jean admitted tersely, "Right. You've caught me napping. I must pay for it. What are your terms, O'Moore?"

"Ye heard 'em yesterday. Do your canin' ashore; sell me the hull of the Glory.

Then ye'll get every fish the O'Moore fleet nets this season."

"Impossible. Every cent Aunt Jack has is tied up in this. We'd lose the first of the season, and—"

"Your aunt's losses are no concern of mine," rasped Dynamite. "She—and you—made a darned gurry-scow of my Glory—"

"Listen, Captain. I don't know a thing about the ancient row between you and Aunt Jack; but in the present instance you've got us all wrong. Our plans for the Glory—"

"Belay!" The hall clock began slowly to strike eleven. "I'll give ye one more chance, Reynall. Will ye sell me the Glory's hull to-day?"

"I will not."

The clock ceased striking. A long pause. Then the sound of heavy paper being deliberately torn into shreds. "That ends your contract, Reynall. And all business between us."

"Not quite, Captain. You're still pledged to supply my company with fish during the next twenty-four days."

"Wha—what d'ye mean, young fella?"

"Just this—among the assets of the Bates' company, now owned by Baranov Packers, is a certain contract made last year. It binds Bates to buy fish only from you. But it also binds you to keep his plant supplied to the limit of capacity at all times when fish are running. I mean to hold you to that contract."

Dynamite's laugh boomed out a little too loudly. "Ho! Ho! That contract died last fall when the herring season ended."

"Morally, perhaps it did. But we're adhering strictly to the letter, not the spirit. That contract was filled in on a printed form which reads 'until one year from date.' That date is the middle of next month. Legally, you're stuck with it, O'Moore."

"Um-m-m. I suppose, now, ye have a legal copy of that agreement, all signed and witnessed, Reynall?"

"You know I haven't. It was made when you and Swanson and Thomas were out to cut prices—and each other's throats. Its chief purpose was to protect you, O'Moore, against the loss of your best customer. For that reason, and because Bates trusted you, he left the only signed copy in your hands. But I have the unsigned carbon, with a notation in Bates' handwriting to confirm the existence of the signed document. Do you deny that it exists?"

"Divil a bit. 'Tis in me safe at the moment. But there it stays, Reynall, till the administrator of the Bates estate calls for it. I recognise no right of yours to demand it."

"I can get an order from the Federal Court in Juneau forcing you to produce it."

"So ye can!" Dynamite's cheerful exclamation hinted of sly, secret knowledge. "But—could ye get it inside of twenty-four days? Try it, Reynall."

Again silence. Then Dynamite's voice, uncompromising but not unkindly, "Ye're licked, Reynall. Be man enough to admit it and make the best of it. Set up your plant ashore, turn me old ship back to me—and pack fish. Ye have the name of bein' lucky in a tight spot. With luck, and me helpin', ye have a good chance of makin' your pack. But—try to buck me,

and all the luck in the world won't save your bacon. I'm warnin', and I'm advisin' ye fair, me lad."

"Fair!" Jean's tone was one of suppressed fury. "You trick your way out of one just contract, and repudiate another."

"Belay!" A flat banged an accompaniment to Dynamite's angry roar. "I gave ye a fair chance, and ye flung it back into me teeth. Now, ye insultin' young fool, ye've got a fish war on your hands. A fish war—d'ye know what that means? A fight with no rules and no quarter. Once in it, neither law nor luck will save ye."

"Save your breath, O'Moore. You can't scare me with your fish war."

"But I can break ye—and I will. I'll block ye from buyin' fish anywhere in Alaskan waters. I'll smash ye flat, and take the Glory for—"

"Before you do either, you'll know you've been in a fight, O'Moore. I'm going to put up my pack—aboard the Glory. What's more, I'll collect, somehow, a just payment on that contract you refuse to honor. Good day, sir."

SONDRA had barely time to step aside before Jean strode through the door and slammed it behind him. She darted forward, overtaking him at the head of the stairs.

"Jean! I—I—" Words died at the sight of his blazing eyes, his white, set face.

"Well?" he demanded, harshly. "Is it necessary that you tell me, as well as show me how little regard you have for—?" He checked himself, and then, with the air of one grasping at a forlorn hope, went on eagerly, "But maybe you didn't go to the cupola last night, so you didn't hear me explain—"

"I went. I was there, Jean, but—"

"That's enough!" She shrank from his cold vehemence. "Your grandfather has just called me a fool. I seem to have been one—about you. But I've learned plenty to-day about O'Moore tactics, and O'Moore trickery."

He brushed past her and went running down the stairs.

Sondra turned and flung herself into the sitting-room where her grandfather sat sliding his small, scarred hands over the model of the Glory. He grinned up at her from under the puckish slant of his white brows.

"Hoh, darlin'! Ye missed the fireworks. I've just sent the Reynall cub scuddin' off with his boilers rumblin' and pitch fair bollin' from his deck seams."

Sondra, saying nothing, regarded him with mingled admiration and disapproval.

"Fit to be tied, he was, Sondy; and hollerin' foul tactics! As if I could help it if Jarvis, may heaven prosper the dear man, decided to board the Tanya and go strip-fishin' on the birthday of Alexander Baranov."

Sondra's innate honesty rose above her rage at Reynall. "But this isn't Baranov's birthday, Dynamite!" Then she pointed an accusing finger at her exuberant grandfathers. "Look here, lamb! I just remembered—I heard you phoning Mr. Jarvis yesterday about going fishing. Do you think that was quite—well, ethical?"

"Ethical be hanged! Have they been ethical with me? Look down there at the thing they've made of the Glory! Do ye call that—?" He slumped suddenly in his chair, his violence gone, and passed a hand wearily over his eyes.

"I know how it is, lamb." In quick sym-

pathy Sondra reached over and patted his shoulder; then her arm dropped listlessly. All at once she felt depressed and helpless, caught up in an impossible situation. "But—how will a fish war help? Won't they just go ahead getting herring from some other—"

"From where?" The frosty light had come back to the captain's eyes. "From Swanson or Thomas? No. From the few independent boats scattered along the coast? No—not after word goes out that Dynamite Danny O'Moore wouldn't like it. Where then—and they with no fleet of their own?"

"There's the Indian fleet, lamb."

He snorted. "A bunch of leaky old crates! Not one darts stick its nose into anything rougher than a mill pond."

"However, to block even that small chance I'll arrange to buy the entire native catch this year, myself. I'll have Alexander go down to the village this mornin' and bring back that young headman, Katlean."

"I'll do it, Dynamite. I'll go this minute, and fetch him myself."

AN hour later Sondra returned to find Kemp and her grandfather talking over a scatter of papers that lay between them on the table. Kemp was saying, "Even though this contract assures me of your entire catch, sir, I hardly think I shall at any time be loaded up with more fish than I can handle. However, if it should happen, I'll gladly respect your proviso that no part of them is to be turned over to Reynall."

"Good! 'Tis a small point, but an important one—to me." He glanced up. "Hoh, Sondy!" His expectant gaze probed past her. "Where's Katlean?"

"He wasn't home." Sondra waved Kemp back to his chair, and went on, wearily. "His mother tried to tell me something but I couldn't understand her Thlinget. I left a note for him to come here the moment he returns."

"Katlean—not home?" The captain's eyebrows bushed suspiciously. "Could Reynall have hold of him already, d'ye suppose?"

"I hardly think so," interposed Kemp, with a chuckle. "Reynall's dispatch boat, the Baltic, with himself at the wheel, passed our plant some time before Sondra flew by in her runabout. Miss Bootrin was helping him steer, and neither of them seemed seriously intent upon anything—except each other."

"Hah!" The captain's knowing grin was the broader for his allayed anxiety. "He will do no business this day, with Liane's hooks into him. Distractin' as a three-alarm fire, that one. Flirts by instinct, cheats by nature; but she's cute as a silver fox, and has all the come-hither—"

"Dynamite!" admonished Sondra.

"Pay me no heed, darlin'." The captain winked a ribald eye at Kemp. "Belike me judgment's been warped by me knockin' about on the wicked waterfronts of the world. . . . Now, now, Starbuck! Don't rush off. Ye know Jodin can cook rings around that fellow in your kitchen. Stay and join us here in a bite of lunch."

Lunch was just over when Liane breezed in, stripping a crimson kerchief from her dark head and whirling it about her.

"Greetings, darlings!" Her voice was vibrant, her eyes glowed with a febrile brilliance. Every move of her lithe dancer's body suggested a wild restlessness, insecurely curbed. "I've had a simply marvellous morning with Jean Reynall. Caught

him just leaving for the Indian village, and went along. I knew you'd be down later, Sondra."

"I was. But I didn't see you."

"No. We stopped there just long enough to pick up Katlean; then all took a run down Peril Strait. Boy! can that little tub of Jean's ramble! I did the steering while Jean and Katlean went into a huddle over the catch of the native herring fleet. Jean was all hot to get Katlean signed up, you see." She helped herself to a couple of cakes, and bit into one with relish.

"Well, well!" The captain's fingers were drumming the arms of his chair. "What did Katlean say?"

"Oh, he didn't want to sign just then. But I took care of that!" Her airy gesture scattered crumbs.

"What d'ye mean—you took care of it?"

"Don't be so savage, Cap! . . . I mean—I took care of it. Jean's such a sweet boy, and his heart was so set on that contract he had no time for anything else until it was settled. So-o-o—" she sampled another cake appreciatively—"I just—well—made Katlean sign on the dotted line. I only wish there'd been a few more to sign, the way Jean glad-handed me after—Sa-ay! What's burning you two?" She stared, one cheek distended with cake, from Sondra to the captain.

Sondra was biting her lips to hold back expressions no lady should utter. The captain was glowering. Now he jutted out his chin and mimicked acidly, "Such a sweet boy! And his heart so set on that contract! So ye just took care of it all—ye did!" In his glare was helpless exasperation. He nodded, and softly, bitterly, snarled, "Lucky . . . Jean Reynall."

"Well, after a-l-l!" Liane gasped defensively. "I only—"

"Ye only fixed it so I'll have to stop those poor devils of natives from getting even their small share of fish," the captain cut in harshly. "I hope they thank ye for it properly when they're hungry this winter. And I hope Reynall takes pleasure in his contract, for 'tis little else he'll net from it!"

Kemp stirred uneasily. "If you'll excuse me, I—"

"Just a minute, Kemp." Sondra rose with a forced smile. "Liane and I have something to discuss with you. Shall we go down to the library and leave Dynamite to fulminate with his fish?"

"By all means!" Liane captured Kemp's arm and whisked him through the door.

Sondra paused to lay a hand on the captain's shoulder. "Never mind, lamb. You said yourself the Indian catch is of no importance; so what if he did get the contract?"

"'Tis not so much that he got it, Sondy, as how he got it."

"I know, darling. But if he got nothing important—"

"He's got one thing that's darned important—and that's the devil's own luck!" The captain's eyes narrowed speculatively. "And he said . . . he'd find a way . . . to collect on that contract. Sondy! Better fetch me that envelope marked 'Bates' from the safe downstairs. I'll just make sure that bit of paper is still secure under hatches."

Sondra found Kemp and Liane waiting for her in the library. "Listen to the smashing idea. Kemp has for my torch dance, Sondra! He—"

"Wait a moment, until I've taken these

papers up to Dynamite. He's a bit grumpy just now." She went to a long tapestry panel between two bookcases and, tucking it back, revealed the front of an old-fashioned safe.

Kemp grinned. "Ah! The secret hiding place!"

"Nothing very secret about it," declared Sondra. "Mr. Jarvis gave the old relic to Dynamite last year when he got himself a new office safe. It was rather an eyesore, so I had it recessed like this."

"Another of my romantic notions blasted!" Kemp sighed with mock regret. "Nothing secret but the combination. And we won't spy on that. Come, Liane, face the window with me and keep your eye on the birds outside. We must be above suspicion should some modern Jimmy Valentine ever loot the strong-box."

Sondra laughed as she spun the dial. "He wouldn't get enough to buy a postage stamp. Dynamite locks the thing only to stop Polena from doing away with old papers and maps he insists on keeping."

But Kemp and Liane were already at the window, arms entwined and talking nonsense.

When Sondra returned after delivering the Bates' envelope to their grandfather, her guests had gone into the drawing-room. Kemp was looking about him. The sliding doors between the drawing-room and the dining-room were shoved back, throwing the two into one immense apartment. "Some space, Sondra!" he greeted her entrance. "The colonial Karmanova must have gone in for wholesale hospitality."

"They did—rather. Often a hundred guests gathered here at one time to celebrate Michael Karmanov's safe return from a round-the-world voyage. But we'll have as many, if not more, at our party to-morrow night. Now about your dance, Liane—"

BY late afternoon of the captain's birthday, the spacious old panelled rooms of Echo House were ready for the party, save for flowers. These, Kemp had asked permission to send.

For an hour Liane had been in her rooms making preparations to dress for the evening. Sondra, about to go up, turned into the roomy kitchen for a last word with old Jodin, the cook. She was there when Polena ushered in Kemp, his blond face showing, smiling and eager, above an armload of long pasteboard boxes.

Behind him, similarly laden, came Ikeda, the Japanese fishing skipper.

"The florists are coming, hurray, hurray!" chanted Kemp. "Close connections, Sondra. The plans got in with them only ten minutes ago. Open them up, Ikeda—here, on this table. That's it. Like 'em, lady?"

"Oh!" Sondra's eyes were wide with surprise and delight. "Hot-house roses— from Seattle! Yellow, with sunset hearts!" She caught up an armful and held them against her face. "Kemp, they're exquisite, and you—you're a darling. Jodin—Polena—look! Bring vases and we'll fill them right now."

At the end of half an hour all the vases were filled. "Now, everybody," Sondra announced happily, "we'll carry them into the drawing-room and place them."

Sondra was at the piano adjusting a silver bowl when she stopped suddenly,

and stood listening with side-turned head. "I seem to hear something dripping . . ." She moved vaguely, following the sound, which finally drew her to the door of the library. She looked inside.

"Good heavens! Polena! Kemp! Quick! The place is flooded!"

There was a concerted rush for the door. Liane, from a corner, drawled, "A deluge—but definitely. Coming through the ceiling. The pipes must have— O Lord!" she yelled in sudden recollection. Hoisting velvet draperies, she raced for the stairs. "I left my bath running!"

Later, in the dripping confusion of the library, Sondra watched Kemp and Ikeda jerk the last tacks from the heavy, soaked carpet. Both men were in their shirt sleeves. Polena, her voluminous skirts plumed up, was furiously wiping off books and piling them on the library table.

As Kemp and Ikeda started to roll the carpet, the old housekeeper flung down her cloth and faced her mistress. "Miss Sondra, it's no use trying to get this room dried out before the guests come. Oh! That one!"

"But what can we do? What can we do?" cried Sondra.

Kemp came over and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't look so tragic, dear. Why not just lock the room and forget about it—until to-morrow?"

The scowling Polena nodded agreement. "Mr. Kemp is right, Miss Sondra."

"But—to lock the library on the night of a party! It will ruin the looks of everything."

"No, darling," Kemp reassured her. "You have oceans of room here without it."

"Yiss. Yiss, Miss Sondra," Ikeda bobbed a sibilant concurrence. "Most sorrowful calamity, but still pretty room for nice party."

Sondra surveyed the damp walls, the empty shelves, the wet books, the soggy roll of carpet. "Yes, I suppose it's the only thing to do," she admitted with a dejected sigh. "Lock both doors, Polena, so no one can stray into this mess from either the drawing-room or the reception-room. Leave a key somewhere handy, so I shan't have to bother you in case I need to run in here for something. Or have you a spare key?"

"Yes, Miss Sondra. These doors open to any passkey. I'll leave one for you behind the potted fern in the reception-room."

UNDER the prismatic brilliancy of crystal chandeliers, "Russian Night" at Echo House had reached a high point of gaiety. Sondra, standing alone on the bottom step of the wide stairs that curved upward from the reception room, was a radiant little figure in an old gown of fine, creamy lace.

With a half-smile of happiness, she watched the colorful intermingling of the hundred guests who had put on the finery of their ancestors to do honor to Captain O'Moore. In ruffles and bustles and wide-swinging skirts; in baggy trousers, high stocks, and long, flowered waistcoats, they danced in the drawing-room, lounged in the dining-room, shifted about the samovar in the reception room, and flirted on the stairs.

Most pleasing of all to Sondra was the fact that her grandfather was having a wonderful time. Jovial, silver-haired, and

handsome in his best uniform, he sat near the huge punch bowl in the dining-room, holding court. A most democratic court it was, where O'Moore fishermen in "go-ashore kit" came and went in gayest amity among the costumed members of Sitka's social elite. All drank the captain's health with bows and verbal flourishes; while he, with witty tongue, rolled off responses in English, Russian, and waterfront Scandinavian—all tinged with a brogue that grew more pronounced after each glass.

Polena, calm and competent, directed her corps of Indian servants, and presided with Jodin over the buffet supper. As the old housekeeper passed Sondra on some hospitable errand, the girl reached out and caught her hand. "It's a wonderful party, Polena. It's—it's—perfect." Yet, without knowing why, she felt it was not quite perfect, for her. Even as she spoke, she caught herself scanning the gay throng for one who could not possibly be there; and frowned, resenting Jean Reynall's power to make her feel his absence.

Her roving eye was caught by the tall figure of the Forest Man, standing beside the closed library door. Unmasked, his fringed buckskins inconspicuous in this gathering, he was watching the crowd through serenely thoughtful eyes.

Eagerly, she started making her way toward him across the room. When, with a small shock, it came to her that her eagerness really sprang from a desire to speak with one who knew and liked Jean Reynall, she nevertheless went on—with eagerness unabated.

Although she came up quietly behind him, the Forest Man turned instantly to greet her. "Sondra, my dear! It was kind of you to ask me to your splendid party."

She gave him both her hands, and it touched her to see the grey that had come into his blond beard and hair during his three-year absence. "Oh, but it's good to have you back, Forest Man!" she told him, sincerely. "I hope you're here to stay a long, long time."

"I plan to," he said quietly. "The spruce here is perfect for the radio masts I must get out, so I'm building a cabin at the Place of Trees. A permanent camp. I want you to visit me there, just as you used to years ago. Remember?"

"I remember." She patted his arm affectionately. "And I'll come. I have my own runabout now, you know." She was about to bring Jean Reynall's name up when Kemp came sauntering toward them. He was splendidly bizarre in his silken copy of the Killer Whale blanket and crest hat. The hat came low on his darkened hair, and an Indian mask hid his face.

"How!" Laughing, Sondra lifted her arm in an Indian salute. "That mask must be miserably hot, Kemp. Why don't you take it off now?"

"Must wear it until I've staged Liane's show. That comes right after this waltz. Shall we dance it, Sondra?"

A strange voice spoke from behind them. "Sorry, Chief Killer Whale. This one is promised to the U.S. Navy."

Sondra's heart gave a sudden bound. That brusque quarterdeck tone bore not the slightest resemblance to Jean's; yet she knew it was Reynall, even as she turned to face the commanding figure in the time-dimmed uniform of an American naval officer. Black mask and white wig could

not disguise the unmistakable set of his head; his breadth of shoulder. Held speechless by his audacity, she had let him sweep her into the tide of dancers before she found her tongue.

"Captain Reynall," she said, in a tense, guarded voice. "You have only a few minutes to escape from this house before everyone must unmask. Immediately after this waltz, Liane is going to—"

"I know. She told me all about her dance. But I came to see you—to talk to you, Sondra." He suddenly bent his head, and Sondra was stirred by the joyous wonder in his low voice. "Darling . . . I didn't come to tell you this, but I can't help myself. You're an adorable, delectable little cream-and-gold figurine in that gown. You're like something lovely out of a dream. You're—"

"Captain Reynall! There are a dozen husky fishermen here who would be delighted to throw you out if my grandfather gave the word, and he'll give it—the moment he recognises you."

"Are you going to rush right over and tell him?" There was laughter in his voice. He swept her past Kemp, who was standing beside the piano. Even in her mental turmoil Sondra was conscious she had never before danced so smoothly with any man.

"If No. Not if you leave at once."

"But I can't leave. Not until you give me a chance to tell—"

"I'm not interested in anything you may have to tell me. I despise you. I won't listen to you. Now go!"

"Not at all. I'll stay here—and unmask with the others."

"You wouldn't dare!" Yet Sondra knew he would dare. She saw Kemp's mask slowly turning to follow their every move. Her fingers tightened on Reynall's shoulder. "Look! That's Kemp Starbuck in the Killer Whale blanket. I believe he suspects who you are. Please, oh, please—go, before you—spoil my party."

"Sondra!" The sudden gravity and sternness in his tone impressed her, despite herself. "Understand—this is no personal matter. I must tell you something—for your own good. Give me five minutes with you alone, where we can't be overheard."

"But—but how can I, with people all over the place? There's not a corner that someone's not likely to barge into. I—"

"Meet me outside, then. Behind the old banya."

While she hesitated to answer she saw Kemp weaving toward them through the dancers. Something purposeful in his stride set her heart thumping with near-panic. She knew, instinctively, she must avert any meeting between Kemp and Jean to-night.

"You must go—now! Quick, before Kemp—"

"Do I get that five minutes?"

"Yes, yes, yes! But let's get out of here. Swing off into the reception room as soon as you can."

He flashed a look about, then smoothly manoeuvred to place a group of dancers in the path of Kemp's advance, and they made their way to the front door.

But just as they reached it, it swung open and a hilarious group of girls and men were marshalled in by a laughing pair of O'Moore's young boat captains. One of the pair ushered their charges toward the dining-room, exhorting, "Right this

way, ladies and gentlemen, for the big show!" The other closed the door and placed himself before it. When Sondra motioned him aside so Jean could go out, he spread his arms, grinning good-naturedly. "Sorry, Miss Sondra. Captain's orders. Nobody to leave the house till after Miss Bootlin's act. Look, the waltz is ended, so it won't be long now!"

Sondra turned to look. The musicians were leaving their dais, and Kemp, thank heaven, was mounting it to set the stage for the climax of Liane's dance. Polena's boys were placing canvas chairs for the audience.

A few minutes more and the reception room would be deserted. Jean couldn't stay here then without attracting disastrous attention; nor could he pass the guard at the door without an argument. Yet she must get him out of sight—Kemp's sight, particularly—until, unobserved, he could leave the house for the banya.

As her mind desperately shuttled expedients, she remembered the locked library, and the key Polena had put behind the potted fern.

Liane's dance was in full swing.

Clutching her lace draperies, Sondra slipped out the back door into the garden, and paused for a quick look about, while her eyes adjusted themselves to the darkness. A muffled burst of applause from the house behind her told her that Liane and her torches now held the eyes of all in those darkened rooms. The way was clear for Jean Reynall to slip out from the library, where he was hiding.

She paused to listen, but could hear no sound of approaching footsteps. The cupola beam came on, making the shadows here at the back seem darker by contrast with its seaward-reaching brilliance. Suddenly conscious of the strangeness night had put upon all familiar things, she began to tip-toe along the path, looking back, now and then, in the hope of seeing Jean.

The banya, hidden in a clump of alders, was only a short distance ahead. Lifting her skirts, she broke into a light run that sent her creamy lace floating behind her.

She rounded the banya and drew up abruptly—facing emptiness.

Seconds passed, but still Jean Reynall did not come, and a sixth sense woke in her, warning her that something was not—quite right. Though her reasoning mind scoffed at that, she began to edge back toward the path that led to the house.

She had reached a spot in front of the banya when she halted, uncertainly. Through a gap in the alders she could see the low door, always securely fastened ever since she could remember, now standing open. Had Jean misunderstood, and gone in there to wait? Impatiently she moved to the dark opening and stepped across the threshold into hollow blackness that smelled of old wood-smoke and scrubbed plants.

"Jean . . ." Her voice sounded strange. "It's Sondra . . . Are you here?"

She held her breath, listening. Nothing stirred. A peculiar, dead stillness seemed to be closing in on her—the stillness of a place heavily walled and half buried in earth. She could hear nothing; see nothing; yet . . . the roots of her hair began to tingle. She could . . . feel, could . . . smell . . .

The next thing she knew she was running madly toward the house, spurred on

by blind, unreasoning terror. Her panic carried her round to the front entrance. There, in fumbling haste, she let herself inside and fell back, panting, against the door.

Then in the warmth and light of the reception room she began to be ashamed of her senseless fright. But as her panic subsided, wrath against the unwitting cause of it mounted apace. Jean Reynall! Since his return, every contact between them had left her either angry or humiliated, or both. And to-night the exasperating creature must have misunderstood her hurried directions; must still be waiting for her in the library.

She started briskly for the library door, determined to get him out of the house as quickly as possible. As she did so, the saxophones in the other room soared into a high ululation. Simultaneously, the Thibet drums burst into a sustained, shuddering thunder, climaxed by a muffled explosion that seemed to make the very floor tremble under Sondra's feet.

She jerked to a startled stop. Then, remembering that this was where Liane touched off the Venetian Fire, she went on, feeling a twinge of regret because she was missing the spectacle. It would be over in a few minutes. She must get to Reynall and send him off immediately.

Although the music was now loud enough to drown any ordinary sound, she tried the knob of the library door gently, pressing inward as she turned.

The door was locked.

Sondra was puzzled for a moment. She had left the door unlocked, and had the key tied to the ribbon about her wrist. How had Jean managed to—but, of course! While he waited he must have used a passkey to lock himself in against any chance intrusion.

Her own key turned smoothly. She eased the door partly open, wrinkling her nose at the smell of burned powder now drifting about. She took one step inside and stood, peering into the confused darkness for Jean's waiting figure . . . He must recognise her, standing here against the light . . . why didn't he come forward?

From the adjoining room the cacophony of shrilling music and rolling drums came wilder, louder, penetrating the library stillness until the very shadows seemed to quiver and blur.

Sondra reached for the light switch by the door, but her hand froze in mid-air. The blood drained from her body. For there, in the dim band of light that came from the reception-room behind her, she saw the prostrate figure of a man face down on the floor near the roll of soggy carpet.

She recoiled, but stood her ground, her eyes fearfully searching the gloom made strange by shadows of stacked furniture. Some primal sense told her that behind the door something—someone—was standing. Someone rigid and still, with the stillness of arrested action.

She tried to step back into the lighted reception-room, but her feet refused to move.

Then, from behind the door, came a rustle of swift movement. A hand shot out into the band of light, reaching straight for her.

The next instant the reception-room light went out, leaving her drowning in terror and inky blackness.

SONDRA screamed, but the sound was lost in the glare of the orchestra, soaring into the mad finale of Liane's dance. Then the hand fastened on her shoulder with paralyzing strength and hurled her, spinning, through the darkness. Her foot struck the roll of carpet, and she fell.

Half-dazed and terrified, she was trying to rise when the lights flashed on. She saw the Forest Man, a strange look on his bearded face, standing just inside the door to the reception-room. Then Kemp had her in his arms, his voice frantic with anxiety. "You here, Sondra? Art you hurt, darling? What was it—what happened?"

She clung to him, grateful for the safety of his arms. "Oh, I don't know! I came in here—just now. A—man in the dark—threw me down and ran—I don't know where. But I'm—all right now, Kemp. Please, there's someone—hurt. There, on the floor."

The Forest Man spoke. "It's Alexander. Knocked cold." He had turned the youth face upward and was making a swift examination of his injuries. "A nasty thump on the head, but nothing serious," he announced. "The boy'll be all right in a few minutes." He straightened and stepped back. "Keep an eye on him, Starbuck. I'll take a look around." He stepped out into the reception-room, closing the door behind him just as Liane's audience burst into thunderous clapping and cries of "Encore!"

Sondra, still shaken, knelt to slip a cushion under Alexander's head. As she did so, her eye caught the gleam of something on the floor directly under the window. She reached out and picked it up.

It was a gold button from the uniform jacket of an American naval officer, with a bit of faded blue cloth still adhering to it. Obviously, it had been torn off. Perhaps in a struggle with Alexander . . . or as someone went out through the window—in haste . . . Only one man had worn such a uniform here to-night. Her hand closed tightly over the button as her mind recoiled from the possibilities it suggested.

"Good Lord! Look at this!" Kemp's incredulous exclamation startled her. He was standing before the safe, his blond face grim. The tapestry panel, tucked back, revealed the iron door hanging from wrenched hinges. On the floor directly below, lay a wadded bearskin rug and some scattered papers.

Sondra, dazed with the rapidity of events, could only stare speechlessly at the exposed interior of the safe.

"Burglars! Quick, Sondra—look and see whether they got anything of value."

"They couldn't. There are only old records and stuff like this—" she picked up a surveyor's map of Sikka from the floor. The thin steel door to the safe's inner compartment was still closed. Sondra pulled it open. Inside were a dozen bulky envelopes bound with rubber bands. "See, Kemp. Just papers. But the robbers didn't bother these at all."

"They probably didn't have time," Kemp peered inside, shaking his head. "Are you sure there was nothing of value in it?"

"Absolutely nothing." But the words were hardly out when she recalled that the safe held one thing of value, of great value, to Jean Reynall. The Bates contract. Was it still there?

She longed to know the answer, but shrank from learning it while under the eyes of her companion.

THE lights came on in the reception room, the guests, still applauding, surged forward to the platform to congratulate Liane. She stood to receive them, smiling, arrogant, savagely beautiful in her war bonnet and girdle of beads. Dynamite, from his seat by the punch bowl, waved his crutch, shouting, "Bravo, Liane! Bravo! I've seen 'em dance in every heathen port of the world, but 'tis yourself that raps 'em all. By heck, if I were twenty years younger—"

The long, shrill blast of a boat's whistle plunged the room into sudden silence. Another, and then another whistle joined the first until the waterfront rang to a bedlam of prolonged shrieks. There was a concerted rush to the open window facing the bay. Someone shouted, "That looks like the Tanya tearing in!"

Then through the night came the fog-horn bellow of Chris Sandvik. "The run is on! Five square miles of herring flipping off the entrance to Whale Bay!"

A cheer broke from the men and women crowding each other for a view from the windows. "The run! The run is on!" And in a flash the rooms at Echo House became a milling confusion of hoopskirts and flying coat tails and hasty good-byes.

Sondra stood near the front door, laughingly speeding her departing guests. Happy voices filled the night. "The run is on! The fleet is leaving!" And all the while the boats in the harbor kept up their joyous mad whistling.

The house was nearly empty of the throng when Sondra heard her grandfather roaring, "Alexander! Where in Tophet is that dish-faced son of a disolute squid? Sondy! Sondy, come here!"

She ran in to him. "Step lively, gurrl! Send someone upstairs for my marine glasses, my pipe, my tobacco. Get some of the men here to carry me down to the float. The Tanya leaves in twenty minutes. Step lively!"

"But—darling! You're not going out on a travler with your legs in a cast! You can't—"

"Like heck I can't! I'm fed bilge-foll with this sit-by-the-fire business. I'm going out and see my boys 'll their nets. Don't stand there staring like—"

"If you go, Dynamite O'Moore, I'm going, too," declared Sondra.

"And if you go, Sondra," cried Liane, darting from the window, "I'm going with you."

"Hurrah! We'll all go!" Sondra's overwrought nerves found release in a sudden, sweeping recklessness. She caught Liane's hands and swung her into a wild dance.

CAPTAIN O'MOORE stood braced outside the open window of the Tanya's pilot-house, where he could both see ahead and talk to the burly skipper, Chris Sandvik, at the wheel. Looking out, he could see the Indian, Katlean, with his crew laying nets from his boat, the Scundoo.

Sondra had gone aft with Kemp and Liane to watch the Tanya's men pay out net at the turntable. Her interest was marred by annoyance at Ikeda, who had kept faithfully at her heels during every move she made. She was shifting to escape him for a second time when, with startling suddenness, the Tanya's whistle shrilled twice. Instantly, from up ahead, came an answer in a series of imperative, jerky blasts.

Kemp craned his neck to look. "Holy—jumped-up!" he exclaimed.

Jean Reynall's Baltic, bearing down from starboard, was heading full-speed across the Tanya's bows. Liane screamed: "He's crazy! He's going to smash into us! O-o-oh!" She grabbed at Kemp and hid her face in his shoulder.

"Crazy—like a fox!" retorted Kemp, disengaging himself to watch the approaching boat. "He's out to keep Chris from breaking up Katlean's set."

Sondra darted forward to stand beside her grandfather. The captain, eyes narrowed on the Baltic, was gripping the pipe rail with an intensity that made his knuckles white. Chris, head and shoulders out of the wheelhouse window, gauged the speed of Reynall's boat and cursed the problem that confronted him. If he changed his course to avoid collision, Katlean would complete his set. If he didn't change, the Baltic would strike the Tanya head on, about amidships.

Angrily, he started to swing the Tanya's head to starboard, but O'Moore stopped him. "Steady, there! What are you doing?"

Chris steadied the wheel, but with an anxious eye on the narrowing gap between the two vessels. "By the rules, he's got the right of way, Cap'n."

"A boat with fishing gear out takes right of way over any vessel running free," snapped O'Moore. "Whistle him again for a port passing, and hold your course and speed."

Reluctantly Chris complied.

The Baltic not only ignored the signal, but seemed to increase its speed.

Chris' jaw bulged. The sweat of strain started out on his face. Almost imperceptibly he began to ease off again.

"Steady!" O'Moore ordered grimly. "Hold her steady!"

Chris yanked a half dozen staccato shrieks of warning from the whistle, and dashed the sweat from his eyes.

"Hold her, Chris. He's bluffing. He wouldn't dare—"

But inexorably the Baltic came on. Sondra's nails bit into her palms as she tried to pour her own determination into the mind of Chris. This was a test of nerve. If Dynamite were at the wheel; or if she had her hands on those spokes . . . But Chris . . .

She could see Jean Reynall in his pilot-house now. His face had the same rigid, granite look that Dynamite's wore. He came on . . . He was almost upon them. She saw his hand move and yank one short, imperious whistle blast that seemed to vibrate the very timbers of the Tanya's deckhouse.

Chris rolled his eyes at O'Moore in a last look of appeal.

"Hold your course, Chris! Hold it! . . . Why, you white-livered sculpin! Sondy! Help me in to that wheel! I'll—I'll—"

But Chris, with a sound between a curse and a groan, had yanked the stop signal to the engine-room, and at the same time spun the wheel hard over to starboard.

The Baltic surged past, not ten feet ahead of the Tanya's bow.

Sondra scarcely heard the tumult of sounds that followed—swirling of water, roaring of engines, the blistering stream of invective Dynamite was pouring out on Chris. Smarting under an overwhelming sense of defeat, she made her way aft again to join Kemp and Liane.

THE Baltic had come to a stop within a few feet of the Tanya's port quarter. Jean Reynall, coming out of his pilot-house, assumed an exaggerated expression of pleased surprise. "Good morning!" He

lifted one hand in a cheery salute. "A grand day for sight-seeing!"

Liane, all eagerness, stepped forward. "And what sights a girl may see—if she looks in the right direction!" she flung back gaily, her expressive dark eyes moving over him.

He laughed. "That pleasing truth is just dawning on me," he replied, gazing pointedly at Sondra.

Sondra maintained an elaborate silence. Her teeth were clenched, and she was hating him for his insolently amused regard; for his complete ignoring of his outrageous attempt to run down the Tanya. Hating him also for being so handsome as he stood there, balancing to the roll of his abominable boat. Lest he have the satisfaction of seeing how much he had disturbed her, she leaned over the railing, pretending to watch something in the water between the vessels.

"I say, Miss O'Moore—don't you remember me?" Reynall challenged her. "I—Hey, Shady!" he yelled suddenly. "Watch sharp, or we'll tangle the Tanya's net!" He leaned forward estimating the narrowing band of water between the Baltic's stern and the Tanya's side. "Give her a kick ahead, old man!"

The response was startling—a roar of the Baltic's exhaust, a thrashing of her screw that sent her leaping ahead, and a powerful thrust of water that struck the Tanya's port quarter a terrific blow. The Tanya, jack-knifing violently toward her lowered helm, gave a lurch that flung Sondra half-way over the rail. Caught off her guard, she struggled to regain her balance, felt someone's hand clutch ineffectually at her shoulder, then found herself pitching headlong over the side.

Instinctively, she drew a deep breath, thrust her arms ahead of her, and went under in a clean dive that shut out the alarmed shouts of those on deck.

She could swim like a fish; but the suddenness of her plunge, and the shock of the cold water, made her forget the Tanya's lowered net. Striking upward for the surface, her left hand came in contact with the yielding web, and caught. When she jerked to free it, she realised that a strand of the fine mesh, hooked under the teeth of a carved ivory fox-head on her bracelet, was holding her fast under water. Her lucky bracelet!

She feared losing it if she slipped her hand out of it, so set herself to the task of working it free. It was then that she felt herself seemingly surrounded by a confusion of arms. Two went about her. A hand grasped her trapped arm, slid to the wrist, and yanked her imprisoned hand free of the net.

As she kicked vigorously for the surface, she felt iron fingers clutching her sweater at the back. She broke water, expelling the last of her breath almost into the glistening brown face of Ikeda, who was treading water in front of her.

"You—again!" she gasped indignantly, deaf to the clamor on the deck above.

"Excuse, please, if I herping." The absurd creature managed to look obsequious, even while treading water and extending his arms.

"Get out of my way!" she sputtered. She was angry with herself for her clumsy tumble, with her would-be rescuer for the loss of her bracelet; but most of all she was angry with Jean Reynall, and all his works.

She brushed Ikeda aside with a thrust of her arm, but found that someone was still holding her at the back. With a quick roll she wrenched herself free from the clutching hand. Her feet came in contact with her second rescuer, and she kicked out with a vindictive strength that not only thrust the man from her, but sent her scooting to the Tanya's side. Out of the tail of her eye she saw Reynall's dripping black head behind her.

"So he's the one who made me lose my bracelet, bother him!" she thought.

Kemp solicitously helped her over the rail, while the ubiquitous Ikeda lent a hand from below. A moment later, Liane was hustling her into Chris' cabin, to help her out of her dripping clothes.

WHEN Sondra, in a makeshift costume of Chris' pyjamas and a sports coat, presently stepped out of the cabin, she found the brightness of the day wiped out by a leaden threat of storm. Solid grey clouds had settled down over the coast, cutting off the tops of mountains as if with a knife. Gusts of wind scurried in dark lines across the smooth, Pacific swells. A bleak note sounded in the cries of the gulls still feeding, with unabated appetite, on the herring.

Katie's men were brailing herring aboard the Scundoo. There was a suggestion of unusual haste in their handling of the huge dip-net which spilled its glittering loads into the hold of the little trawler. The Baltic waited nearby.

As she walked aft, Sondra saw Kemp's Blue Dragon in the distance, headed for Sika. Ikeda had gone with it, but Kemp was standing with Liane and Chris near the hatch where her grandfather sat. The captain looked grim. He reached for Sondra's hand and drew her down beside him. "Are ye all right, Sondy, gurl? That confounded young cock-walloper—if he had drowned ye, I'd have—"

"I was in no danger of drowning, lamb." She forced a laugh. "Remember, I learned to swim in these waters when I was only knee-high." She drew in her lower lip, suddenly recalling those first swimming lessons below the old causeway. The Forest Man watching, while the boy Jean coached her first splashing efforts. "The Baltic's propeller-wave caught me off balance somehow, and I just went over. There wasn't any dire intent in the manoeuvre, I'm sure."

"You're wrong, Miss Sondra!" Chris spoke in tones of suppressed fury. "Reynall had it all planned. That wave was intended to throw the Tanya's stern around into our own net so I'd have no chance to get under way again in time to block the Scundoo's set!"

"And it serves you right," drawled Liane. "You began the dirty work. He just out-gamed and outsmarted you, that's all. And I notice he's making the first haul of the season, while you, my surly Norseman, stand here making faces."

"Why, you—you—" Chris stepped towards her, his hands clenched. "If you were a man I'd have you over the side."

"Yes?" Her insolent dark glance moved over his tense, truculent figure. Wide and thick and tawny-haired, he was not unhandy in a taurine sort of way. "Try it anyway, angelpan." She sidled to him with a provocative smile.

He backed away growling, "I will some day." But his tone lacked conviction.

"Hey! Quit fighting, you two!" interposed Sondra.

"Yes, cheer up, Chris, old boy," said Kemp. "Quarrelling with a lady always brings bad luck."

"Bad luck!" Chris swung about. "What else could we expect with women aboard? It's a wonder a school of whales hasn't come along to complete the trip."

Liane had begun a sarcastic retort when one of the men who was dumping potato peelings over the rail emitted a cracked yell, "Thar—she—blo—ow!" He stood, his white apron fluttering, his leathery, outstretched arm pointing seaward. All eyes turned in that direction.

A mile beyond the outer edge of the herring shoal a column of vapor shot up from a dark form rounding out of the deep. Poom! The metallic sound of released air came like a Jovian sigh, through the shrieking of the gulls.

"I told you!" Chris threw up both hands. "Heave it in, men—any way to get it aboard!" he shouted to the group laboring at the Tanya's net. "We got to scam out of here." Wheeling, he raced to the pilot-house.

Another whale spouted; then another, and another, until twenty monsters dotted the surface of the sea.

"A school of 'em!" cried one of the deck-hands. "On their next dive they'll strike the herring and go plumb nuts!" He fell to work with redoubled vigor.

On the Baltic, the Scundoo, and all six O'Moore trawlers, engines were roaring into life, with something of imperative haste in the very sound of them. But on the Tanya the only response to the jangling of the engine-room bell was a single weak cough, shortly followed by a shrill whistle from the engine-room speaking-tube. Chris answered, his words carrying aft, "What? . . . Ten minutes? Good lord, man, in ten minutes we'll have two thousand tons of crazy whale playing shuttlecock with us . . . Yeah? Well, make it snappy!"

His earnestness awakened Sondra to the real hazard of their position; but she had barely time to appreciate the danger before it was wiped from her mind by an awesome and incredible spectacle. The whales, wallowing on the swells like a fleet of submarines, suddenly burst into gargantuan play.

Half a dozen at once stood on their heads, with a third of their huge dark bodies out of water, and ponderously began to fan the air with their tails. The fanning increased in speed and vigor until the wide flukes were smashing the waves on either side with thunderous blows that lashed the sea to fury. Among those lobtailing other leviathans were leaping like gigantic trout—fifty-ton monsters shooting clear into the air, poised for an instant, then falling back with a deafening clap and a mighty eruption of spray.

The breaching and lobtailing was at its height when, as if at a signal, all gambols ceased. With the dreamy grace of a slow-motion picture gigantic heads arched under; tails lifted smoothly but with a suggestion of tremendous power. For a moment the sea seemed to be dotted with a flock of enormous black butterflies alighting. Then with immense ease the tails went under, leaving an empty ocean marked with curious glassy circles.

Sondra drew a deep breath and, alive once more to the danger, glanced about her. Every fishing boat except the Tanya was speeding away from the herring shoal. From

the pilothouse Chris' muffled imprecations floated out to mingle with the skreeling of the gulls. Liane was clinging to Kemp, her eyes wide and frightened, and Captain O'Moore, head on one side, seemed to be listening intently to the ominous silence of the engine.

Sondra sought to cloak her own nervousness by gazing down over the side. In the clear, green depths a glittering mass of herring milled steadily, gracefully, with the smooth precision of soldiers on parade. Then, even as she looked, their orderly ranks flickered and broke into silvery streaks, fish darting this way and that in a panic of terror.

Great swirls suddenly appeared on the surface of the school. Screaming birds sheered up in clouds, and veritable gyres of living fish shot up out of the sea. An instant later, on every side, the whales rounded up, expelling fountains of steam that enveloped the Tanya with their musky stench.

In a flash the school became a bedlam of monsters charging open-mouthed near the surface scooping in barrels of herring and churning the water into a chop that set the Tanya dancing. Near the port bow a tremendous sheet of herring was flung mast high. Behind it reared the dripping head and half the body of a whale. The jaws were open, revealing fringes of baleen hanging from the roof of the cavernous maw, and thousands of frantic herring spashing inside above the great soft tongue.

As the ponderous lower jaw began to close, straining out streams of water and fish, the leviathan turned on its side, thrusting up one flipper and one fluke. Then it arched down, so close that its waving tail drenched the Tanya with flung spray.

The boat was still rolling wildly in the turmoil of the creature's passing, when the engine at last broke into a strong, steady throbbing. A moment later the Tanya was headed full speed away from the pandemonium that reigned in the school of herring.

ALL the way back to Sitka, Sondra was puzzled by a change that had come over Liane. The fright she had suffered through the onslaught of the whales could hardly account for the girl's unusual silence, her avoidance of everyone. Her anxiety to reach port was so marked that Kemp began to chaff her about being afraid of Chris.

For once, Liane appeared to lack a clever retort. As they neared the waterfront, she stood well forward, intently scanning the Sitka wharves.

The only activity there centred about the Glory, alongside which lay the Scundoo, unloading fish. The Glory's charthouse door was open. At closer range, Sondra could see Miss Jacqueline seated inside, a cigarette in her mouth, her fingers playing a pair of knitting needles. The Baldo was nowhere in sight.

Liane waited at the rail, ready to leap off the moment the Tanya touched the O'Moore float. "I won't go up with you just now, Sondra," she said. "Must dash home to see how mother is. See you later." She thrust her head in through the open pilothouse window, and with a thumb to her ear wigged her hand at Chris, standing at the wheel. "Thanks for the buggy ride, Sourmug!"

Without waiting for Kemp to help her,

she leaped to the float and, buttoning Chris' wind-breaker about her against the first sprinkle of rain, dashed up the cleared runway to the wharf.

"Wonder what devilment she's up to now," Chris growled. But his eyes, following her, held a look of surly admiration.

WITH Kemp's assistance, the captain was finally established in his chair in the upstairs sitting-room at Echo House. Sondra set a bottle of cognac on the table between the two men, and went to her room to change.

She was slipping into a flowered housecoat when she remembered the Bates contract, which she had found undisturbed in the safe and pinned inside her sweater before she left. It was gone!

She recalled how Liane had jerked off her sweater. The envelope must have been torn from its pin then; it had fallen to the floor, and in the dim light from the porthole had escaped notice. It must be there in Chris' cabin; it just must be! She would go down now and get it before the Tanya left the float.

Hurriedly she got into a sports frock and coat, and dashed out into the hall. She had reached the head of the stairs when a din of voices inside the sitting-room halted her. Polena's shrill and with unusual agitation, rose clearly. "With my passkey, captain, I go into the library to tidy the mess that Liane woman made. And there—may St. Michael guard us—there was the safe, all . . ."

Sondra turned into the sitting-room to face the situation.

The captain looked up sharply. "Sondra, do you know about the safe?"

"Yes. It happened during Liane's dance last night. But nothing of value was in the safe, lamb, and I didn't want to spoil your party by telling you then. Afterward—well, we all rushed out to the fishing grounds in such a hurry, and so many things happened out there, that I—well, I just never thought of it."

She explained, without mentioning Jean Reynall's presence, how she had entered the library, caught one glimpse of Alexander on the floor, and then had been flung aside in the dark.

Polena burst out, "My Alexander knew about this, and he never told me? Wait till I lay hands on that good-for-nothing!" She bolted for the door, her wide skirts flying.

Kemp's quiet voice broke in. "Let me tell you what I know about it, captain."

"I'm listenin'."

"I had posted Alexander at the light switch beside the door opening between the drawing-room and the library. After we'd switched off the light, I slipped back there to give him some further instructions, and found him gone. I supposed he'd be back any minute, so I waited, my back against the library partition."

"When Liane touched off the Venetian powder, the effect was rather startling there in the dark, as you know. But, apart from the flare of light and the roll of drums, I felt a vibration that didn't seem just right to me. So, knowing the library doors were locked, I slipped out into the reception room."

"I was surprised to find no light there. And while feeling for the switch I found that the library door opening off the reception room was standing open. I went in, switched on the lights, and found Sondra."

"Since Sondra assured me that the safe

held nothing of value to anyone but yourself, the attempted burglary didn't seem important enough to trouble you with last night, sir."

"You're all too infernally considerate of me!" rasped the captain. "The Bates contract was in that safe, Starbuck. And that's of definite value to Baranov Packers just now. With it, Reynall could force me to furnish him all the fish he can use until the middle of next month. Soudy! Was that fellow here last night?"

Sondra hesitated; but with Kemp's eyes on her she was forced to admit, "Yes. He came in the full dress uniform of an American naval officer; but—"

"Ramps Reynall's old uniform, by heaven! I saw him, but with all that confounded punch in me I—"

"But he left before the safe was blown, Dynamite. I recognised him and—"

"The nerve of the spalpeen! Comin' here to rob me in old Ramps Reynall's uniform!" Then, to the astonishment of his listeners, the captain threw back his head and laughed. "Burglary! Safe blowing! So that's what he had in mind when he boasted he'd collect on that contract." He rubbed his small, scarred hands together. "Soudy, send Alexander for the Commissioner and the Marshal."

"But I tell you he didn't—"

"No bits. To gosh he goes, and—"

"Pardon me, Captain," Kemp put in hastily. "Reynall may be guilty, of course; but so far you really haven't a scrap of evidence on which to base a conviction in court."

"I tell ye—"

"Dynamite!" Sondra put both hands on her grandfather's shoulders and shook him. "I've been trying to tell you he hasn't possession of the contract. I took it out, myself—after the blow-up. I've got it now in a—safe place. Nothing is missing. Not a single paper." She prayed silently that he wouldn't demand the document immediately.

"Shiver me timbers! Why didn't ye say so in the first place?" The captain looked both outraged and deflated. "Humph! Well, if that's the case, I might as well get at my figuring. Get out my herring records, Soudy."

Glad to divert his mind from the contract, Sondra placed on the table the canvas-covered journals that contained herring data gathered from every source for the past fifteen years.

"Here you are, lamb," she said. "I—I left something aboard the Tanya. I'm going to run down and fetch it now, if there's nothing else you want, Dynamite."

Kemp came to his feet. "I'll go along, Sondra. Better put on a slicker. It's raining cats and dogs."

THEY were hurrying along the rain-wrenched wharf, when Sondra happened to glance over at the Glory. She halted abruptly. "Oh, Kemp! Look!" The old figurehead under the stubby bowsprit was whole again, and white with a coat of priming paint. The laughing mermaid, with one arm gaily outflung, was pointing the way through the grey, slanting rain. "They're restored her!" breathed Sondra, feeling a little foolish because an emotional chill ran over her.

Then her gaze fell on the Glory's charthouse, and her mood changed. In the open door stood Liane, shaking rain from a yellow sou'-wester. Inside, obviously welcoming her, was Miss Jacqueline. The door closed, with Liane inside.

Sondra grasped Kemp's hand. "Hurry, hurry," she said.

They found the Tanya deserted, except for Hardack in his galley, assembling a mulligan. "I'm going to look for something I left in Chris' cabin," Sondra told the old cook. "Perhaps you saw it when you dried my clothes this afternoon, Hardack. A long, fat envelope?"

The leathery little man shook his head. "Divil an envelope," he said.

She left Kemp in the galley, and plunging into Chris' cabin, peeled off her slicker.

After a ten-minute search she sank to the settee under the porthole with a sickening conviction of loss. "It's gone!" she gasped. "Lost!"

"What's lost?" Kemp stepped in, closing the door behind him.

"That Bates contract! I took it from the safe last night and pinned it inside my sweater. I'm sure it was there when I fell overboard, but—"

"Good lord! Was it the contract you had in your—" Kemp stopped, his face flushing with embarrassment. Sondra looked up inquiringly.

"I mean to say I happened to notice you had something inside your—sweater front, just before you went overboard!" he explained. "Could Reynall have snatched it when he went to your rescue there, under water?"

Remembering Reynall's grasp on her sweater, the arms that had encircled her as she fought to clear her bracelet, she nodded. "Oh, Kemp! Whatever shall I do when Dynamite asks me for it?"

Kemp slipped off his slicker and tossed it into a corner. "Look here, Sondra," he said firmly. "Ever since that fellow Reynall landed he's kept you in a turmoil."

He dropped to his knees in front of her, and took both her hands in one of his. "That's all that concerns me, darling. Do you realise we've never been alone together since Reynall came? Never gone fishing or cruising, as we used to? Why, you've even lost interest in the things you and I used to like."

"Don't let me lose you," he went on with passionate eagerness. "A man must have someone in his life who's clean and fine and honest. Sondra, you're that one, for me. You're more than that. You are beauty and happiness. You are home. You're—everything." He pressed her hand hungrily against his cheek. "Without you there'd be nothing left in life for me. I mean that, Sondra, I mean it."

The sudden levelling of his suave reserve had let her glimpse something infinitely lost and lonely in him. It seemed almost as if he were clinging to her, making her responsible for him in some way. She was profoundly moved, but it was a poignant compassion that stirred her. She placed one hand on his bowed, tawny head. "I haven't changed, Kemp. I'm fond of you."

"I want more than that," he lifted his taut face. "I want you to love me. To marry me."

"Kemp, I've told you before how it is. I couldn't bear to marry anyone who—who would take me away from Silka, from Echo House."

"But I won't take you away, Sondra. At the end of this season my job here will be finished. I'll be free—free to do anything I want. I'll have all the money I need, too. I like it here, away from the

turnout of civilisation. I love it, darling, just as you do, and—"

"Miss Sondra!" Hardack's bawling voice was raised outside. "The fleet's coming in from the fishing grounds!"

Sondra was grateful for the interruption. "Kemp, dear," she said hastily. "I must really get back to the house. I've got to tell Dynamite about that contract, you know."

SONDRA made a clean breast of the whole affair of the missing contract to her grandfather as soon as she returned to Echo House.

She expected that the old man would go into one of his tantrums; but he heard her in silence that was more ominous than his loudest roar. By the look of his narrowed eyes and jutting jaw she knew he thought that Reynall had obtained the document. The silence grew uncomfortable. Even Kemp showed his nervousness by moving to the window to look down on the small crowd of men in slickers who had gathered to watch the trawlers come in. "I wouldn't worry about it, sir," he ventured. "Anyway, not until the thing turns up in the wrong hands. If—"

Heavy feet sounded in the hall and Chris, without knocking, burst into the room. "Read that!" he shouted, shoving a paper at O'Moore.

The captain jammed his glasses on his nose and began to read, mumbling phrases aloud. . . . O'Moore Seiners, Incorporated. . . . Sondra O'Moore, owner. . . . Captain Daniel O'Moore. . . . Umm-m-m. . . . those certain motor vessels. . . . hereby enjoined—By heaven, Starbuck!" He looked up fiercely. "Reynall's been to the Commissioner. This is an injunction against our unloading fish at any plant but his during the next three weeks, pending a hearing and decision of the court!"

Kemp spun about and looked questioningly at the seowling Chris.

"Right," snapped Chris. "The Commissioner sent word he's sorry, but he couldn't avoid issuing the injunction on the strength of the evidence presented."

"What evidence?" barked the captain.

"That accursed Bates contract."

"Arrrahh!" started O'Moore, glancing from Sondra to Kemp. "Now what do ye think of the methods of Captain Jean Reynall?"

Kemp stepped forward, frowning. "This is serious, sir. I can't wait three weeks for your catch. The troops in China want fish, and they want them now. There's a penalty clause in our army contract, and—"

"But what can we do?" Chris' face was working as if he were about to burst into tears. "If it comes to a hearing, any Court is bound to hold we must deliver to Reynall for the next three weeks. If it doesn't come to a hearing we're stopped from delivering to anyone else during that time!" He flung up both hands and took a quick turn up and down the room. "In one case we're licked. In the other we lose."

The captain was sitting very still, his bushy white brows drawn together in an eagle look of concentration. When he spoke it was calmly, thoughtfully. "Look, now. Suppose we admit the validity of the Bates contract. Suppose we offer our fish to Reynall and he's unable to take 'em because—well, because he's just had a bit of hard luck with his plant?" He paused significantly.

"By gosh!" Chris' face lighted hopefully. "Then we could deliver them to Starbuck, or whoever could take 'em!"

"Eggs-actly." The captain screwed one

eye shut and twisted his pursed lips in a wry smile. During a moment's silence a volley of wind-driven rain hit the windows. Chris cocked a listening ear. "A nor'easter blowing up strong, Cap'n," he said with seeming irrelevance. "And to-night's the highest tide of the month. . . . Wouldn't it be awful, now, if that floating cannery of Reynall's should slip her moorings and go aground to-night. Yes, it would. She'd be stuck, careened over on her beam for thirty days until the next big tide. . . . Thirty days. And unable to can a fish or take a delivery." He fixed an innocent, bland look on Captain O'Moore, who stared back at him, saying nothing.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Finally the captain shook his head. "No, Chris. 'Tis the Glory, remember. I wouldn't take chances on anything happenin' to the Glory."

"But look, Cap'n! She'll ground on Stag Island Spit, safe, with plenty of sand under her keel. Absolutely safe, but, of course, out of commission as a cannery till the next full moon tides."

"No." He shook his head. "Forget it, Chris. We'll have to think up something else. Go down now, lad, to the boats. Have the men pack their fish in ice for twenty-four hours. Then come back, and we'll scheme a bit."

SONDRA woke with a start and sat up listening for some sound she seemed to have heard in her sleep.

There was a lull in the wind. The rain had ceased. The house was still. But, to her suddenly sensitive ears the stillness held an alert, wary quality, as if something—someone—in it were holding a breath and listening, as she was listening.

The old clock out in the hall chimed three. Then silence spread again, widening about her in waves with every thump of her heart. She had almost convinced herself that there was no basis for her alarm when, unmistakably, she heard a faint, metallic click, as if the latch on a door nearby had slipped under an easing hand.

She waited on a held breath for some further sound. After a moment it came—the creak of a floorboard.

Creak . . . pause. Creak . . . pause. Footsteps! But alien footsteps coming furtively down the hall—towards her room.

Polena's story flashed into her mind—something walking in the dark through Echo House. Her frightened gaze plumbed through the dimness of the room to the door where the old-fashioned lever-handle made a dark, vertical line on the white wood. . . .

Was the handle turning, or— Quickly, without shifting her gaze, she jerked on her bed-light.

Her blood congealed. There was no mistake. Slowly, cautiously, the handle of her unlocked door was turning.

For an instant leaden inertia held her rigid, speechless, while the room whirled about her. Then her vision cleared.

The door was still shut. The handle, now in its normal position, must have been released the instant the click of her light switch warned the intruder. But she still felt the silence out in the hall to be alive; listening.

"Who's there?" she called tremulously.

No answer. . . . From outside came the rustle of trees arching under the wind.

Quickly, to outwit her fear, she slipped out of bed, pulled on a robe, and, crossing to the door, jerked it open.

The dim-lit hall was empty. But—had she heard, or only imagined a brushing sound on the stairs leading down to the reception room? She held her breath, but could hear only the steady, muffled snore from her grandfather's room down the hall. That grotesque sound, for some reason, gave her courage to tiptoe to the stairhead.

The curving stairway was tenantless. The dim bulb that burned in the upper hall lighted the steps, but left the long reception room below in deep shadow. Sondra leaned over the banister probing these shadows for the sign of some movement. She saw none; but again she thought that she heard a soft brushing sound somewhere down there near the stairs.

She descended warily, one hand sliding along the banister until it came in contact with the flashlight always kept in a carved recess of the newel post. She gripped the tube with both hands and, stabbing its white ray here and there, advanced to the middle of the room.

There was no one. Yet she felt an elusive sense of life there, as if someone had slipped out of the room just ahead of her. And now that she stood still, she became aware of a chilly something that seemed to hang suspended in the closed air. Something cool and dank, like a breath. A breath from under the ground, Polena had named it.

With the roots of her hair tingling, she started backing toward the foot of the stairs. Then, for the first time, she became conscious of the peaceful, tripartite snoring of Polena, Jodin, and Alexander, coming from behind their respective closed doors. The earthy, reassuring sound banished her morbid conjectures. But before she went upstairs again, she made a careful circuit of the lower floor, and ascertained that every window and outside door was securely bolted.

The clicking sound must have been the latch on the door of her grandfather's sitting-room, she thought, pausing at the top of the stairs to stare at the closed door in question. After a moment's hesitation, she eased the door open, clicked on the lights, and stepped into the room.

At first glance everything seemed as usual. But closer inspection revealed several things slightly out of place—a cabinet door not quite closed; a drawer in the Javanese chest pulled out the fraction of an inch; the model of the Glory in the middle of the table instead of at the end.

The very slightness of the disturbances had a queer warning effect on Sondra. Instinctively she knew that Echo House had again been slyly searched. But—by whom? Liane? No. She was home with her mother, Reynall? He was out on the fishing grounds. . . . Or could it be that he had returned?

She switched off the lights and went to the window to see if the Baltic was in port. Outside, the grey, wind-torn world was emerging in the leaden light that precedes the dawn. It had stopped raining, but, intermittently, willwaws—terrifying whirling gusts of wind—came shrieking down off the wooded mountains.

The O'Moore trawlers, to escape the full force of the blow, had moved up to join Kemp's smaller vessels on the anchorage above the American Packers' float. Every boat in the fleet was rocking violently and tugging at its anchor line as the pull of the out-running tide was added to the power of the wind.

Sondra, fully expecting to see the Baltic's berth empty, got a small shock when she saw Reynall's tug riding to the slip-line on the sheltered side of the Bates dock. No lights were showing. No one was visible anywhere on the grey waterfront.

Suddenly she threw up the window and leaned out into the wind to see better. A low cry broke from her. The Glory was free of her moorings—and moving. Unguided, helpless in the dual grip of wind and tide, the old ship was drifting down and across the channel toward that maze of rocks and islands where the breakers were beating white and high.

Sondra rushed to rouse her grandfather, and together they watched what was happening.

The Baltic, which should already have been speeding to the old ship's aid, still spluttered impotently at the wharf.

"Engine trouble! That does cook Reynall's goose." The captain's rasping tones held more of contempt for Reynall than concern for the plight of his old command. "His tug can never get out there now in time to save the Glory from strandin' on the spit. Just as—" His voice dropped—"Just as Chris said she would."

Sondra heard, and glanced at him sharply. Had Chris—with or without her grandfather's consent—set the Glory adrift?

Men, under Reynall's direction, had hoisted some heavy object to the midship rail and toppled it over now, raising a mighty splash.

"A drag!" chorled the captain. He was heart and soul the seaman again, concerned only that his old ship should be kept from stranding. "He's made a drag from his hatch covers! See—they're haulin' her head up now to clear the spit." He raised his voice. "That's well, me hearties! Smartly, now—check the swing of her stern! Get a bridle out for'ard, and bear that dragline aft to the quarter-bitts. Soudy, fly and fetch me nightglasses from the sittin' room. Livey, darlin'!"

Sondra brought the glasses and thrust them into his impatient fingers. "Is the Glory—"

"Aye, she's clear of the spit now . . ."

The manoeuvring eventually ended with the Glory riding to her stern anchor just inside the semi-circle of the treacherous Spearhead Rocks. "Phew!" The captain expelled a gusty breath. "She's that close a boy could spit from her starboard rail to the nearest rock. But 'tis the best he can do. I could do no more, meself. Barring willwaws, she'll hold safe there until his tug—ah, 'tis comin' now! And high time. It's been half an hour gettin' away from the dock."

"Not that long, lamb." Sondra's laugh was tremulous with relief as she glanced behind her at the clock. "It's only about ten minutes since I came in here to tell you the Glory was adrift."

A LITTLE later, Sondra, from the window, reported excitedly. "They've turned the Glory around and the Baltic's pushing her back toward her wharf. . . . There's no one near the deck pumps at all. That must mean she's not leaking; she's not hurt a bit. Oh, lamb!" She turned and darting to her grandfather gave him an exuberant hug. "Isn't it marvellous?"

"Aye," the captain agreed heartily. "As smart and seamanly a job as ever I've seen done by any—" He caught himself up and finished gruffly, "by a yachtsman."

"Come, come." She tilted his weather-beaten face up between her two hands. "Let's give the devil his due. Jean Reynall is conceited, he's obstinate, he's overbearing; but to-night he did save the Glory, and he saved her by doing the very things you'd have done had you been down there in his place."

At the sight of her radiant face his discomfited scowl gave place to a chuckle. "Twas ever in the nature of ye to lean backward in the way of bein' fair, darlin'," he said warmly. "Have it your own way. The Reynall whelp is a real sailorman, and a fighter to boot. But for all that, 'twas a piece of bad carelessness to let those mooring lines part this night."

Under his breath he added, "Aye, carelessness—no matter what—or who—parted them."

THAT morning, at breakfast in the upstairs sitting-room, Sondra kept turning questioning eyes on her grandfather.

"Dynamite," she asked at last. "Come clean. Did you—you or Chris, I mean—have anything to do with setting the Glory adrift?"

He set down the cup that had been midway to his lips and looked at her in hurt surprise. "Soudy! Would meself be bringin' grief on the Glory, and she all that's left of me youth and pride? Why, gurl, 'twould make me young again just to stand once more ahaft her wheel. To feel—but ye'd not be understandin' that, and ye a woman. As for Chris—ye heard me give him his orders for Salisbury Sound. The lad was forty miles away when the Glory parted her lines." He turned his head to look down at the waterfront, and Sondra caught his start of surprise.

The reason was Chris himself, just making a landing at the O'Moore float—in a row-boat. The Tanya was nowhere in sight. Waiting for him was Liane, and it was evident from her mischievous attitude that she was teasing, and he trying to ignore her.

When he stepped to the float she placed herself before him, laughing provocatively. He brushed her aside; but before he could stride on she was in front of him again, dancing backward, taunting him with speech and gesture. But suddenly something she said secured his undivided attention, for he stopped, his head thrust forward belligerently.

Liane swept a hand toward the Glory and laughed in his face, adding some words that were obviously too much for his self-control. He shot out a great paw, gripped her by the collar, shook her, then deliberately lifted her off the float into the water. After dousing her up and down he hoisted her out and left her, bedraggled and dripping, while he strode up the runway to the wharf.

"Well, of all things!" Sondra started up indignantly. "I'm going down there to tell Chris Sandvik a thing or two!"

Her grandfather raised a restraining hand. "Chris is on his way here, I'm thinkin'. I have a word for his ear, meself."

AS Chris entered the upstairs sitting-room Sondra was at him before he had a chance to say "Good morning." "I'm ashamed of you, Christopher Sandvik! What do you mean by ducking Liane?"

"Aw, that cat!" He hunched his shoulders in righteous deprecation. "You know what, Miss Sondra? She's the one who

swiped that Bates contract out of your wet clothes and turned it over to the Reynalla. Sure! She just told me so herself. Bragged about it. Trying to make herself solid with Jean, I guess. Made me so danged mad, I—

"Christ!" rasped the captain. "It makes little difference how Reynall got the contract, now that he has it. But—I sent ye to Salisbury. What are ye doin' back here?"

Chris squirmed uneasily under O'Moore's inquisitorial eye. "It's them new injector nozzles, Cap'n. They never did work right with this fuel oil—near got us into a jam out there with the whales, ye remember. The whole set went haywire last night when I was about four miles out. Joe, the engineer, is down at the machine shop now getting the tips reamed out. We lay to our hook in Coogan Bay last night and—"

"So ye were anchored less than four miles away, the night?" There was a cutting edge to the quietly spoken words. "Belike, ye wouldn't know that the Glory went adrift and was near lost on the Spearheads last tide?"

"Yes, I heard. But, aw—look here, Cap'n!" Chris' eyes popped with sudden comprehension. "I never had nothing to do with that. Honest, sir, I—after what you told me—I—"

His stammering was cut short by the entry of Alexander, who bore a long pasteboard box. "A present for Miss Sondra!" He put it down on the table with a flourish. "Looks like flowers. That big, red-headed engineer from the Glory brought it, with Captain Reynall's compliments."

Sondra, feeling a glow of pleasurable surprise, stood looking at the box. She lifted the lid and turned back the tissue paper; and in a sudden revulsion of feeling went hot all over. "It's some kind of silly joke, Dynamite." She thrust the box across to her grandfather.

The captain lifted out a spliced loop of heavy rope. "Joke, he—hanged!" he roared indignantly. "Tis a slap in the face, no less! A back-handed—"

"But what is the thing, Dynamite? I don't—"

"Tis the eye of a ship's hawser, Sondra, made to drop over a bollard when mooring at a wharf. And see—it's been cut through with an axe, or a knife. 'Tis his insultin' manner of tellin' us we out the Glory adrift last night. By the hornbilled jeezaw, if I could lay hands on that impudent whelp I'd jam this down his throat and—"

"Wait, Dynamite. I think the important thing is that the Glory's lines were cut, apparently, by—someone."

The two men looked at each other, but their expressions were lost to Sondra, who had just noticed a long envelope in the bottom of the box.

The envelope contained two documents. One was a copy of the injunction: "O'Moore Selters, Inc., Defendants; Baranov-Packers, Plaintiff." Across it, dated that morning and signed by the U.S. Commissioner, was an inscription: "Injunction dissolved and action terminated on request of the Plaintiff."

The other document was the trouble-making Bates contract, crinkled and water-stained. Glipped to it was a note in clear, bold handwriting:

"My dear Sondra O'Moore:
"I've just learned that you, and not your grandfather, are head of O'Moore Selters. But, were it the other way around, there

are still some methods no Reynall will resort to, even in a fish fight.
"Respectfully yours,
"JEAN REYNALL."

The amazed trio received the news in stunned silence.

SOME time later that morning, Sondra was speeding in her little cruiser down the river-like channel that led to the Place of Trees.

Reynall's communication had left her with a restless longing to be up and doing—something different.

She swung the Spindrift in between two wooden points, and headed for the small boat landing at the farther end of the U-shaped cove.

It was four years since Sondra had last visited the Place of Trees, and the tent she remembered was no longer there. The Forest Man now lived aboard his cruiser; but neither he nor his boat was anywhere in evidence.

Sondra had remembered his invitation. She had made this trip especially to visit him. Should she turn back at once, or wait here a few hours on the chance that he might return?

While she hesitated, the decision was taken out of her hands; for the Spindrift gave a sudden lurch, a series of bumps, and came to a stop with mud from her churning propeller boiling up through the green water under her stern.

"Hang!" cried Sondra, aloud. "I forgot that bar!"

She stopped the engine, and with an Indian paddle sounded the depth of water alongside. Barely two feet, and the tide running out for several more hours!

She rolled up the legs of her slacks, pried overboard, and tried to shove the cruiser back into the channel; but the Spindrift was stuck hard and fast.

Hot, breathless, soaked to the waist, she clambered back into the cockpit and considered how many hours it would take the tide to ebb and come in again high enough to float her boat. "Stymied—until after midnight," she concluded.

She made sure of her boat by slipping a coil of small rope over her arm, and tying one end of it to the Spindrift. Then, with trail axe thrust through her belt and the Indian paddle as a staff, she set forth.

Half an hour later she had a campfire going under a wide-spreading cedar, and enough driftwood piled near it to last for hours.

"Cozy!" pronounced Sondra, sitting down on her coat and stretching her legs to the warmth of the fire.

She turned a considering eye on the Forest Man's cache. Food was there, if she could climb to the little doot, ten feet above the ground. There was no ladder, of course. But nearby lay two slender poles, rough with bark and stubs of branches. Why not drag the poles over to the cache and slant them up to the little doot?

It was an unstable device at best, when she got it in place, but with unabated enthusiasm she began creeping up it on hands and knees. Two feet . . . three . . . five feet she "cooned," wincing as the bark bit into her soft skin. Then, quick as a flash, one of the poles turned, throwing her off balance. The back of her pullover snagged on one of the stiff, spiky stubs as she fell, and she found herself hung there as if on a hook, her toes in their wet tennis shoes barely touching the ground.

Her predicament was ludicrous, but, she realised, it might also prove serious. With forced calmness she was considering what to do next, when her ears caught the welcome rut-tut-tut of a boat's engine at the mouth of the cove. The Forest Man coming back, thank heaven!

But it was quickly apparent that the boat had passed the entrance and was skirting the outside shore of the narrow peninsula that formed one side of the cove. Then, abruptly, the sound of the exhaust ceased altogether, as if the boat had come to a stop.

Almost at once she heard the Forest Man approaching, whistling something surprisingly modern and gay. She was about to call his name, when her startled eyes told her the man emerging from the trees was not the blond-bearded logger.

He wore a short yellow jacket, white hip rubber boots, a yellow sou'-wester pushed back from his dark, beardless face. And the swashbuckling way he wore them made Sondra dimly certain of the man's identity even before she saw the yellow march daisy, big as a sunflower, thrust through the buttonhole of his jacket. Jean Reynall—of all people on the North American continent!

What was he doing here, anyway?

Her question was answered when he swung down through the meadow to the boom of logs now stranded on the bared beach near the little landing. He went about in a stooped position, closely examining each one. It was not until his inspection was finished that his gaze was caught and held by the Spindrift, careened high and dry on the bar.

He took a step forward; then his eyes followed the rope from the cruiser up to the dying campfire. With an air of puzzlement he peered anxiously about, and at last caught a glimpse of her through the alders. His face lighted, and he came toward her on a run.

"Sondra! Gosh, infant, you gave me a scare!" There was no hint that he had noticed her plight, and the way his eyes went softly brilliant when he looked down at her almost made her forget all her grievances against him. "Are you alone here, darling?"

She ignored the endearment and remembered the cut hawser. "No, indeed!" she retorted flippantly. "As you see, I'm completely in the bosom of my family." She lifted her shoulders and held her head high, in the hope that he might not discover her predicament.

He shook his head slowly and grinned. Then, matter-of-factly, he placed a hand under each of her arms, lifted her up until her sweater pulled clear of the impaling stub, and dropped her gently back to earth.

She managed a very casual "Thank you," and walked to her campfire. She was giving rapid attention to rebuilding the fire, when he came rustling up in his oldskin slapping the sou'-wester against his knee to dislodge the rain. "The Forest Man won't be back here for several days, Sondra—he told me so himself, this morning. It's lucky I popped over for a look at the spruce he's getting out for me. The Baltic is waiting for me in deep water on the other side of the peninsula."

"Indeed? Then don't let me detain you, Captain," she said politely.

He laughed. "I should have said 'waiting for us.' You'll let me take you back to Sitka, of course, and send someone out after the Spindrift."

"On the contrary, I shall wait right here until the Spindrift floats. And I prefer waiting alone—if that can be arranged." She sat down on her spread jacket, and became very busy shaking her wet curls out to dry.

He smiled still, refusing to take offence. "Be reasonable, Sondra. The tide won't float your cruiser till after midnight. You can't stay here alone, in the dark and the rain."

She looked up from under her forward-flung hair, and made her voice poisonously sweet. "Could you mind your own business, for once? And would you try minding it at a distance from my camp? Or am I asking too much?"

She had ruffled his composure at last. He jammed the sou'-wester on his head and, without another word, strode back the way he had come.

Her heart sank as she watched the forest shadows close behind him. She hadn't expected him to leave her. She sat looking at the place where he had vanished, almost certain he must reappear there, coming back to her. But minutes passed; then the Baltic's exhaust echoed suddenly against the hills . . . receded . . . gradually faded into silence. He was gone.

Sondra wasn't afraid to stay alone at the Place of Trees; but now that she knew the Forest Man wouldn't be along, the solitude took a deeper, different quality—and her hunger a keener edge. With a determined eye on the cache, she got up. But she sat down again, quickly. On the far side of the little meadow, swinging toward her through the trees, she had caught the movement of a figure in yellow olivina.

SONDRA'S heart gave a leap of anticipation. He had come back! And the axe and loaded knapsack he carried were evidence that this time he had come to stay. To protect her, in defiance of her orders.

She turned her back on his approach and pretended to be very busy with her fire. She would treat him coolly at first, because—because he was Reynall. Then gradually relent, and be nice to him.

But her softened mood changed to chagrin when he tossed his pack down under her tree not eight feet from where she sat and, ignoring her presence, set about preparing his own camp.

As twilight settled over the cove, tantalising smells of boiling coffee and cooking bacon made her chance a swift look at him. Then she saw he had placed within her reach a cup of coffee and a broad loaf on which he had arranged bacon slices and bread. Because it took all her will power to keep from accepting his silent offering, she became more incensed than ever.

When she looked at her tormentor again he was holding toward her a long stick, on the end of which dangled her missing ivory bracelet!

She reached for it, forgetting all else in her joyous surprise. "Jean! My good luck bracelet! Oh, oh, thank you!" She slipped it on her wrist and, holding it against her cheek, turned to meet his eyes. For a moment they looked at each other gravely; then, simultaneously, burst into a laugh.

Then suddenly Reynall turned a quick listening ear to the panting exhaust of an approaching boat. "What the devil—Why, it's the Baltic. Back two hours ahead of time. I must go down and see what Shady wants, Sondra. But—I want to see

you afterwards. Will you wait here for me?"

"Jean, ahoy!" Shady's urgent roar lifted above the rumble of the Baltic's throttled exhaust. "Hit the deck, Skipper!"

Reynall still stood close before her, awaiting his answer. She nodded. "That's a promise," he said, with his flashing smile. And, turning, he headed swiftly for the landing where the wheelhouse windows of the Baltic made bright rectangles in the night.

"Step lively, fella!" bawled Shady. "I bring news! But if that practical old wrecker, O'Moore, ever gets—"

"Stow it!" commanded Reynall; and Sondra realised that the big engineer must not have seen her, screened as she was behind the fringe of alders.

Reynall leaped from the landing to the Baltic's deck. Shady, at the stern rail, was squinting at the Spindrift, dim but unmistakable on the bar. He turned to Reynall. "Oh—Oh—I get it! The little red-head's here. I wondered why you took the sudden notion to stop off here while we went on to Shaman's Lagoon. Lucky you shut me off just now, or she might have got an earful."

"Spill it, guy. What brings you back so early?"

"F-I-S-H!" spelled Shady triumphantly. "Halfway to the lagoon I met Kathleen bringing in the news. Slathers of herring, kid, in Shellkoff Bay, working up toward Shaman's Lagoon. If left unmolested for two more tides they'll all be inside our lagoon and—he reached out and exuberantly shook Reynall's shoulder—"our pack is positively and absolutely cinched! But—there's a joker."

"Name it."

"Chris Sandvik, in the Tanya. Kathleen saw him scouting south along the outer coast towards Shellkoff—that's why he was coming in after you. Chris will spot those herring within the next few hours—maybe he's seen 'em already. You know what that Jasper will do then."

"I can guess."

"Okey-doke, then. Let's get going."

"Not so fast, Shady. I must see if Miss O'Moore will let us take her back to Sitka, and send someone out for her boat. If not we'll have to stick around half an hour or so till the tide's in enough to let me pull her cruiser off without tearing out the bottom."

"Wait for her!" Shady exploded. "Look Jean—I like that peppery little dame myself, but this is no time to play Galahad, even for her. You can bet that Dynamite, the old pirate, won't waste any time playing Alphonse to your Gaston after Chris gets to him with the news. Hustle the gal aboard, fella, and let's get out of—Oh, good lord!"

The exclamation was prompted by two things—the sudden roar of another gasboat that came surging into the cove, and the sight of Sondra O'Moore coming along the landing, so near now that the port light cast a ruby glow on her red-gold hair.

"You need wait no longer on my account, Captain Reynall," she addressed Jean stiffly. "I wouldn't be seen dead on the same boat with this creature who consistently refers to my grandfather as a wrecker and a pirate."

"Oh, Sondra! I'm sorry, I wanted—" Whatever he wanted was drowned in the shrill whistle of the incoming boat. The stranger was rounding the bar with a speed and precision that bespoke the pilot's com-

plete familiarity with the unmarked channel. Sondra recognised the craft, even before Shady Lane growled, "The Blue Dragon! There's Starbuck and his Jap bodyguard on the forward deck."

Kemp, in a perturbed manner, was pointing to the stranded Spindrift; Ikeda was shaking his head.

Sondra knew she should be feeling joyous relief at the arrival of Kemp, undoubtedly come to take care of her. But she didn't. And because she didn't, she became even more vexed with herself, and Reynall, and the whole universe.

As the Blue Dragon came to a bolting stop on the far side of Reynall's boat, Kemp leaped to the Baltic's deck and with Ikeda at his shoulder faced Reynall in front of the pilothouse.

"You, Reynall! What have you done with Miss O'Moore?"

In the following moment of silence, Ikeda took one catlike step aside. The very stillness of Reynall's tall figure told of leashed forces assembling for some swift, destructive release. Sondra, moving instinctively to prevent violence, sprang from the shadow. "Kemp!" she called breathlessly, "Here I am!"

He was instantly beside her on the landing, his hands gripping her shoulders, his voice husky with emotion. "Sondra! Darling! Are you all right? I've been half crazy, thinking of you out somewhere, alone in the night. Sweetheart, I—I—"

"Don't be absurd, Kemp." She twisted free of his hands and managed a laugh to temper the sharpness she could not keep out of her voice. "Of course I'm all right!"

Kemp's anxiety, his tumbled endearments, only added to her mounting vexation. She fancied she could feel the amused gaze of Reynall on the two of them, and was not surprised when she heard his cool, sardonic voice beside her, saying, "And she hasn't been alone, old chap, really. I've been in practically constant attendance."

"Which is no guarantee of her safety," Kemp, narrow-eyed, swung to face the other. "If I thought you had so much as—"

"Your solicitude is touching, Starbuck," Reynall laughed. "But don't you think you're carrying it a bit far, since it's neither required nor requested?"

Kemp retorted, stiffly and distinctly, "I'm naturally concerned about the safety of the girl I expect to make my wife."

"I . . . see." Sondra caught a brief, startled widening of his eyes; then they were crinkling again at the corners in one of his flashing smiles. "Expectations are pleasant things, old man—but sometimes devilish tricky in the matter of fulfilment. You'll excuse me now . . ."

BY the time Sondra arrived home with Kemp, the news of the fish had spread through Sitka. Chris arrived at Echo House at the same time as the other two.

They found Captain O'Moore in his big chair in the upstairs sitting-room, a blue fire of eagerness in his eyes. As Sondra ran to him he flashed her a smile, and drew her down to the chair arm beside him. But his first words were for Chris. "Ye found the fish, lad. Where?"

"Shellkoff Bay, cap'n. Slathers of 'em—milling up toward the mouth of Shaman's Lagoon!"

"They'll not have worked inside before the fleet gets out?"

"Nah. Not for another twelve hours, anyhow. There were no whales or anything around to disturb 'em. Kathleen and old Ish were scouting around the edges with the Scundoo, but it's too rough in Shellkoff for the rest of that crackbox fleet."

"What's that?" A wariness dropped suddenly over the captain's lively interest. "You say there are Indian boats in Shellkoff?"

"Yeah. The whole armada is holed up in the Lagoon. Must have some screwy idea of trying to fish inside there, though even a Shwash ought to know it can't be done."

"I... wonder." O'Moore's eyes took on a far-away look, his fingers drummed thoughtfully against the chair arm. "With shallow boats and shallow nets, it might be done—if one knew the currents and the bottom, as old Ish does... Let a big school once get inside there... our boats can't even enter that lagoon, much less fish it... By heavens!" he concluded, explosively. "We've been near to missin' a trick, me lad!"

He took his arm from around Sondra's waist and leaned forward, beating a fist into his palm as he snapped his orders. "Get ye out there with the fleet, me bucko. Fill the holds and the decks. Then cut in all your underwater exhausts, and scatter that school from Shellkoff to Borneo! And look to it that no other school gets inside Shaman's Lagoon this season."

"But, Dynamite! Why scatter the—"

"Belay, gurll! This is man's business." The captain's steely eyes twitched back to Chris. "Ready to shove off, skipper?"

"All set, cap'n—and so are the others, as you can see."

They all turned to the window, through which came the accelerated rattle of winches that told of anchors now rapidly nearing the hawse pipes. There was always spirited rivalry among the O'Moore travelers to see which should be first away, and the captain chuckled when he saw all five mudhooks lift clear of the water at almost the same time.

"Tha a dead-heat," he said. "And there—they're off! The beauties! All surgin' ahead at once, as if— But wha—what the dickens!"

The five trawlers, simultaneously, had lost headway, and now, like a fleet suddenly bewitched, lay drifting aimlessly while yet their exhausts beat out a song of undiminished power. The crews, seemingly seized by an identical madness, raced aft, flopped on their stomachs, and began jabbing with pikepoles at something under the sterns of their vessels.

"Fouled propellers!" snarled Chris. "But—something's screwy. One of 'em might pick up a line by accident, but not all five at once."

"Reynall!" The captain spat out the name. "He's out to keep our boats off those herrings till they've worked inside Shaman's Lagoon!" He whirled on Chris. "Move, man! Get ye down there to the Tanya and over to Shellkoff and scatter those fish!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" the speeding Chris shouted back from the stairway.

They saw him race down the float, snatch off the Tanya's lines, and plunge into the wheelhouse. Instantly, with a roar of her exhaust, the O'Moore flagship surged astern. But her bow had not yet cleared

the float when she, too, was stricken with the prevailing paralysis. And Chris, like the other skippers, flew aft, threw himself on his stomach, and hung head downward over the stern.

Then, rising, he lifted his face, shook both fists at the morning sky, and gave utterance.

"WIRE rope!" With this fierce utterance, Chris, wrathful and redfaced, burst into the sitting-room. "A loop of flexible wire rope, Cap'n, dropped over one blade of each propeller!"

But the unpredictable O'Moore merely sat very still in his chair while seconds ticked by. Finally he emitted an ambiguous sound that ended in a cough.

"He's a salty specimen, Chris— for a yachtsman," he said finally. "We'll not underestimate him again."

"Again! Cap'n—what about now? Are we going to let him—"

"We can't stop him!" O'Moore snapped with sudden impatience. "This is his round."

Kemp, looking anxious and impatient, bent forward. "Will your missing out on this school seriously impair my chances for early fish, sir?"

"Not at all, lad. There's many another school will be heavin' up offshore, and we'll be takin' our pick of 'em. Meanwhile Reynall may fill his cans. But he has yet to ship, and to market them. When he comes to that, he'll strike a snag—or Dan O'Moore has no friends in the shippin' business."

The month that followed was filled with gay distractions for Sondra. The tourist season opened, bringing three liners a week to flood historic old Sitka with crowds of eager sightseers; and Captain O'Moore's shipmaster friends, proud to show Alaskan hospitality at its best, invariably brought all their travelling notables to Echo House.

For Sondra this meant almost daily entertaining; and the social tempo was further quickened when, one morning, a squadron of U.S. navy bombers settled like a flock of gigantic silver birds among the little green islands in the bay.

Sitka hostesses filled a gala fortnight with social affairs for the fliers; but it was to Echo House that they came most often—informally and at all hours.

That Sondra O'Moore was the magnet which drew them none would have denied. But those unlucky ones who arrived to find her already monopolized by the more forehanded of their brother officers found a large measure of solace in the rollicking group which always surrounded Captain Dynamite Danny O'Moore.

Captain O'Moore, his leg now free of its cast, turned only the most jovial of countenances upon his guests and the world. But in his hours of privacy, more and more often he frowningly perused the pages of his herring records. This season fish were not appearing offshore as they should, and when they did appear, cruising whales quickly chased them into more constricted waters where the O'Moore boats could not fish. So far the fleet had managed to keep Starbuck's cannery fully supplied—but only through ceaseless effort.

Sondra, swept up in a whirlwind of homage and gaiety, had almost forgotten the fishing business. Waking rather late the morning after the bombers had taken off for their base in the States, it came to her with a twinge of remorse that she

hadn't even seen Kemp since the arrival of the squadron. At breakfast, when she mentioned it, her grandfather told her Kemp had put off two weeks ago to scout inside fishing grounds for his shallow seiners. Ikeda was in charge at the cannery.

Sondra had planned to spend a quiet day free from guests, but even before breakfast was over a sleek, grey destroyer came nosing in to the steamship dock. "The U.S.S. Pelley," her grandfather commented. "That's Ellsworth's command. I met him when he was stationed at Bremerton."

Commander Ellsworth promptly presented himself at Echo House, with word that his vessel's mission in Sitka was one of science rather than war. "I'm carrying a group of oceanographers from the Hydrographic Office, and a whole mass of modern equipment for the study of ocean currents," he explained over a cup of coffee. "My professors are beginning their work around Cape Edgecumbe and St. Lazaria Island. Knowing you have done a lot of local research along their lines, Captain, I wondered if you'd let them come up here today and look over your records."

The captain assented heartily; and Sondra was soon greeting the group of scientists, and trying to conceal her surprise at their appearance. Instead of the greybeards she had expected, they were all rather young, alert, keen-faced men. And their leader, Mayes, was a forceful individual with an inclusive manner of speech quite at variance with the dreamy personality commonly ascribed to men of science.

Throughout the day the group was in close conference over the O'Moore herring records. Working in pairs, with the captain supplying a clarifying word here and there, they compiled their notes with machine-like precision. Though it was late afternoon when they finished, Mayes refused the captain's invitation to remain for dinner.

"Thank you, sir. Immensely in your debt already," he said in his brisk, clipped fashion. "Hope to enjoy your hospitality later—return it, also. Bit pressed for time now—pushing on this evening to anchorage at St. Lazaria. Remain there some weeks. Perhaps you'll run out—Miss O'Moore, too. Glad to have you aboard, any time."

When they had gone, Sondra went in to find her grandfather absently rubbing a hand over the model of the Glory. There was a dispirited droop to his shoulders.

"Did you show Dr. Mayes your Aleutian charts, lamb?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "I mentioned them, but I could see he wasn't interested. Maybe I'm an old fool who sees in me charts what no one else can." He reached out a hand and listlessly began twiddling the dials of his radio.

"I don't remember ever seeing them, lamb."

"They're nothing to look at—unless you're tryin' to take a ship through those water. Just copies on thin trac'n' linen. The lot folds into but little more space than one of those legal-size notes from the numbskulls in Washington."

"I'm sure there was nothing like that in the safe when I straightened it up. I—Dynamite!" She jerked up, startled by a sudden thought. "Do you suppose the safe-blowers stole—"

"No, darlin'. I'd not trust me charts to that old iron box. Besides, I like to keep 'em always near. To look at, sometimes... and remember... Belike, as Starbuck once said, that's all they're good for. Just relics, to—"

"Fluey for Kemp's opinion! He's not a sailor."

"No-o-o. Though I do be always forgettin' that, for some reason. The sea puts her mark on a man, and there's that about Starbuck— Well, no matter." He bent to the radio, and instantly the room was filled with a furious crackling of dots and dashes.

"Curse him!" He silenced the racket with a vicious twist of the dial. "That short-wave key-pounder again, messin' up the air with his ham code signals! 'Tis enough to drive a man to drink, by jeezaw. Here, Sondy! Fix me a hot buttered rum, and make it strong. Lively, dammit! Step lively!"

THE captain had just taken his first sip of rum when he sighted the O'Moore fleet rounding in from sea. Nodding proudly the trawlers came, one behind the other, a colorful picture in the watering sun. Jade-green heaps of net, clean white deckhouses, and, along the waterline, a foot-wide band of copper-red that told of meagre loads.

The captain swore under his breath. "Not one of them loaded deep enough to even hide her copper. If they don't do better to-morrow, Starbuck will be runnin' at only half capacity—and meelf after promisin' him a pack!"

"What's wrong, lamb? Chris fallin' down on the job?"

"Chris is all right. 'Tis the whales and the weather that's ruined all offshore fishin'. Our boats are too big and our nets too deep to see inshore. Chris tried it today—and ye see how light they're loaded. 'Tis the devil's own luck, so it is."

He went back to the table and sat down, moodily leafing through his herring records. His hot rum, forgotten, grew cold in its mug.

That evening at sunset, Sondra, leaning from an arch in the cupola, gazed out between islands into the rose-gold west. This was the first time she had come to the cupola since the night Jean Reynall had talked to her across the water. She had kept away purposely, avoiding the place as one instinctively avoids a spot where the pain of disillusion has shattered the beauty of a dream.

But this evening, with the house quiet for the first time in weeks, a strange loneliness had come upon her. She had felt the need to get away by herself, to think . . . to dream . . .

Now, as her spirit expanded as of old in the lofty, cloistered quiet, she realised how foolish she had been to stay away. No human being could spoil the lovely atmosphere of the Echo House cupola, steeped as it was in more than a century of romantic tradition. Just as no one could mar the beauty of this evening hour when land and sea took on the ethereal, shimmering colors of sunset. No one—not even Jean Reynall.

Since that morning when his looped bits of cable had temporarily disabled the O'Moore fleet, she had had no word from him. Had not heard his name, nor spoken it aloud. She had not been able to crowd him out of her mind—always, she was conscious of him.

But she felt him most poignantly when she looked down on the transformation he had wrought in the Glory of the West. For the old ship was no longer dingy and battered; outwardly, in all save masts, she was again the counterpart of the shining

white model on the captain's table. At sight of her now, faintly flushed with sunset, Sondra was stirred anew by the grace of her snowy hull, and by the sheer beauty of her upcurving prow where, under a lengthened bowsprit, the golden mermaid pointed a way to adventure.

All that marked the Glory for a cannery was the day-and-night rumble of machinery in the hold. Sondra heard it now—steady, muffled, the heartbeat of a great industry . . . Men worked long hours for Jean Reynall.

She had momentarily forgotten the "talking spot" when, startling her, Liane's petulant voice filled the cupola. "Oh, you never have time for anything I want you to do, Jean. Why can't we go out to the Place of Trees?"

"Because it would take all night to paddle out there and back, lady," Reynall's baritone replied.

"Wa-a-ah!" Challengingly. "If it's my immaculate reputation that's bothering you—"

"It's not!" He laughed. "It's something far more perishable—a scowload of herring. I must start back for Shaman's Lagoon within the hour, to—"

"Hang Shaman's Lagoon, and every fish in it! If you must rush back, why did you hustle me into this canoe when I had just snuggled down for a cosy chat aboard the Baltic?"

"What could be cozier than this, my little wildcat? Relax now, and rest your paddle while we drift through between these two islands. I've always liked this little spot—ever since I used to paddle out here as a boy."

Sondra held her breath. Was he going to tell Liane about the acoustic properties of the cupola, and how he used to talk to her, Sondra, when she was a little girl? "If he does, I'll murder him," she thought, savagely.

But there was no more talk. Only the sound of paddles laid athwart the canoe, and Reynall humming. Then his voice, deep, poignant, and not very loud, came intimately across the water:

"Wild geese cry, flying high,
Where silver spruce and hemlock sigh.
The campfire's glow lifts high, drops low:
My heart goes out to you."

Sondra's eyes filled with tears, and her heart with a wild, tender happiness. Their song! He had seen her in the cupola; had inveigled Liane into a canoe ride that would take him out to their secret "talking spot," so he could sing to her.

Suddenly the night seemed vibrant and glamorous with promise. She lifted her face and threw out her arms, feeling that she could embrace the whole wonderful world.

When she again lowered her eyes to the bay, she saw the Blue Dragon gliding in through the twilight. And waiting on Kemp's boat to take the lines stood Ikeda.

For no reason at all, a shadow fell across her happiness. A sense of sadness, and of events drawing to a close.

A WEEK of storms followed, making offshore fishing impossible. Heavy rains and hungry whales drove the ocean herring into sheltered, shallow waters. And though Chris had been driving like a madman the O'Moore catch grew ever smaller.

Kemp came often to Echo House these days; so often that Polena, no longer both-

ering to announce his arrival, merely waved him toward the stairs and the captain's sitting-room. He was looking older and, Sondra thought, more harassed than seemed strictly justified by a mere fish shortage so early in the season. When a longshoremen's strike delayed all sailings from Seattle, he fretted about the possible disruption of shipping schedules out of Sitka.

Sondra felt sorry for him, but she was holding herself strictly to her self-made promise not to meddle again with the business of fishing. And fishing, it seemed, was the one subject with which Kemp and everyone else had become suddenly engrossed. Often long after she had gone to bed, she could hear him and her grandfather threshing out some knotty piscatorial problem.

On one such night, unable to sleep, she crossed the hall to the Lady Franklin suite to get a new novel from the guest bookcase.

Next morning when Sondra returned the book she was faintly surprised to find the door of the suite wide open. Inside, she noticed a number of things slightly disarranged; but most arresting of all to a woman's eye was the counterpane. Its quilted lily pattern was now upside down.

This was the first evidence she had seen of the nocturnal prowler since that stormy night when the Glory went adrift. Almost she had begun to believe her grandfather right in treating so lightly her earlier fears and suspicions. He had scoffed, "Alexander—sleep walkin' again! Or, belike, 'tis that old Maltese cat of Jodin's."

But no cat could open doorways or reverse a counterpane; and Alexander had spent last night with his cousin, at Jamestown Bay. Without doubt someone, in the dead of night, had searched the Lady Franklin suite—even to the bed.

Leaving everything untouched, Sondra ran down the hall to the sitting-room where she knew the captain would be found at this hour. But her first glimpse of him through the open door drove all thought of the prowler from her mind. Alert, intent, he was facing the bay window, his arms and hands moving with the sharp, sure quickness of a master directing a crew.

She moved so softly to the window that the captain was unaware of her presence. When she saw what it was that so gripped his attention, her own heart gave an ecstatic leap.

From forward and aft on the Glory's deck, two slender, tapering spars towered against the morning sky. Men swarmed about them, adjusting turn-buckles, tightening stays. Other men were massed amidships to receive a third gleaming spar, the mainmast. Already it was swinging out from the Bates wharf—and now Sondra recognised the "radio masts" which the Forest Man had left with Jean Reynall more than a month ago.

No wonder Reynall had kept men at work so long and carefully on those timbers! And those shorter timbers from the Place of Trees—yards, of course. Yards for the Glory's sails . . . So, from the very first, Reynall had planned and worked to restore the Glory to her old estate.

He was directing the work now from a point of vantage beside the poop-deck skylight, on the edge of which sat Miss Jacqueline, watching and smoking. Reynall stood, face uplifted, arms widespread, his hands moving alternately in signals

to the attentive winchman. Sondra was only vaguely aware that, beside her, the captain's hands were duplicating those gestures. Her eyes were all for that gigantic finger of shining spruce, pale gold in the morning sun.

To the clatter of the winch, the heavy butt dipped down, was caught and held in place on deck. The winch roared. The slender mast tip swayed, trembled, swept upward in a majestic, breath-taking arc. Then, suddenly, the winch was silent. Men, at a dozen stations, were snatching hasty turns of stays and guy-ropes, while a rumbling cheer rose from their triumphant ranks.

It was done. The Glory of the West was once more a mistress of the seas; a proud, three-masted clipper.

"The Glory—my Glory! Thank goodness, she's a ship again."

Sondra turned at the sound of her grandfather's low, husky voice. He didn't know she was there. He was standing very straight and proud, gazing down at his first command with a smile of ineffable tenderness. But his chin was quivering, and his lean, weathered face was wet with tears.

THE O'Moore fleet came in again that morning with but half a load. Worse yet, the Tanya was leaking so badly she required hauling out for repairs. Christ, king of herring skippers, had punched a hole in her while trying to run his nets in a narrow, rocky bay. When he came trudging up to report, his bewhiskered face looked so dog-tired and defeated that Sondra hastened to mix him a drink of his favorite rum, extra strong.

"Sit down and throw it into ye, lad," the captain advised kindly. "And don't be takin' too much to heart this run of foul luck. 'Tis no fault of yours, skipper. And luck's bound to change."

A change of some sort came shortly after, when Polens brought in the mail.

The captain, sparkling with triumph, waved a letter to Kemp, who had just arrived. "Uncle Sam has waked up to me charts at last, Starbuck," he roared. "Here's the proof—signed by the Secretary of the Navy himself! Listen, now, whilst I read you his very words:

"Captain Daniel O'Moore,

"Echo House,

"Sitka, Alaska.

"My dear Captain O'Moore—

"Your letter relative to certain drawings and other data pertaining to some uncharted portions of the Aleutian Islands, has recently been turned over to me by the War Department. This department wishes me to express its grateful appreciation of your kind offer to submit these documents to the use of the United States Government.

"The U.S.S. New Orleans, now en route to Alaskan waters, should arrive off Sitka about August 15th; at which time Lieut. Wayne Shaw will call upon you and take personal charge of the documents in question. Lieut. Shaw will be very glad to receive from you at the same time any verbal information on Alaskan waters and conditions not covered by these papers.

"It is assumed that you are exercising the utmost care for the safeguarding of these documents, since it appears they may embody information of vital importance to any unfriendly power that might contem-

plate hostilities against our western seaboard.

"Assuring you of—' and so forth.

"Well, there it is, Starbuck!" The captain proudly thrust the letter at Kemp, who glanced at the missive and handed it back. "August fifteenth—a week from today," he calculated sombrely. "That's quick work, sir. They must think your charis darned important if Naval Intelligence is sending So—er—if this chap Shaw is coming up to take special charge of them." He shot a keen glance at the captain's smiling face. "Better have Jarvis set a special guard at the bank, sir. Someone might try blowing the vault to get at them."

"Let 'em blow," the captain chuckled. "They'll find nothing of mine in Tom's vault."

"Dynamite won't tell even me where he's hidden the charts, Kemp." Sondra was starting for the door. "But I'll bully him into showing them to us before the New Orleans arrives. Ta-la, gentlemen. Me-thinks I scent another fish discussion in the offing."

When the two men were alone, O'Moore turned an appraising eye on Kemp, who was nervously drawing out his cigarette case. "Sit down, lad," he said. "Get it off your chest."

Kemp fumbled a light to his cigarette and inhaled deeply before he spoke. "It's that Japanese army contract, sir. I've just had another letter. They're crowding me hard for more speed. More fish."

"Tell the yellow heathens to be aisy. We'll more than make up any temporary shortage in a week or two—come a few days offshore fishin'."

"But my contract demands regular shipments on scheduled dates; and there's a murderous penalty clause for failure. You know, sir, how badly disrupted shipping to the Orient is already. And—"

"And likely to get worse, ye're thinkin'. True enough. But so far, me boy, you've made every shipment on time."

"But, confound it, Captain!" Kemp's fist thumped the table. "What I need is fish, and your fleet brought in barely enough to cover my floor this morning."

"Aye. With devil a herring offshore, my lads are findin' tough pickin's," admitted the captain. "But what's wrong with your own fleet, that was built for this puss-in-the-corner fishin'? I don't see them fetchin' in many loads, either."

Kemp flushed apologetically. "I'm afraid my Japanese aren't much good against native competition, sir. Any time they manage to run down a school of herring they're sure to find some of Reynall's Siwash boats in there ahead of them."

"Reynall, eh? Chris told me he'd let most of his boats go free-lancin' up the inlets, keepin' only a dozen at Shaman's Lagoon to look after the school he holds impounded there."

"That's another thing I must talk over with you, Captain. Reynall has offered to sell me his surplus."

"Surplus!" O'Moore's white eyebrows bushed upward. "He has a surplus then?"

"So he says. And he's offered to let me have them at the same price I pay you."

"You accepted?"

"I told him I'd have to see you first, sir. I know you're at war with Reynall, but—confound it, O'Moore, I have to fill cans for those troops in China!"

"So-o-o." The captain's voice was dangerously soft. "Have ye forgotten, Starbuck,

that clause in your contract with me which forbids your havin' any traffic with Reynall?"

"It forbids my sellin' fish to Reynall, not buyin' from him." Kemp's haggard eyes met the other's stare unflinchingly. Silence, like a river filled with strong conflicting currents, flowed between them for a space.

"That's true," the captain said at last. "And I cannot blame ye, lad, for takin' fish where ye find 'em, when ye need 'em. But—will ye turn down Reynall's offer if I show ye where ye'll not lose by it? How ye may profit in the end?"

"I'll listen, sir."

"Then listen to this. Our boats may strike herring any day now, endin' your worries. Should they not, I'll insure you against loss by payin' your penalty out of me own pocket. Is that fair?"

"Most generous, sir," Kemp shook his head regretfully. "But what's really important is that I get the fish to make those shipments."

"What if ye got them already canned, for less than they'd cost ye to pack?"

"How do you mean, sir?" Kemp stared blankly into the captain's shrewdly twinkling eyes.

"Look down there, me lad," O'Moore pointed to the Bates wharf, where Reynall's men were stacking cases of canned herring under a makeshift shed. "Reynall has shipped no fish, as yet. He's filled the Glory's hold with what he's canned already, and now he has no place to store his future pack. Even if he had he couldn't store it, for soon he must raise cash to meet his payroll."

"To get cash, he must sell; and to sell, he must ship—and 'tis meeself has some small voice in Alaska shippin'. There'll be no space for Reynall cargo in any vessel makin' this port—ye may lay to that. There are other lines out of Juneau, of course; but I'll be goin' over there shortly on other business, and—hmm-m-m—I'll attend to that, too, ye understand."

When Kemp did not speak, the captain leaned forward earnestly. "In any case, you win, me lad. By refusin' to deal with Reynall now, ye get his surplus later—packed, ready to ship, and at your own price. Isn't that clear?"

"The joker there lies in the time element, captain. I need fish at once—not a month or two months hence. My plant should be turning full blast right now. And—well—Reynall can keep it going for weeks, just with that lot he has bottled up in Shaman's Lagoon." After a moment, he added, "Sorry, sir," and shot a narrow-eyed glance at the silent O'Moore.

The captain, who had been staring speculatively into space, now repeated softly, "Bottled up—in Shaman's—Lagoon!" Then he turned to Kemp with a briek, "Three days, ye said? Give me those three days, Starbuck, before ye make any deal with Reynall. Meeself, I'll be settin' a flea in Chris' ear which, it may be, will hatch some fish for ye before the three days are up. Should it not, then take over Reynall's surplus—if he has one! Will ye do me that—as a favor?"

"I'll do it, captain," Kemp smiled suddenly and got up, extending his hand. "And now perhaps you can do me a favor, sir."

"Put a name to it, me boy."

"I'm scheduled to make a shipment on the T.K.K. liner sailing from Seattle in five days. Because of the strike, that shipment's still here on my wharf. The only

way I can land it in Seattle on time is to get it aboard the freighter Makari, south-bound out of Juneau to-morrow afternoon."

"But the Makari's not calling at Sitka."

"How well I know it!" Kemp smiled ruefully. "I thought they would if I made it worth their while, so I sent Ikeda to Juneau by plane this morning to arrange it. He just wired back he hasn't been able—"

"Ikeda!" The captain snorted scornfully. "Well, 'tis too late to fix it up now. Why the devil didn't ye come to me sooner?"

Kemp flushed. "I didn't think fast enough, sir. But it just struck me we might load the cases aboard the Tanya, and have her meet the Makari in Juneau. And, since you have business there anyway, I thought you might go along and—er—exert a bit of influence, if needful." He arched his eyebrows inquiringly.

The captain nodded. "It could be done, if ye get busy at once with the loadin'. The Tanya must haul out on the beach for a tide or two, but the Windflower will serve as well. Ye'd best start your men loadin' her right away."

Kemp left the captain sitting at his table, and descended the stairs to the reception-room. He could hear Polana, Alexander and Jodin bickering in the kitchen, but Sondra was nowhere in evidence. He glanced into the library, softly calling her name. There was no answer, because Sondra at that moment was standing in the cupola, watching Reynold's rigging crew set the yards on the Glory.

Kemp started for the front door, automatically searching his pockets for his cigarette-case. When he failed to find it, he whirled irritably about, and swore under his breath. "Must have left it upstairs."

He went back up the steps, his feet making no sound on the thick carpet. But at the top he halted abruptly and stood staring through the partly-open door of the captain's sitting-room. The aperture was just wide enough to show O'Moore at his table, with the model of the Glory drawn close up before him. Sunlight fell on his bent silvery head, on the Lilliputian ship—and on the shallow drawer, where a full-length plank was pulled straight out from the tiny vessel's hull.

The captain, with a look of complete satisfaction on his old face, lifted several pieces of folded tracing linen from the drawer and, after inspecting each one briefly, replaced it. Then he gently pushed the drawer inward until, with an audible click, the plank snapped back into place.

Kemp's face was a mirror of mixed emotions as he realised what he had, inadvertently, spied upon. Making no sound, he turned and hurried from the house, his cigarette-case forgotten.

SONDRA and her grandfather were about to sit down to an early dinner, when the Forest Man appeared. He had just come from Cape Edgcombe, he said, and he brought a basket of wild strawberries for Sondra. Though his clothes were travel-stained, and he looked as if he needed sleep, he yielded to Sondra's coaxing and stayed to dinner.

Delighted to have a new and appreciative audience, the captain talked at length about his letter from the Secretary of War, the recent strike, the turn of circumstance which was taking him now into Juneau. In

rare spirits, he prolonged the meal until Alexander brought his bag and reminded him, "The Windflower, sir, is whistling for you."

The Forest Man went down with Sondra to see the captain off. They found Kemp nervously pacing his boat, where the Windflower lay ready loaded. Though plainly anxious to see his cargo on its way, Kemp had a smile and a pleasant word for the Forest Man. "Just been admiring the Glory," he said. "I never saw a prettier set of sticks in a ship. You got them out, I believe?"

"Yes. They're all clear, straight-grained spruce—'airplane spruce' the army calls it. Such spars are hard to find, but they'll be harder to break."

The little group stood silent for a moment, all eyes upon the Glory of the West, lifting the tracery of her new masts and cross-tees high above her snowy hull. Then the captain stamped aboard the Windflower, looking very sturdy and lovable. Sondra thought, in his grey suit, with his hat tipped forward aggressively over his eyes, and the brim turned up behind. On deck, he turned and leaned over the rail to grip Kemp's extended hand.

"I've wired ahead to the Makari's agent, and all is arranged, Starbuck. De ye want I should bring Ikeda back with me on the Windflower?"

"Why—er—if he's ready to come, sir. He had a lot of things to do in Juneau. I'll wire him, of course, that you're bringing the shipment in."

"We'll be off, then." O'Moore nodded to the Windflower's skipper, who immediately yanked a short blast from the whistle.

"Mistoh Stahbuck! Mistoh Stahbuck! Wait boat, please! Vancouver package!" Kemp's bookkeeper was running towards them, calling excitedly and holding aloft a small wooden box.

"Hold her, skipper," growled O'Moore.

The bookkeeper came up, panting, and thrust the little box at Kemp. "I think, please, you forgetting."

"Oh, yes! Thanks, Ohashi." Kemp took the box and turned to the captain. "This is a small special pack of herring I put up for a dear friend—a little old English lady in Vancouver, B.C. She's very fond of it, and I'd hoped to get this down there in time for her birthday—four days from now. But I guess it can't be done."

O'Moore reached for the box, whose lid, unnailed at one end, displayed oval tins neatly packed inside. "Let's see, now," he calculated. "From Juneau to Seattle on the Makari takes a good four days. 'Tis only a few hours, then, to Vancouver—but no. 'Twould be all of five days before it reached her."

"Confound it! I promised her—"

"Too bad we can't catch the Canadian liner, Princess Julia, southbound out of Juneau to-night," said the captain, sympathetically. "She'd land your package in Vancouver in forty-eight hours. But—she'll be gone long before we get in."

"The Princess Julia! By George, sir, I just heard over the radio that she's making a lengthy unscheduled stop at Taku Harbor this trip. Giving her tourists a chance to view a salmon cannery in operation, and to watch a live glacier at work. She'll be there until noon to-morrow—and Taku Harbor is almost on your way to Juneau, isn't it?"

"Aye. To call there would add an hour or two to the trip, but we'd still reach Juneau in good time for the Makari."

"Splendid, sir. Then if you'll just put in at—"

He broke off, his face falling. "I was forgetting that Vancouver's foreign, sir. I've left the box open for Customs inspection, as you see. But of course there's no Customs agent—probably no postmaster, even—at Taku Harbor. The Julia wouldn't take the box, unless all red tape—"

"Wouldn't she, now," the captain broke in, chuckling. "Me boy, the master of that floatin' hotel is none other than Capt. Jerry McGrath—and that melancholious Mick was born in the same County Clare that fostered the tribe of O'Moore! As one mariner to another, I'll be puttin' your small box into old Jerry's own hands for delivery—and divil an inch of red tape called for."

"That's fine, Captain! Really, it will mean a lot to my little old lady to get my present in time for her birthday."

"Tis glad I am to be helpin', me boy. This card, nailed to the box—that's her name and address?"

"Yes, sir. Here—I'll just pencil the phone number on that. If Capt. McGrath will call up when he gets in, someone will come right down after it."

"Better use my pencil—it's indelible." The Forest Man proffered a worn stub, and stood at Kemp's shoulder until he had finished and handed it back.

The captain tossed the little box in beside his own bag on the pilothouse bunk. "So long, darlin'!" he called to Sondra, as the Windflower breasted out from the float. "Remember—ye're admiral of the fleet while I'm away."

It was past eleven o'clock that night when Sondra, getting ready for bed, heard the Tanya's engine start. From her window she watched the vessel back off the beach and lay alongside Kemp's wharf. Chris and Kemp were standing in earnest conference under a wharf light when she turned away.

The old hall clock struck midnight as she switched off her room lights and went to pin back the curtains from the open window. A south-west breeze was freshening, and from the seaward beaches of the outer islands she caught the whisper of rising surf.

She glanced up at the night sky, filled with the vague dark shapes of racing clouds. "I do hope it doesn't get too rough," she thought, turning to climb into bed.

She had not been asleep long when she was awakened by a sharp ataccato rattle against the upper pane of her open window. Startled, she sat up. It came again, and this time several small pebbles hurtled in through the open sash. "Sondra! Sondra!" someone outside called urgently.

She sprang to the window. Below, dimly discernible in the gloom, stood Liane. "Let me in, Sondra," she called. "Hurry, for pity's sake!"

"NOW, Liane, what is it?"

The two girls stood facing each other in Sondra's room. Liane, wildly beautiful in her mother's crimson shawl, was struggling with some ill-suppressed emotion.

"It's Chris. He's out to steal Jean's fish. He's on his way now to cut Jean's net at the mouth of Shaman's Lagoon, and—"

"Did Chris tell you this?"

"No. But he's going to, I tell you. He and that engineer of his, Joe Benson, have

got it all planned. Joe's girl, Cynthia Berry, told me the whole thing not ten minutes ago. She started worrying about Joe and—"

"But Chris knows Dynamite would never stand for that kind of dirty work."

"Listen to me!" Liane's fingers clamped on Sondra's arm. "When Chris gets mad, he doesn't care for Dynamite, or anyone else. He just goes mad, and there's nothing too crazy for him to do." Sondra, wake up! Do something! "We must get out there—like the Spindrift—follow before it's too late!" She was almost incoherent in her anxiety. Sondra thought dully, "She must be desperately in love with Jean Reynall."

The hall clock whirled and struck a single note.

"Chris has been gone a full hour, Liane." Sondra loosened the girl's fingers from her arm. "We never could overtake him now."

"We could try. We could get out there—at least be there, to—!" Her voice broke, and suddenly flinging herself to the bed she buried her face in a pillow.

Sondra stepped to the window to see what the weather was like. Wind poured in, strong with the breath of the open sea. The sky above was dark with racing clouds. The sea beneath was darker, save where some whitecap lifted momentarily.

It would be rough out there for her little boat . . . and the way was new to her. She must think, must reason . . . Chris could reach Shaman's Lagoon in another two hours—three o'clock, or a bit later. And yes, the tide would be ebbing then, pushing the fish out of the lagoon. But three o'clock, at this season of the year, was—

She turned toward Liane. "Why, it will be daylight when Chris gets out there! He won't be crazy enough to—"

"Didn't I tell you he's crazy enough to do anything?" Liane leaped from the bed. "He'll—he'll—oh, Sondra! Have you no heart—no feelings—no—"

"Look here!" snapped Sondra, in hot unreasoning resentment. "I'm just as anxious as you are to save Jean's net and his fish. But I—"

"Jean? What do I care about Jean? It's Chris I'm worried about! The big, dumb baby—going in there with his silly scythe blade against men with guns. He'll get himself killed, I know he will!"

"So that's . . . the way . . . it is." Sondra was already diving into her outdoor clothes; and for some reason she was suddenly, fiercely happy. Liane was half crying, "Katiean guards that net with a rifle, and he won't hesitate to shoot! Katiean is all savage. Oh, Sondra, there must be some way—"

"We'll find a way." In her new-found buoyancy, Sondra felt she could do anything, surmount any difficulty. "I've never been to Shaman's Lagoon, but we can get sailing directions from Dynamite's herring records. Pop into his sitting-room and get that volume marked 'Shelkoff Bay,' while I find us a couple of slickers. It's going to be what Dynamite calls 'dusty' out there—for a small boat."

WITH a following sea and the early sun at their backs, Sondra brought the Spindrift charging in through the wide, exposed entrance to Shelkoff Bay. Steering with one hand, she swept her marine glasses along the timbered shoreline. "Reach in there over the engine and get Dynamite's herring record, Liane," she directed.

"What does it say about finding the mouth of the Lagoon?"

Liane spread the volume on the low cabin roof, a wicked-looking marlin-spike weighting the pages against the fluttering of the wind. "Lagoon opens behind group of barren rocks and islets off north-west shore," she read. "Largest islet conspicuous for beach of golden sand. Entering from sea, steer north by west—!" Liane placed a finger on the page, and looked up. "Which way is north by west, Sondra?"

"—Hey—!" pointing excitedly—"That looks like the tip of a boat's mast, behind that point up ahead! Maybe—"

"No—here's our barren rocks and islets." Sondra swung the Spindrift's nose sharply ashore. "Now, what about that sand beach?"

"Umm-m-m . . . to pass 200 feet westward of sand beach. Lagoon entrance is narrow, foul, and should be attempted only by small craft drawing less than one fathom—"

"Here we go—past the sand beach!" interrupted Sondra. A moment later she added, "And there's Katiean, on the shore ahead."

The young Indian had appeared somewhat challengingly, a rifle in the crook of his arm. But when he recognised the occupants of the Spindrift he beckoned them into a narrow break in the wooded shore.

Sondra brought her boat close in, but she had just perceived that the working men were stretching a length of bright new web across the channel.

"Katiean!" she cried. "Your net! Chris did—it was cut, then? I—I hoped—"

"Sure, it was cut," Katiean agreed, unconcernedly. "But nobody is blaming you, Miss Sondra. Captain Reynall knows—"

"Was Captain Reynall here when—when it happened?"

"No. The Forest Man came in last night, and he and the boss left together on the Baltic, several hours before Chris came sneaking up here in his seine skiff."

"Then we're too late—you've lost all your fish!"

"No, Miss Sondra. Last week, when most of the fish worked into a narrow arm farther up the lagoon, the boss had us stretch another net up there to hold them. He's a hard man to catch napping, the boss is. So about all Mr. Squarehead Sandvik got this morning was a cold bath and—"

he shifted his rifle suggestively—"a hot reception."

"You—Katiean!" Liane's low voice carried the whiplash of authority. "Was there shooting?"

Katiean gave her a smoky, amused glance from under drooped lids. "Sure, there was shooting. And one of my .30-.39's smacked into something that sounded like Norwegian to me!"

In a flash Liane was out of the boat and close beside the Indian, the needle point of the long marlin-spike pressed against the big white C on his sweater. "Don't move, you Thinget dog, or I'll spit you like a rabbit! The truth, now—where's Chris? What have you done to him?"

Katiean stood, suddenly pale and rigid, his gaze lifting slowly from the marlin-spike to Liane's blazing eyes. "He's not hurt—not much, anyway. I saw him climb back aboard the Tanya. They—they're anchored just around the next point."

Slowly Liane backed away and resumed her place in the boat, still suggestively fingering the marlin-spike. Sondra started her engine, and addressed the immobile Katiean:

"Tell Captain Reynall, for me, there will be no more work like—!" she nodded toward the net—"like that, from the O'Moore. Tell him I shall see to that personally."

The two girls found the Tanya anchored around the point, as Katiean had said. Chris, stripped to the waist and grinning sheepishly, stood by the rail to receive them. A stained bandage was twisted clumsily about his right shoulder and arm.

"Chris—darling!" The Spindrift rocked as Liane sprang up, both arms extended. "Get back into bed, you dumb imbecile! Wait till I—"

Her flying leap to the Tanya's deck sent the Spindrift sheering off, so that Sondra had to back and fill to get alongside again. By the time she got aboard Liane had Chris stretched on the pilothouse bunk, the cook and a deckhand scurrying with hot water, the ship's first-aid kit open, and her own hands dipped in an antiseptic solution.

"Aw, it's only a scratch," Chris was protesting. "Just—"

"Shut up, and hold still!" snapped Liane. "You haven't sense enough to know whether you're hurt or not, you blundering ape!"

To Sondra's eyes, the flesh wound in the thick muscles of Chris' bared upper arm seemed considerably more than a scratch. But Liane was working over it with almost professional dexterity, and seeming unconcern.

"Mm-m-m," she commented. "Could have been worse, certainly. If that slug had— Oh-oh!" Her voice suddenly cracked and she bent her face against the firm white flesh of the big skipper's bared shoulder. "Oh, Chris!" she blubbered, between laughter and tears. "You—darling—brainless—bull-headed baby! If I ever let you out of my sight again, I—I hope somebody shoots me!"

Chris, grinning foolishly, lifted one huge paw and awkwardly patted her dark head.

Sondra slipped out on deck. She was smiling; but there was a lump in her throat and a hollow sense of loneliness in her heart.

CAPTAIN O'MOORE that same day found himself concerned with a matter far more serious than any lack of fish.

Entering Taku Harbor on the Windflower, he had found the Pelley berthed opposite the Princess Julia at the cannery wharf, and was mildly surprised to see Mayes and one of his assistants standing with Captain McGrath on the Canadian liner's bridge. He was more surprised when, boarding the liner with Kemp's box under his arm, he found Captain McGrath and the two scientists waiting, grave-faced, at the head of the gangplank. But what followed swiftly thereafter left him nothing less than flabbergasted.

"Ahoy, Jerry!" he greeted his old friend. "Here's a small box I'd like ye to carry to Vancouver for me. The name and all is there."

Sadly, Captain McGrath took the box and passed it to Doctor Mayes. Mayes, after one glance at its contents, spoke to his assistant. "Get a couple of can openers and we'll see what's inside these tins."

"Belay there!" O'Moore protested. "Ye can't be openin' those tins, Doctor. 'Tis a special birthday pack, no less."

"A very special pack, I suspect, Captain," Mayes replied grimly. "Sorry to have been temporarily under false colors with you, sir. I'm Lieutenant Mayes, of U.S. Naval Intelligence, and these tins—ah!"

He snatched a can opener from his assistant, and began ripping open the flat oval tins. Several contained herring, and nothing else. But out of four he fished envelopes of heavy oiled silk from under a thin layer of paraffin wax.

Mayes shot a quick look along the deserted deck. "We'd best get inside with these, before your passengers start coming back aboard, Captain McGrath." In the master's stateroom he spread the contents of the envelopes on a table, and surveyed them with a sour smile.

"War plans," he snapped. "The whole Sitka district in minute detail. Look! Supply and ammunition bases, aeroplane landing fields . . . concentration areas for submarines—all neatly plotted and numbered. And these—" he ruffled a dozen onion-skin pages, thickly typed with odd-looking characters—"these will doubtless prove interesting when we get them translated from the Kati-Kari." He straightened and ran a triumphant eye around the table. "A very special pack—eh, Captain O'Moore!"

"Holy smoke—and meself smuggling them out!" breathed the captain incredulously. "Doctor—Lieutenant—may the saints bear witness, I had no idea at all what devil's eggs were hatchin' in those tins."

"I believe you, Captain. Fortunately, you're vouched for by—very high authority. However, I'll have to take you with me to Juneau and keep you under surveillance until I've exchanged some wires with the Department." He smiled to take the sting from that, scooped up his papers, and bowed to Captain McGrath. "My thanks for your courtesy, sir. All this is strictly under the rose, of course."

"To be sure, Lieutenant." The liner's captain turned with outstretched hand to the crestfallen O'Moore. "Dan, you omadhaun, I'm glad you're not going to gael, this trip," he cried, smiling for the first time since their meeting. "Man, dear, you always were the wild-hearted devil for searching out trouble!"

"Trouble!" snorted Captain O'Moore. "Just wait till I get me two hands on that butter-tongued Starbuck, and his squid-faced Jap. By the horn-billed jeezawx, I'll give 'em trouble!"

"My department has a small consignment of the same in store for those two," Mayes commented dryly. "Let's go on into Juneau and prepare to dish it out, Captain."

CHRIS ordered the Tanya's anchor up shortly after lunch. "I'll tow the Spindrift, and take you girls in as far as St. Lazaria," he said. "You'll have fine weather for the little boat from there to Sitka, and I can go on about my fishing."

"But first you'll go aboard the Pelley and have a doctor dress that arm," Liane stated firmly. "That is, if the darned Pelley has got back to her anchorage."

But when they reached St. Lazaria, the Pelley's anchorage was deserted. "Chris, honey," Liane pleaded, "you really should run on into Sitka with that shoulder. I'm afraid—"

"Hu!—run in for that?" Chris scoffed. "My job's to take in fish; and, by gar, I'm staying out till I get 'em."

"Then I'm staying right with you, angel pan!" Liane snuggled against his good arm. "And listen, mug—if I once catch you trying to use that bad arm, I'll massage your stubborn head with a boat-hook!"

To Sondra's amusement, the big fellow accepted this with a fatuous grin, making no protest.

"I'll push off, then," Sondra said, dropping into the Spindrift. "Good luck, children—and good fishing."

The run back to Sitka was uneventful. While still a half hour from home, Sondra saw a plane wing in from Juneau way, and take off again immediately. No aeroplanes based on Sitka, and no mail plane would be dropping in at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. "Someone either coming or going in a hurry," she thought. "Wonder if it could be Dynamite."

The waterfront wore its customary air of Sabbath desertion; the Blue Dragon, back again at Kemp's float, being the only power boat in port. But as she neared the Spindrift's mooring place, Jodin, strolling about on his day off, came running down to help her tie up the runabout.

"I'll go home with you and get you a bite to eat, Miss Sondra," he said solicitously. "You look tickered out."

"Oh, no, thank you, Jodin. I'll have Polena get me something."

"Polena's gone down to her granddaughter Bessie, at Jamestown Bay. Alexander took her not half an hour ago. Someone brought a note saying Bessie is very sick."

"I'm so sorry—about Bessie. No, no, you needn't come with me, Jodin. I'll raid the ice-box if I feel hungry."

As Sondra entered the front door of Echo House, she felt the air of desertion that already had taken possession of the untenanted house. Eager for a hot bath, she raced up the stairs—and barely choked back a scream at what she saw when she reached the top. The sitting-room door was open, and beside her grandfather's table stood Ikeda, the model of the Glory in his hands.

"Ikeda!" she exclaimed angrily, stepping into the room. "What are you doing here?"

Quite unperturbed, the Japanese turned and bowed. "Miss Sondra, so happy you come, please. Captain O'Moore have just debark from Juneau City aeroplane. He sends me—"

"Grandfather back so soon? He's not hurt—or sick, Ikeda? Quick! Tell me where he is!"

Ikeda sucked in his breath through a reassuring smile. "Honorable captain not sick or hurting. He now conversing important business with Mistah Starbuck on board Blue Dragon. He sends me, please, I bringing small ship to him most urgently. The man lifted and lowered the model of the Glory. "At once."

Sondra stared into the blank, brown face with a puzzled frown. "But why in the world should he send for the model—"

A sudden thought checked further speech. The unusual request could mean but one thing—Dynamite, abetted by Kemp, was plotting some new line of action against the Reynalls. A surge of indignation against the pair made her forget to ask Ikeda how he had gained entry to the locked house when no one was at home to admit him.

"Honorable captain suggest hasty return with small ship, please." Obsequiously, Ikeda began to edge toward the door.

"Very well. Bring it," snapped Sondra. "I'll go along with you."

"Oh, no, please. No." The man's face was as impassive as ever, but in his narrow black eyes moved a flicker of uneasiness. "I think more better you not going, Miss Sondra."

"What do you mean?" suspiciously demanded Sondra.

"No meaning, please." Ikeda's smile was apologetic, yet his manner was hesitant. "Only honorable captain—he not liking."

Sondra retorted with some asperity. "Well, that's just too bad for the honorable captain, because I'm going right down there with you to throw a monkey wrench into whatever devilry he's hatching." She turned to the door, calling back over her shoulder, "Come along, Ikeda; and be careful how you handle that model of the Glory."

For a long moment the Japanese stood as if uncertain, his frowning gaze fixed on the girl's retreating back. Then, with a shrug of resignation he answered, "Yes, Miss Sondra. I carrying most precious—like golden egg."

Sondra reached Kemp's float and, with Ikeda close behind her, hastened to where the Blue Dragon was tied. Shafts of sunlight raying down between grey clouds, seemed somehow to intensify the Sunday loneliness of the waterfront. Kemp's plant was silent and deserted, and the only person anywhere visible was a young fellow who lounged sleepily in the doorway of the Glory's radio room.

Sondra stepped aboard the Dragon. "This way, please," Ikeda swung open the door to the owner's stateroom—Kemp's stateroom—and stepped back, bowing her in.

A step inside she halted, surprised to find the room unoccupied. Turning to question Ikeda, she saw him closing the door upon her from the outside. A key rattled. She heard a metallic click.

"Ikeda!" She clutched the door handle and twisted it. The door was locked.

"Ikeda!" She could not stifle the tiny quaver in her voice. "Open this door—instantly!"

A roar from the Dragon's starting engine was the only response. She darted to one of the two open portholes, but before she reached it someone outside slammed shut the metal deadlights, plunging the room into semi-darkness.

AT the same time as the Blue Dragon left Sitka with Sondra locked aboard a special plane was bearing Captain O'Moore and Lieutenant Mayes from Juneau to Sitka. Mayes was clarifying some point for O'Moore.

"Ikeda is one of Japan's cleverest and most ruthless secret agents, captain. He spent part of this season in Bristol Bay with the Japanese fishing fleet you Alaskans have been howling about. Winthrop was watching him there—"

"Winthrop? Not the hand logger?"

Mayes laughed. "He's a good hand-logger, all right, but he's a better secret agent. His logging operations have enabled him to keep a close eye on this whole Alaskan coast for the past twenty years. When he followed Ikeda to Sitka, he found that the two-year-old American Packing Company was not only a Japanese-owned herring cannery, but also the Alaskan centre for Japanese espionage. Reports of their spies were being passed along to the High Command via a point of contact with a Japanese destroyer—the 'ghost ship' of your haunted St. Lazaria Island."

"But Winthrop had to get proof. To force Ikeda's hand, he had the Pelley, with my crowd, stationed off St. Lazaria to cut Ikeda's line of communication."

"Ikeda, of course, suspected the Pelley's real mission. He knew by this time that he was under surveillance. He knew that any of the usual channels of communication out of Alaska or the United States would be unsafe for him to use. Even his herring shipments might be seized at any time. Yet he had to send his last and most important budget of information. After nearly a month, he began to get a little desperate. And so he schemed to use you, a man of unquestioned integrity and repute, to get his documents safely through the cordon of watchers to another agent in British Columbia."

"But it was Starbuck—"

"Ikeda left Starbuck to put the trick over on you, while he departed for Juneau to try to centre the attention on himself. But Winthrop—"

"Aye, I remember. He was right there at Starbuck's shoulder to see me take the package!" The captain stared out dismally at the sun-gilt mountains spilling up below the wing of the plane.

"Well, we got the package with the evidence; but Ikeda, the fox, gave us the slip. I'm sorry to say. He must have smelled a rat when he saw both the Pelley and your Windflower lying at the Juneau wharf. Just an hour before we got instructions to arrest him in Juneau, he ducked his watchers and made a getaway by plane."

"And where would he be headin', d'ye think?"

"Some isolated landing field in Canada, likely, outside our jurisdiction. But we're sure to catch Starbuck red-handed when we get to Sitka. Ikeda had no chance to warn him, since the only way to send a message is through the Army Signal Corps."

"Starbuck—a traitor! And myself so blinded by my own petty personal fightin', I couldn't see it until he'd used me as a tool to smuggle out treasonable information to a foreign power. The cry of the mornin' be upon him!"

It was not until later, however, that the captain learned a final stunning truth—it was Ikeda and Kemp, determined to get fish, who had set the Glory adrift that night . . .

SONDRA lay with her ear pressed against the partition that separated her stateroom from Ikeda's.

From snatches of talk that filtered through, she knew the Japanese was patiently going over the model of the Glory, seeking the hidden device that would release the secret drawer which contained her grandfather's charts. Each moment she feared would bring the man's triumphant cry of discovery.

"Do you think the charts are still there, Commander?" asked Kemp.

"Undoubtedly, since I've searched every other hiding place in Echo House . . . Devilish well concealed—the method of opening the slide. Haven't you any idea how O'Moore did it, when you were watching him the other day?"

"Not the slightest. Remember, I got only a glimpse of him as I stood on the stairs. Why don't you save time by smashing the thing open with an axe?"

"My dear Starbuck! I recoil from using brutal methods on a thing so delicate and lovely. I'm a sentimental man, Lieutenant . . . and, as I intimated in another connection, I prefer finesse to force—when there's time to exercise it. And we'll have plenty of time to puzzle this out before we reach Yokohama."

The voices subsided to occasional murmurs until finally there came the sound of heels clicking across the floor, and Ikeda's voice. "Temporarily, I yield to the craftman who made this secret drawer. Try your wits on it, Lieutenant."

"You're standing this watch in the wheel-house, Commander?"

"Yes. You will take over at midnight, while I catch up on the sleep I've missed of late. And, sometime this evening, you'd better break out the firearms and distribute them. I don't expect any trouble, but it's well to be prepared."

Sondra heard Ikeda depart for the wheel-house. Then, too shaken to move, she lay in the berth while the incredible disclosures of the past few hours whirled through her tired brain. Dynamite—concealing his secret charts in the model of the Glory. Ikeda—the night prowler searching Echo House for those charts, which must be valuable indeed, since a Japanese commander had been sent to steal them. Kemp—a commissioned officer in some arm of the American service—but a traitor, a coward, an accomplice of—

A queer sound brought her upright in the berth, her heart beating crazily. A stealthy slithering which seemed to be almost in the room with her. She had drawn the curtains across the ports, but still she could see there was nothing alive in the cabin—except herself. Yet it continued; a sound such as some huge serpent might make as it dragged its coils slowly across the floor. She sat, rigid with fear of the unknown, until a faint creak and a gentle thump against the underside of the berth sent her leaping to the other side of the room to turn on the light.

She stooped to peer under the berth. There, against the lifted lip of a trapdoor, was outlined the blond head of Kemp Starbuck.

"You—you worm! You traitor!" Her voice was unsteady with fury and contempt.

"Hush!" He placed a warning finger on his lips and motioned her to come closer. "Hush, for heaven's sake, Sondra!" he whispered hurriedly. And something in his gaunt, anguished face gripped her to silence.

"If I'm to save you, darling, you've got to trust me. There's no time for explanations. I doubt that my acting completely fooled Ikeda—he may be at your door any moment. Now, listen closely. This trapdoor opens into a cache where we've kept our rifles and a machine-gun. The cache is a shallow, boxed-in space under the deck, just wide enough for a man to crawl through. The other end opens into the lazaret, away aft near the stern."

"In a few minutes I'm taking the guns out—don't be alarmed at the racket when you hear it—so there'll be no reason for anyone to come near the place later. My watch begins at midnight. After Ikeda has gone to sleep, I want you to slip back through this chute to the lazaret. I'll join you there and we'll plan something. Will you do that? Will you trust me?"

Her wide gaze clung to his shadowed face, estimating, wondering. Kemp's familiar, cameo-cut face . . . his brown eyes looking at her with anguished pleading and—that look of love she had grown to know. Instinct prompted her reply. "I trust you, Kemp. I'll do what you say."

"Good girl!" His brief smile wrenched her heart, stiffened her courage. "Now, you must take this—" he reached under his coat and handed her an automatic pistol.

When she took the weapon, he bent his lips to her hand. Then he was gone, and the trapdoor was sinking silently into place.

Almost at once she heard him issuing commands from the after deck. There followed a cheer . . . the confused murmur of excited Japanese voices . . . and finally the tramp of feet coming forward. When she realised they must pass her stateroom, she quickly turned off the light, and peered out between the curtains over the port-hole.

The Japanese crew of the Dragon—she knew all six of them—were carrying rifles. Laughing and chattering, they moved with no discipline, yet there was an accustomed ease in the way they handled their weapons. She chilled to the sudden knowledge that these smiling brown men whom she had known as fishermen were not fishermen at all, but Oriental soldiers trained to arms.

She looked down at Kemp's automatic still clasped in her hand. . . . If Kemp did effect her escape, she would see to it that those charts went with her—or were destroyed.

Escape? But what chance had she? It was Kemp against Ikeda and his well-armed crew of loyal Japanese. How could Kemp hope to subvert or overcome them?

Remorse? Remembering Ikeda's comments on that, she was again forced to admit the bitter truth of his summing up. Her sole reliance must be Kemp—and herself.

Balancing to the roll and pitch of the little vessel, she pressed her face through the open port. Night had settled on the ocean, and a round red moon wheeled and dipped into dark foaming seas that came racing up astern. In all the arc of her vision there was no sign of land, no running lights of any other boat.

If only some far-ranging halibut fisher, some Bering-bound steamer, would heave in sight. . . . She was a strong swimmer. She could take a life preserver, slip out through the trapdoor and the chute, and drop quietly over the Dragon's stern . . .

The Dragon lifted briefly on a frothing crest, sank deep into the following watery valley. . . . A rough sea, and cold. But she could keep afloat for an hour . . . or two. Long enough, perhaps. A desperate chance . . . yet better the forlorn hope of mercy from the sea than the utter hopelessness of such from Ikeda.

Leaving the port-hole open for air, she lay down, fully dressed, to wait for midnight. For a long time the only sounds were the steady pulse of the engine, the whoosh of seas, and the occasional whine of steering gear as the wheel turned.

Eight bells struck at last, and she heard Kemp and Ikeda talking as the latter came off watch. Ikeda seemed greatly pleased over a message he had just received from the Japanese cruiser toward which they were heading. The warship had shifted position to a nearer point. "A most gratifying circumstance, Lieutenant. Now we shall make rendezvous about eight in the morning, instead of noon."

Swept by sudden panic, Sondra lost Kemp's reply. That change of position lessened her chance for escape—perhaps even made escape impossible. But Kemp—her thoughts turned to him in blind trust. He would not fail her. He would find a way.

The sound of Ikeda's going into his stateroom helped her to get a grip on herself. . . . He was getting ready for bed. . . . He was getting into his berth . . . Now, all was still.

As minutes passed she began to ask herself, was Ikeda still awake? Dare she risk lifting the trapdoor now?

Then, starting her, a slip of white paper came fluttering in through her open port. On it was scrawled a single word in Kemp's well-known hand: "Come."

Carefully, her heart thumping, she lowered herself into the narrow, close-smelling chute. It was empty now, but she proceeded with infinite caution, feeling her way through the darkness until she came out among the ship's stores in the lazaret. Above her head the hatch cover had been lifted about six inches on one side, so that her face came just to the opening when she stood erect.

Outside, reclining on the moonlit deck beside the coaming, Kemp lay, supporting himself on one elbow and smoking a cigarette.

"Kemp," she whispered. Casually he turned his head, bringing his face within a few inches of her own. "Be careful," he whispered softly. "I must talk quickly while I have the chance, Sondra. You are in grave danger. Ikeda plans—"

"I know. I heard all that passed between you and Ikeda in his stateroom."

"You heard—and you still trust me? Darling . . ." His finger-tips brushed tenderly across her cheek. Then he was again speaking in a tense whisper. "We've got to get you out of this to-night, somehow, while Ikeda sleeps. Awake, he's dangerous as a king cobra, and as quick to strike whatever comes between him and any stake he plays for. Lives mean nothing at all to him when the stakes are such as your grandfather's charts—or yourself."

"Oh, Kemp, why did you let him get me aboard here? Where were you?"

"In the engine-room, darling, and I had no idea Ikeda would do anything so mad. If I'd even dreamed he might, I'd have stopped him if it cost me— But I didn't . . . and here we are."

"Just where are we now, Kemp?"

"In the Gulf of Alaska, far out of sight of land."

She bit her lip to still its trembling. "Then there isn't any chance of help—or rescue?"

"Just one slim chance, I think—Reynall. I've felt all along that he suspected us, was watching us. If he saw you brought aboard he might mark the course we set. Might follow and overtake us."

"But how could he? The Pelley is away, and the Baltic is far slower than the Dragon."

"I was thinking of the Glory. He has the old ship all ready for sea, and— But I'm clutching at straws." He shook his head impatiently. "Reynall wasn't even in port when we left. It's ourselves we must look to to get you out of this. You—and the charts."

"Have you got them, Kemp?"

"They're still inside the model. Do you happen to know the secret of that hidden drawer?"

"No. I didn't even know there was one, until I heard Ikeda mention it."

He shrugged resignedly. "That's that, then. I was hoping we might be able to slip the charts out and leave Ikeda to find the empty drawer. Now we'll have to take the model, and that means—" He fell silent, frowningly considering what it meant.

After a long minute he nodded slowly, and spoke as if to himself. "Yes, that's the way. The only way."

"You have a plan, Kemp? Of escape?"

"Of escape—yes. But there are some things I have to do before I can tell you about it. I must go up to the wheelhouse for a minute, so the helmsman won't get curious and come out to see what's happened to me. And I've got to get that

model, with the charts. Incidentally, I shall find out just how soundly Ikeda sleeps."

"Kemp! You look—there's something—something desperate in your eyes. Are you going into danger? Tell me!"

"Darling, there's only one thing I can tell you now—one thing I want you to remember in days to come, when you're despising me." He was not whispering now, but his voice was low and terribly earnest, as if he were dragging the words from his heart. "I love you. I've loved you from the first day I saw you. I shall go on loving you—more than life—so long as I live . . ."

He drew his feet up under him, ready to rise, but bent for a final word. "Wait here for me. I shan't be long. I think; but if you hear me cough loudly, duck back at once through your burrow."

He was on his feet, and gone. So quietly that Sondra could not be sure he had really left until she heard Ikeda's voice, the Japanese words sharp, questioning. Then, more harshly, in English, "Speak! What is it?"

Sondra caught her breath and waited fearfully for what the next moment would bring.

"Nothing wrong, Ikeda." It was Kemp's voice, casual, quiet, politely apologetic. "I just decided to have another go at O'Moore's puzzle, and slipped in after it. You've several hours to sleep yet—sorry I disturbed you."

Ikeda's voice, faintly ironic, said, "Quite all right, Lieutenant. It just happens that I'm easily-aroused."

Weak with reaction, Sondra crouched in the lazaret, watching the luminous minute hand creep round the dial of her wrist-watch. It had made almost a complete circle before Kemp returned, carrying the model. He did not at once resume his place by the hatch, but squatted within her view on the after grating, his back against a pile of sacked coal.

For some minutes he sat toying with the model, and Sondra knew he was making sure he was not being spied upon. Presently he turned and thrust the model inside a half-empty coal sack, tying the mouth tightly above it. Then he dropped down again beside the lazaret.

"All right so far, darling," he whispered.

"You saw where I put the model?"

"Yes. What in the world did you—"

"Those charts must not go into Japanese hands, Sondra. There's enough coal in that sack to carry them, and the model, straight to the bottom. It will be your job to roll the sack over the stern if—if things go wrong after I start taking over this ship . . ."

CAPTAIN O'MOORE stepped out and climbed to the poop deck of the Glory of the West. After watching Reynall send his deck watch to trimming yards and tightening braces, he nodded approvingly. Then he drew in a great lungful of clean Pacific air, and blew it out again with an air of complete satisfaction.

From astern, long, cream-crested seas raced up out of darkness, roared white along the bulwarks, and disappeared into the black void ahead. Ah, the easy roll of her, swathing out phosphorescent foam under her bows—he'd have known the life of her under his feet had he been blind in his two eyes!

Many a night like this he and the Glory had shared out here on the Gulf of Alaska, when both were young. A brisk, "dry" south-easter, with her masts leaning, and her towers of pale canvas swinging back and forth across the stars. 'Twas a perfect night for a deepwater master to stand

watching the way of his fine, sweet ship, and she—

O'Moore suddenly jerked himself together, remembering he was not master here. And well he knew how exasperating it was for a young captain to have some other master, especially an older one, hanging around on his bridge. He gave a last wistful look at the drawing sails and slowly descended to the maindeck.

This whole trip was like a dream—or a nightmare. Here was he, Dynamite Danny O'Moore, chasing the pirates who had abducted his grand-daughter—chasing them under young Reynall's command.

When Dynamite re-entered the main cabin he found it dark. For a moment he stood in a slanting bar of moonlight that struck in through the skylight and lay across the cleared table. He held himself very still, listening to the sounds that had been an integral part of his early life—creak of burdened masts; hum of wind through the cordage; hollow thump of seas against the hull. He nodded. Everything was as it should be. He could turn in.

Automatically he moved to the door of his old cabin and stepped into the dark room. His hand went out for a match to the little Dresden safe on the wall. He found one, scratched it on his heel, and lit the old-fashioned oil lamp swung in brass gimballs.

Then, with a sigh of content, he sank into his big, soft maroon leather chair near the table and appreciatively rubbed his hands over the arms. He'd always been proud of this chair. Other skippers' eyes had stuck out to see such an unheard-of luxury aboard a sealing ship, but none had ever so much as hinted that it inferred a soft streak in Dynamite Danny O'Moore.

So deep was the captain's mood of the past that it had not yet struck him as odd that he should find his cabin exactly as he had left it fifty years ago.

Chuckling to himself, he rested his head against the chair back and gave himself up to memories of those days when he was the young master of the Glory.

But presently, though his half-closed eyes were fixed blankly on the opposite wall, he became vaguely conscious of something lacking there. Something that should be hanging under that little model of an orniak.

He focused his gaze suddenly, and sat bolt upright. His sextant! It should be hanging. But, of course, he himself had taken it down and off the ship—half a century ago. Yet, everything else in this cabin was the same as if he had stepped back into it after an absence of an hour. He shook his head and blinked, and, for the first time since his entrance, became fully alive to details of time and place.

"Is it added in the head I'm gettin'?" he inquired aloud, staring at the chart spread out on top of the table. One corner was weighted by a battered, cloth-bound volume. The other by an equally battered straight-stemmed briar . . . Even that pipe. He picked it up. He remembered it—his pet pipe with the crack in the bowl caused by too much smoking on a windy bridge . . . And the book. His hand went out to it.

"Gosh!" he whispered. To all appearances it might be the identical "Navigators' Bible" that had served that audacious young seal poacher, whom men called Dynamite Danny O'Moore. He opened the book. On the flyleaf, in ink so faded he could scarcely read it in the soft glow of the oil lamp, was his own name: Daniel O'Moore, Master, 1837 . . . Over fifty years ago he had writ-

ten that. Proud, high of heart, master of his own ship, and he scarce past twenty.

The room blurred before his eyes. He must be dreaming. These things could not have remained unchanged like this on the Glory for over half a century.

Wonderingly, he lifted the book and pressed his face against the yellowed leaves. Perfume. Faint, Old, as if his battered Bowditch had lain long in a woman's scented trunk. . . . It was a strangely exciting fragrance, a commingling of scents—forests and flowers on an off-shore breeze. It was familiar, too. As familiar to him as the Pole star in the heavens; yet for a moment he couldn't place it.

Then—a flash of memory. He was walking the deck of the Glory on a clear, windy night, arm in arm with a tall, wild girl, whose black braids, loosened, were whipping against his face. Jacqueline! Her perfume, used by no other woman he had ever known.

Resentfully, he lifted the book to hurl it into a corner, but stopped, arm half-raised, eyes staring.

Miss Jacqueline, tall and slender in her pale grey sports outfit, was standing inside the door looking at him. Her thick hair, dressed for the night, hung in two white braids over her shoulders, lending her arrogant face a strange look of youth. Her great dark eyes were luminous with some emotion held sternly in check.

The captain did not notice Jean Reynall come in close behind his aunt, until the young man spoke laughingly. "Don't throw it, sir!" He indicated the Bowditch still upraised in the captain's hand. "We knocked, but evidently you didn't hear us."

"Arumph! Ahhh, yes. Of course." Sheepishly, the captain lowered his arm. "Tis meself that's been tryin' to get me bearin' in all this."

He waved a hand to include the cabin and its furnishings. "It is amazing," agreed Reynall. "Credit goes to Aunt Jack." He put an arm about her. "You know, sir, ever since I can remember, Aunt Jack's chief aim in life has been to get hold of the Glory and restore her to the exact state of her giddy youth. But it was only last autumn that she managed to find her and buy her—at a fancy price, too. These old furnishings have had a room to themselves in her house on Tea Garden Hill waiting all these years till she could get the old ship and—"

"Well," cut in Miss Jacqueline, with some asperity. "After the row I had with father over taking the darned things off the Glory in the first place, I couldn't just burn the stuff and admit I'd been a sentimental imbecile."

Catching the captain's sharp, estimating glance upon her, she added hastily. "Though I must say, Danny O'Moore, I took the things less through sentiment than a desire to outrage father in protest against the method he employed to capture you. To see a proud ship like the Glory seized and confiscated to be sold at auction, through the bribery of a sneaking cabin-boy, was more—"

"Jacqueline!" In an instant O'Moore was standing before her, his eyes avidly searching her face. "Dye mean 'twas that mooplin' cockroach I kicked ashore that time, who betrayed me? Was it he carried to old Ramps the ranges and depths that let him catch me nappin' in me own hideout?"

"Why, of course! No one else ever had a glimpse of your charts, except myself, and—"

She stopped, as if some devastating thought had struck her. For a moment her dark eyes probed the captain's, and read the truth. "Danny!" The heartbreak

and longing of over fifty wasted years sounded in her low cry. "That was why you—oh! You thought it was I who—"

"Jacqueline, 'tis a blind, stubborn fool I've been all these years. I—"

"Captain Reynall!" Sparks, obviously excited, came in quickly, with Shady Lane behind him. "I picked these new figures out of the Jap cruiser broadcast at eleven, sir." He handed over a piece of paper.

Reynall read aloud, "142:30 W., 58:50 N. Ummm. Changed position. The Jap cruiser is more than a hundred miles nearer, and that means we must overtake the Dragon by seven to-morrow morning, instead of noon."

"Good Lord," breathed Shady. "Do you think we can do it?"

"Let's see. The Dragon had about thirty miles start on us. I figure we've already picked up twelve of those miles. We have eighteen to go. We're gaining about two and a half miles an hour, and we've seven hours left in which to overhaul the Dragon."

"Seven hours—that would wipe scarcely seventeen and a half miles out of that eighteen, skipper. Pretty close."

"Too close. We've got to do better than that. There's no chance for help from the Pelley now, even if we do get in touch with her at four o'clock. She'll be off Yakutat then. Under forced draught she might reach us in four hours—just an hour too late. So—the job's strictly up to us, and the Glory. The old girl will have to give us more speed, if possible—"

Reynall suddenly fell silent, and assumed the intent, listening air of a man sensing and weighing every move of the ship under him. The Glory staggered a little under the thump of an unusually heavy sea; then from the increased pressure of wind against her sails, listed more sharply to starboard. Everyone in the room balanced to the new acute slant of the deck, and Shady said dubiously: "We're carrying more sail now than we should. But I reckon you don't want to take in these t'gante's now, skipper?"

"Any sail that comes off to-night will be blown off," Reynall's face was grim. He turned to Captain O'Moore, who was standing close beside Miss Jacqueline, his eyes glowing with special knowledge he was eager to impart. "O'Moore, I'm getting all the speed out of her that that I know how to get. It isn't enough. Can you—"

"Me boy!" jubilantly roared the captain. "I was but waitin' for you to ask me." He paused a moment to whisper something to Miss Jacqueline that made her smile and nod approvingly.

"Look now, lad," he said, again facing Reynall. "As ye well know, every ship has her own best sailin' point, that certain angle with the wind at which she develops her greatest speed. That point, for the Glory, lies just a bit more across the wind than the course she's on now. If ye but head her fifteen degrees farther to the south'ard, she'll reel off a good nineteen knots, instead of the seventeen and a half she's doin' on her present course. But come along to the chart room, Reynall, and I'll show ye."

In the chart room O'Moore deftly and swiftly manipulated dividers and parallel ruler. After announcing the result of his mental calculations, he added, "To sail this second course means we'll have to slant back again to intersect the first course. That will add some miles of distance. But our extra speed will more than make up for that. Before six in the mornin', we'd have

the Dragon on our beam. Then we'd square away and come down on her—d'ye see, lad?"

"Aye, sir! And we'd be coming on her from an unexpected direction, so Ikeda might not recognise us till we'd drawn close enough to checkmate whatever move he might attempt to make. By George, I think we've got him! But—" he looked hesitatingly at O'Moore—"would you mind, sir, coming up on the bridge to give me your advice about setting this course?"

The captain's eyes snapped joyously under his heavy white brows. "By the horn-billed jeezaw!" he boomed. "Tis me own hand will set her on that course for ye, Captain Reynall. Look!" He stepped to the door and pointed aloft to the press of sail. "Twill take a master's eye and a master's judgment to get those yards trimmed just right in a wind like this. Do ye take charge of that, me lad, and I'll take care of the wheel."

For an hour Captain Dynamite Danny O'Moore had stood alone at the unhosed wheel, while the Glory, on her new course, raced through the clear, windy night. His small, weathered hands on the hardwood spokes moved lovingly, but surely, as he kept the Glory's toiling head up against the wind. His hat was gone; his thick silvery hair blew wildly across his eyes, but on his lifted face was a radiance no woman in all the world had ever been able to put there.

Watching him from the main deck below stood Reynall and Shady Lane. "Look at the splendid old pirate!" Shady was almost tearful with admiration. "Did you see that last gust strike her? If her head had ever fallen off under this press of sail we'd have lost a mast. But that old sea-raider smells every gust before it gets here; he meets it with the wheel just a second before it strikes, and then eases off so the ship flies on as steady as if her keel were wedged in a groove!"

"Yes. Good heavens, how he can sail her!" Reynall exclaimed reverently. "And to think I'm lucky enough to see him do it! Shady, I've heard old shellbacks contend that the Glory of the West, with Dynamite Danny O'Moore driving her, could have shown her heels to the fastest of the tea clippers. But in all her days, I'll bet the old girl never turned out a sweeter job of sailing for him than she's doing to-night."

When Reynall went up to the poop deck he stood silent for a time beside O'Moore. A heavier gust than usual laid the Glory over. There was an ominous creaking from the masts, but the gust passed without damage and the ship again flew along like the very spirit of the wind. Reynall watched, anxiously, the straining bulge of the upper t'gante's. "What do you think, sir? Should we take in those topsails?"

"Take 'em in!" O'Moore's roaring laugh boomed down the wind. "Any sail that comes off the Glory this night will be blown off—as yourself said not long since."

"Right, sir." Reynall's uncertainty dropped from him. "I'll relieve you of the wheel, now. But I'd like you to stand by and coach me a bit."

"No, no! Let be!" snapped O'Moore. Then, apologetically, "She knows the hands of me, d'ye see. She obeys me like a kitten on a string. And to-night, lad, I'm sailin' her as I never sailed her even in the old days with Ramps Reynall on me tail. To-night I'm sailin' her—to save me, gurl, Sundry."

Reynall took one look at the suddenly grim old face under its blowing hair. Then

he gripped the spokes on the opposite side of the wheel, to take from O'Moore some of the strain of the kicking helm.

For four hours the two wind-buffed men stood, one on either side of the high old shin-breaker wheel, eyes aloft, pooling their efforts and giving their utmost towards nursing the Glory on her dangerously headlong course. By the time the stars had paled and dawn was creeping up over the eastern horizon at their backs something of the spirit of the ship, and of the sea, seemed almost to have fused the two into a single entity. Their hands on the wheel shifted simultaneously to meet each sudden thrust of wind and wave as if motivated by a single mind.

Throughout the night the Glory's short-wave transmitter whined above the sound of the wind, rapping out the call letters of the U.S.S. Pelley; but it was not till after four in the morning that Sparks, with Mayes, behind him, came up to report success. He had put through Mayes' code message for assistance, and the Pelley, with less than a hundred miles to go to reach the position designated, was proceeding under forced draught.

"How long before she gets there?" O'Moore wanted to know.

"About four hours, with safety," Mayes answered. "But—" he smiled slightly—"O'Rielly is the engineer officer. In the circumstances, that wild Irishman is likely to drive her through in three hours, if he doesn't blow his boilers."

A shout from the lookout perched aloft on the main rigging's yard drew all eyes aloft. "Sail-ho!"

"Where away?"

"Near two points off the starboard bow, and far-rrr ahead!" came the wailing response.

Reynall turned to O'Moore. "That's almost precisely on the position we estimated the Dragon would be at this time."

"The saints be praised! We've got 'em! With the Glory closin' in from up-wind, and the Pelley drivin' in from loo'-ard to cut him off, Ikeda is trapped like a sardine in a dip-net. But—" The captain's face fell again into lines of grim anxiety—"he has Sundry there in the net with him."

"And some highly valuable charts," put in Mayes.

"And," added Reynall, thoughtfully, "the Dragon, with her engines, can manoeuvre rings around a sailing-ship. It will not be easy to lay her aboard."

BACK in her stateroom, Sondra stood at the porthole watching the just-sighted ship come up over the horizon astern. Tier after tier of lofty canvas blossomed into view, until she could see the full press of sail on each of the three masts, all gleaming now in the risen sun. The ship was gaining rapidly, but her course, still parallel with the Dragon's, lay so far to the south that Sondra could not see her hull. "Too far for anyone to see Kemp's signals. Too far for anyone to reach by swimming," she thought despairingly.

"Sondra!" Startled by the whisper, she whirled about to see that Kemp had quietly come up through the trapdoor. He was standing behind her holding a small roll of copper wire and a length of galvanised pipe. He saluted her with a pair of pliers, grinning faintly, "I'm going to barricade your door. An unnecessary precaution, I hope."

Noislessly, swiftly, he placed the pipe across the door frame and laced it there with many turns of wire about the door handle. Then with the pliers he began twisting the turns of wire together to make them taut and rigid.

Meanwhile, he was whispering, "I don't want to raise your hopes too high, darling; but I have a hunch that ship is the Glory, although it's coming up on us from an unexpected direction. It has a brand-new suit of canvas, and no one else but Reynall would be crazy enough or desperate enough to crowd on sail like that in this wind . . . There! It would take an axe to get that door open now. If anyone tries it, Sondra, call out something, and immediately slip away to the lazaret and wait there for me. Otherwise, wait here until you hear from me. Understand?"

Kemp left. Sondra, divided between hope and uncertainty, watched the ship until it was nearly abeam, but still hull down on the horizon. Then the wind brought her Kemp's voice from where he leaned outside the pilot-house talking with the helmsman. "A cannery ship, Inosuke. Probably bound for False Pass."

The quiet assurance of his tones carried conviction even to Sondra. That meant—no help from that quarter. The ship would go along on a straight course that would keep it far beyond signalling range. Overcome with despair, she turned away and buried her face in her hands so that she might not be tortured by seeing the vessel pass on out of sight. But when, with closed eyes, she still kept seeing it, she went again to the port and looked out.

She smothered a cry of joy. The ship had changed its course. Now it was bearing down on a line that must converge with their own!

As the distance between the two vessels swiftly narrowed, the relief, the sudden change of emotion left Sondra tremulously excited and unable to marshal her thoughts coherently. Unconscious of the tears that splashed down on her twisting hands, she stood whispering, "Dear God, let the ship get here before Ikeda wakes . . . Let it be the Glory . . . The hull's beginning to show . . . it looks white in the sun . . . it is white, but how slender under the great spread of canvas, and how small in the distance. Small as the model of the Glory on Dynamite's table . . . God, please—"

Her vision was suddenly blocked by Kemp, who had come on silent rubber soles and paused, his back to the porthole. He cupped a lighted match to his cigarette, waved the match to extinguish it, and with the motion flipped a bit of paper through the open port.

The hastily scrawled note was military in its brevity:

"It is Reynall. In a few minutes I shall try to signal from cabin roof. Meanwhile, strip as much as possible to swim. Then watch for this sign from me: When I stop outside your port and raise binoculars to eyes, go at once to lazaret. Bring gun. When I lift lazaret hatch, leap out and dive over stern instantly. Instantly, I will attend to saving charts. Swim under water as long as possible in case shooting. Reynall should pick you up within ten minutes after jump. Luck, darling."

Sondra turned for a last look at the approaching ship, and a lump leaped into her throat. It was the Glory of the West, regal, breath-taking, worthy of the name she bore! She was coming swiftly, her sails radiant with sunlight, her cutwater slicing the green seas into fountains of spray that rainbowed around her prow.

The ship was still too far off for Sondra to see the golden figurehead, but she knew the outflung hand of the laughing mermaid was pointing toward her. And on the Glory's deck, men with strong glasses trained on the Dragon were anxiously

searching for some sign, some news, of her. As she closed the port, she sent up a silent prayer that the watchers might soon be reading that news from Kemp's semaphore-ing arms.

She was slipping off her sandals and socks in preparation for swimming, when it occurred to her that Kemp, in his note of instructions, had said nothing about making his own escape from the Dragon. But that thought was wiped from her mind by a faint creaking of the roof above her head. Kemp! Up there now, ready to attempt his signalling. If only Ikeda would remain asleep a few minutes longer!

She stood still, tense, listening. Kemp's waving arms must now be spelling out their fate. In just a little while they would be swimming together toward safety. Swimming . . . a pang of fear went through her as she thought of the tumultuous sea through which she must fight her way. But Kemp would be at her side. Kemp would—

A rough sound in the next room. Ikeda! He was moving . . . he was out of his bed! Any moment he would step out on deck and see Kemp signalling from the top of the cabin. Dare she risk calling a warning to Kemp? Should she rap against her ceiling?

Before she could do anything, she heard Ikeda step out of his door.

Weak with dread, she waited for the sharp words that would announce Kemp's unmasking. But instead, she heard his quiet, casual greeting from the top of the cabin. "Morning, Ikeda. Quite a picture—that old salmon ship. Eh?"

Ikeda answered in the middle of a yawn, "What ship is it?"

"I can't make out her name, but she looks like an Alaska Packers' cannery ship. We're right in the lane of their windjammer bound for Bristol Bay, you know."

Sondra missed Ikeda's reply, because she was startled by a muffled thump against the outer wall of her stateroom. She peered through a crack between the curtains and saw Kemp's dangling legs. He was sitting on the roof, his canvas-ahod heels gently swinging against her wall. Was it a warning? Or merely a signal for her attention?

Before she could decide, he lowered himself to the deck directly outside the port. He stood there, his back to her, and slowly raised his glasses, training them on the Glory.

That was her cue to go to the lazaret. But did he mean it—with Ikeda on deck?

As if in answer, Kemp said clearly, "It is time—" he broke off, lowered his glasses, then deliberately raised them again. "It is time," he repeated, "for that fool on the windjammer to take in some sail, if he doesn't want to lose a mast."

It is time . . . Sondra was about to start for the trapdoor when Ikeda's voice stopped her. "Let me take the glasses a moment, Lieutenant."

She waited, weak with apprehension. Through the glasses Ikeda would read the name on the Glory. Then—

"Here you are, Commander. Oh—sorry!" Something thumped on the deck. "Clumsy of me. Wait till I wipe them—"

"Never mind. I want my coffee now. I'll relieve you of the watch as soon as I've had it—and ordered Miss O'Moore's breakfast. No doubt she will be surprised when I bring her tray in myself." There was something sly and baiting in the man's tones.

Kemp's reply sounded merely amused. "A bit early for disturbing a lady's beauty sleep with eggs and coffee, isn't it?"

Ikeda's laugh made Sondra's skin prickle. "I have an artistic curiosity to observe the appearance of your charming country-woman as she wakes from sleep."

Without waiting to hear more, Sondra let herself through the trapdoor and crawled back to the lazaret.

The hatch cover was lifted a few inches, as before; but it was some minutes before Kemp came aft and squatted beside the coaming. Under cover of lighting a cigarette, he whispered, "Ikeda's in the galley ordering breakfast. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Don't be afraid, darling. Reynall will pick you up quickly. Now hand me the gun."

Sondra gasped. "Oh, I left it on my bunk. I'll go back—"

"No, no. There isn't time."

"But—it leaves you with no weapon!"

"It doesn't matter—now. When I slip off the hatch cover you must—Shhh!" He broke off and leaped to his feet. "Hi, Ikeda!" There was a note of mockery in his voice. "Having trouble?"

"Ikeda—on deck again! He was saying something—she could not distinguish the words, but it brought a laugh from Kemp, who called out, 'Evidently the lady has her own ideas about when she wants breakfast. Better nurse that artistic curiosity, Ikeda, until she rings.'"

"Ikeda's response was a sharp command in Japanese."

Kemp moved farther towards the stern. Sondra could see him standing erect on the grating, facing southward towards the Glory. He yawned, stretched prodigiously, holding his arms straight out from his sides. Then, abruptly, dropped them.

A moment longer he stood there, a lounging, debonaire figure in white shirt and slacks. Only a faint twitching of the hard ridge of muscle under his jaw betrayed the strain he was under.

He was turning towards her again, when there came a sudden crashing sound of splintering wood. Then another, and another. Ikeda! He was smashing in the door of her stateroom with an axe.

ABOARD the Glory, Captain O'Moore had his glasses levelled on the Dragon, when Kemp climbed to the top of the cabin to signal. "Starbuck, my leevy!" he exclaimed. "No one else on deck. But, of course, they're not expectin' pursuit, and certainly not from a windjammer."

"He's semaphoring," Reynall hastily wiped his own glasses and raised them again to his eyes. "But I can't make out—"

"Here! Give me that double-barrelled toy, and take this." Miss Jacqueline stepped up and thrust at Reynall a huge old-fashioned telescope, such as Nelson might have used at Trafalgar. It was the once famous long-range glass with which, sealers declared, old Ramps Reynall could read a poacher's mind on a ship that was still hull-down in the distance.

Reynall extended the brass tube and steadied its four-foot length against the mizen stays, while he swiftly focused it on the signalling Kemp. "I can see his movements now."

"Read aloud, Jean. I'll set it down." The Forest Man had out pad and pencil. "Missed the first of it. But now—"

Tonelessly he repeated—

"... of ... Ikeda ... period ... swimming only ... chance ... for ... Sondra ... period ... When ... I ... spread ... arms ... standing ... astern ... you ... head ... ship ... instantly ... that ... position ... pick ... up ... swimmer ..."

O'Moore burst out: "Sondra! Overboard in sea like this? The man's crazy?"

Reynall's voice was droning on:

"If ... understood ... run ... ensign ... mizen ... truck ... and ... dip ... once ..."

"That's all," Reynall thrust the telescope into the hands of the Forest Man, and started off. "We haven't a flag aboard. I'll have to get a blanket to hoist—"

"Wait!" called Miss Jacqueline, already on her way to the after cabin.

Almost at once she came out carrying across her forearm a faded U.S. ensign, folded so that a great hole showed in the blue field. She brushed past Reynall and held the flag out to O'Moore.

"You never hauled this down, Danny," she said. "I think you should be the one to hoist it now."

"Saints alive! Me old flag, with the very hole Ramps Reynall shot into it from his high-ranging four-pounder!" He stood blinking, making no move to take the flag.

"Snap out of it, man!" cried Miss Jacqueline. "Do you think I'd pack this flag around for fifty years and not see Dan O'Moore raise it? Stop lively. Step lively."

She thrust the ensign into his hands, and strode back to the after cabin.

O'Moore, with fingers strangely clumsy, bent the flag to the signal halliards and hauled it to the masthead. As the wind whipped it free he dipped it once and left it there, fluttering against the bright morning sky.

"Starbuck sees it," The Forest Man was squinting through the long telescope. "He's—Curse it! There's Ikeda. He and Starbuck are talking now—about us, I imagine. But Ikeda doesn't seem excited. He hasn't recognised the Glory yet." The Forest Man chuckled. "Smart as he is, he'd hardly expect to be chased by a floating cannery!"

"Now he's going into the galley."

"And Starbuck?" queried Reynall.

"Just standing easy-like beside the deck-house, training his glasses on us."

"Well, there's nothing for us to do but hold this course until we get his signal to turn," said Reynall. "I'll get the whaleboat swung out for instant launching. Captain O'Moore, you handle the ship; I'll take charge of the whaleboat."

"I'll go with you, Jean." The Forest Man handed the telescope over to O'Moore.

O'Moore mounted to the poop with Mayes following. The intelligence officer had scarcely taken his navy glasses off the Dragon for an instant since coming on deck. The distance between the two vessels had narrowed now until even the binoculars brought out details with clarity.

Mayes spoke suddenly. "Kemp's moving aft now to the stern. Better take a look, O'Moore. That telescope's better than these glasses."

The captain pulled at the joints of Ramps Reynall's old telescope, his lips twitching not unhumorously, as if he recalled how often, in his seal-poaching days, he had been at the object end of that glass.

"That devil Ikeda's comin' out of the galley now talled by a messboy with a tray," he reported. "He's stopped before a state-room door to fit a key into the lock. Belike, 'tis the very door he has locked on me girl! ... Now Starbuck is standin' on the stern grating, his arms folded. But he's lookin' our way ... There he goes—openin' his arms wide. Our signal to change course!"

He called to Shady at the wheel, "Take a bearin' on the Dragon! Lay the Glory's head on that position." Then his voice boomed out along the deck, "Stand by, port brace! Heave in lively, lad!"

As the ship swung, Mayes cried out, "What ... Ikeda's using an axe on that door, captain."

O'Moore brought the telescope to bear on the Dragon, but what he saw was not Ikeda swinging the axe, but Starbuck in the act of flinging off the lazaret hatch cover. Starbuck, reaching both hands down into the hatch and swinging to the deck a slim, white figure that dived instantly off the Dragon's stern into the heaving, foam-decked sea.

"Sondy!" hoarsely cried the captain. With trembling hands he swept the old telescope over the leaping green hills of water until, in the circle, Sondra's wet, red head broke through the crest of a wave.

"Steady!" snapped O'Moore to Shady. "Hold her right there, Lane. Blessed Mother, let us get to me girl before that heathen has time to stop and circle back."

"The Dragon's ploughing straight ahead on its course," commented Mayes. "I wonder if Ikeda—oh, Lord!" His strangled cry was between a prayer and a groan. "Ikeda! He's trying to shoot the girl in the water!"

Seen through the glasses, Ikeda stood just aft of the deckhouse, facing toward the Dragon's stern and the swimming girl. Half crouched, he was leaning far to one side, trying to aim a heavy automatic past some obstacle in his line of fire.

That obstacle was Kemp Starbuck. Kemp—stepping this way and that, to squarely interpose his body between Ikeda and the girl in the water. But suddenly Ikeda straightened angrily, and levelled his gun at Kemp.

Kemp ran toward the Japanese, arms reaching out ahead as if to meet the other's fire halfway. The flat, snarling report of the automatic sounded across the water. Kemp jerked, faltered, but kept on. More shots followed swiftly—five of them. Yet the white man plunged straight on, his bare hands feeling the way until they were past the smoking automatic, and fastened on Ikeda's shoulders. There was a flash of movement; then Ikeda's body, arms and legs grotesquely outspread, sailed through the air to land head first against the Dragon's tow-bitt.

Ikeda lay motionless. Kemp wavered, stumbled, and went down on his face. As he struggled to rise, the messboy came to life and leaped at him, swinging the axe. Kemp twisted sideways, and his hand came up holding Ikeda's gun. The gun spoke once, and the messboy sprawled forward across Kemp, the axe flashing down into the deck beyond.

The shooting had brought the Japanese crew boiling out on deck where, at sight of the unconscious Ikeda, and Kemp feebly crawling from under the body of the dead messboy, they stood in an undecided huddle. From their excited pointing at the boy and the axe, it was evident they thought the fellow had run amok and attacked their two bosses.

The helmsman in the wheelhouse, unable to see the action on the after deck, held to the course that had been given him; a course which, every moment, was taking the Dragon farther away from the Glory and the swimming girl.

Aboard the Dragon, Kemp Starbuck had got to his feet and was moving toward the stern, walking stiffly like a man in armor. He tripped against the grating and went down on hands and knees. Unable to rise again, he crawled the last few feet to a pile of sacked coal, fumbled there a moment, and then, with some object between his two hands, twisted his body toward the stern rail. Sprawled there, with his arms hang-

ing over the stern, he dropped the object into the sea.

A green wave lifted it high and held it for a moment, glittering like a gull on the sunbright crest. O'Moore let out a cry. "Me little ship! The model of the Glory where I kept me secret charts."

"Aye," Mayes' voice was harsh with emotion, his knuckles like marble as they gripped his glasses. "And where they're still kept safe—if I know anything of what lends strength to dead men . . ." He caught his breath, and pointed toward the speeding Dragon.

With labored precision, Kemp was again getting to his feet. His movements were spaced and jerky, as if each one required a separate and agonised effort of will. From the awed group of Japanese clustered about Ikeda, one detached himself and trotted aft to offer assistance to the swaying white man.

Kemp weakly thrust the boy away. Alone, unaided, his white shirt crimson from breast to waist, he drew himself up stiffly as if on parade. He was facing the Glory, but his eyes were lifted to something far above her deck—the faded Stars-and-Stripes that fluttered from the old ship's mizzen-top. His right hand snapped up in salute . . . wavered . . . dropped limply. Then all the stiffness went out of him. He wilted down to the Dragon's deck and lay there, very still.

"Navy, by heck!" Mayes' voice broke. Captain O'Moore slowly lowered the telescope and wiped a mist from his eyes. "Aye," he said, gently. "And a man, moreover. A sailor man."

A shout from the forward lookout jerked the captain to attention. Not far ahead he could see the white flash of Sondra's arms as she breasted a curling wave. Time to stop ship, and lower the whaleboat.

With mainsail a-back, the Glory spilled the wind from her courses and came to a shuddering stop. The whaleboat splashed into the water and shot swiftly away.

The captain watched Reynall help Sondra in over the whaleboat's stern, and nodded proudly when the girl took her place on a midship thwart at one of the spare oars. "She's safe, God bless her. Unharm'd."

The whaleboat was picking up the little model of the Glory, when Sparks spoke at the captain's elbow. "The Pelley will be here in thirty minutes, sir. That must be her smoke we can see now on the northern horizon."

AN hour later the Glory lay hove-to near the Pelley. The Blue Dragon, in charge of Pelley bluejackets, rose and fell on the waves between.

The destroyer's commander had just come aboard the Glory, and now sat in the master's cabin with Reynall, O'Moore, Mayes, and the Forest Man. "I certainly needed that drink," Commander Ellsworth declared, setting down his glass, "after what I saw aboard the Dragon."

The others waited for him to continue. "Ikeda—we found him in his stateroom. Har-kari. On deck a messboy lay dead, shot through the head. Aft on the grating, equally dead and with enough lead through his middle to sink him, we found—" he hesitated, eyeing the civilians present.

"We all know," Mayes put in quickly. "You found Lieutenant Kemp Starbuck Colfax."

The Commander nodded regretfully, then continued: "Gentlemen, we have here on our hands something which, if not carefully handled, may blow up in our faces. With the nerves of all nations pretty much on edge, and with anti-Japanese feeling in Alaska running high because of friction on

the Bering fishing grounds, a full and public report of this affair might well rock the world. I'd welcome your counsel in the matter."

"The world has heard never a peep of it—yet," Captain O'Moore suggested, meaningly.

"But it might soon will, once the Dragon and what's aboard her reaches port," retorted Mayes.

The Forest Man leaned forward. "Neither the Dragon nor what's aboard her need ever reach port," he said quietly. "Oh, don't think I'm suggesting that we sink them, Commander—" as Ellsworth flashed him a startled glance—"But we know there's a Japanese cruiser just a few miles over there, waiting for Ikeda. I suggest that you give the Dragon's crew their liberty, and a course which will take them to that vessel. Let them take their Dragon and their deceased compatriots, and do all their explaining on the high seas—to their Japanese commander."

"Ye-e-s," Ellsworth nodded considerably. "But what about—Lieutenant Colfax?" He glanced at Mayes, and they both looked inquiringly at the Forest Man.

After a moment the Forest Man spoke with a gentle deliberation which added emphasis to his words. "In all my investigation of this case, I don't remember ever finding the slightest evidence of treasonable activity on the part of Lieutenant Kemp Starbuck Colfax."

The two navy men faced him expectantly, a warm glow of approval in their eyes.

There was the hint of a smile in the Forest Man's own eyes, but his blond-bearded face was completely grave as he went on: "I shall report to the chief of my department that Lieutenant Colfax, working alone in an effort to establish his innocence in that Coronado Beach affair, uncovered instead the plot of a radical group of foreign militarists. A plot which, if consummated, must have worked grave injury to the United States . . ."

"Lieutenant Colfax then, with the utmost courage and self-sacrifice, did take the only measures possible for the frustration of the plot and the elimination of the danger . . . He was successful—but he paid with his life for his success . . . Are those the approximate facts as observed by the rest of you?"

Every man present nodded assent.

Mayes silently shook hands with the Forest Man, then turned to address Commander Ellsworth. "I shall hand you a similar report, sir, officially, within the hour."

The Commander replied formally. "I shall be happy to approve such a report, Lieutenant Mayes, and to forward it through channels to the Secretary of the Navy. Now—" he refilled his glass—"let's drink to that report . . . and to him."

The five men stood, and, facing west, silently drained their glasses.

CLOSE hauled on the long-running swells, the Glory of the West slipped along in the moonlight, a lazy chuckle of water under her forefoot. Yesterday's half gale had fallen to a gentle breeze. The laughing mermaid under the jibboom pointed the way home.

In the master's cabin, Captain O'Moore and Miss Jacqueline, each armed with a pair of dividers, were bending over a map spread out on the table. The captain's eyes were lively and very bright, and his brogue richer by several thicknesses. Miss Jacqueline's face, singularly gentle under the white braids wound about her proud head, had never looked so handsome. Names, like music, rippled off their tongues—Tana-

rivo, Nuka Riva, Manga River, Singapore.

In the big maroon leather chair, just beyond the circle of light, Sondra in one of Miss Jacqueline's gowns, sat watching the pair with unseeing eyes. She was thinking of Kemp, who had given his life that she might sit here, unharmed.

Thinking of his last, swift words to her, as he swung her towards the Dragon's stern for her dive into the sea. "Good-bye—dearest in all the world." And she was remembering her last glimpse of him that afternoon as the Pelley steamed slowly past the Glory's rail. Kemp—stretched so still on the after hatch of the destroyer, a bright new U.S. ensign covering him, a guard of honor standing at attention on either side.

Suddenly her throat and eyes filled with hot, aching tears. She rose hastily, and went out on the main deck.

The sheer beauty and splendor of a deep-water ship under sail in the moonlight lifted her out of her sorrow. Silvered decks, and silvered sails towering above her to the stars. The taste of spray; the gentle creaking of seasoned timbers, and the sense of smooth speed over the silvered planes of the sea. From somewhere came the dim notes of Shady Lane's flute, weaving a dreamy pattern of "There's Lovelight in the Starlight."

As she stood listening, Jean Reynall suddenly appeared before her, his tall figure and blowing hair outlined against the light of the moon at his back. With an old-fashioned courtesy, he pretended to lift a hat from his bare head.

"Mistress O'Moore"—his voice had taken on her grandfather's rich brogue—"on nights like this, when the sailin' master makes inspection of his decks, 'tis the custom for him to invite the fairest of his young women passengers to join him, and be instructed about the moon and stars—as aids to navigation." He bowed low, from the waist. "Mistress O'Moore, will you honor me with your company this night on my tour of astronomical observation?"

Sondra, holding her skirt out on either side, bobbed a curtsy. "I thank you, Captain Reynall," she came back primly. "I have always been deeply interested in the celestial spheres. I shall do my utmost to profit from your kind instruction, sir."

"Excellent, Mistress O'Moore. First, then, we shall take up the matter of position." He stepped very close, his eyes in the dark smiling down at her. "Now"—his arm slipped gently about her—"having fixed my position with relation to a—er—heavenly body, I—"

She laughed, and tried to say, "Idiot!"; but somehow the word was cut off in the middle. And then, in the moonlight, the two made but a single, still shadow on the Glory's deck.

From the master's cabin came the happily argumentative voices of Captain Dynamite Danny O'Moore and Miss Jacqueline Reynall with, presently, a peal of feminine laughter. "Oh, Danny, you mule-headed, flannel-mouthed Mick! Never in all my wanderings over the big wide world have I found anyone who was such darned fun to fight with as you!"

The ship's bell struck, and the youthful voice of the forward lookout wailed through the night the ancient formula of the sea: "F-o-o-r bells—of a clear, calm night, with all lights burning bright, and a-i-l's w-e-l-l!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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